ON
MAN OF WAR
AND
MERCHANT
VESSE
BY
CHAS. NORDHOFF

To the Charlies
Merry Christmas
1875

Charlie
from
Nonnie.

erry Christmas
1888.

SHIP IN PHOSPHORESCENT SEA.

SAILOR LIFE

ON

MAN OF WAR

AND

MERCHANT VESSEL

BY

CHAS. NORDHOFF.

(Comprising "Man of War Life" and "The Merchant Vessel.")

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Man-of-War Life:

A BOY'S EXPERIENCE

IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

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ORIGINAL PREFACE.

THE popular conception of a sailor is—a creature who spins yarns. Like the silk-worm, he is supposed to be forever enveloping himself in a web, spun out of his own brain.

In accordance with this idea, when some two years ago the writer of these pages returned home, after an absence of nine years at sea, he was considered by the young folks a fit subject to levy upon for a story. But, unluckily, yarns are not ever ready, on demand, at beck and nod.

It requires various peculiarities in the surroundings, certain favoring circumstances as to time and place, to draw out your real old tar. Let the gale blow, and the good ship plough deeply through the rugged seas, as he lies snugly ensconced under his huge pea-jacket, protected by stout bulwarks from the cold blast and drenching spray, with the bright stars looking kindly down upon him, and you may be sure of a yarn. There is somewhat suggestive in the scene, and the memories of other times come freely to him, as though driven back on the breeze which roars through the rigging overhead.

But sitting at home, by the fireside, among his friends there is nothing to remind him of his past life; the incitement is wanting—the yarn can't be spun.

Not being able, in any other way, to gratify the wishes of certain of my young friends, I have endeavored here to jot down such reminiscences as will not, it is trusted, prove entirely uninteresting. To give a sailor's impressions of a sailor's life, "nothing extenuating, nor aught setting down in malice," has been the aim. Neither exaggerating its hardships—they do not need it—nor highly coloring its delights, whatever those may be, the very plainest truth has been thought sufficient for the purpose in view.

With one more remark. the Book is handed over to the reader. It is to beg indulgence for the frequent occurrence of the first person singular in these pages. The nature of the story renders it impossible to avoid this. And I can only repeat what was once said by an Irishman under somewhat similar circumstances—"Knock out my *I*'s, and what would be the use of me?"

PREFACE TO NEW EDITION.

THE book which follows was written in 1854, and first published in 1855. I had supposed it to be long ago out of print, when Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company, the publishers, wrote me that they had kept it in print; and that if on the expiration of the copyright term I would consent, they would like to issue a new edition printed from new type and fully illustrated. They believed the story of life in a man-of-war, as related in the book, would still interest young people sufficiently to make their proposed venture prudent.

Against such an opinion from a publisher, an author can have nothing to say. It would be foolish in me to pretend that I am not pleased as well as surprised that a book of mine should so far outlive the usual life of books, as to find, at the end of twenty-eight years from its first appearance, a publisher volunteering a new edition.

The life in a man-of-war, described in the following pages, differs in some points from the life of a ship's boy in a war vessel of the present day; but the essentials of discipline, training, and duty, as well as of adventure, remain substantially the same. Since I served in the navy, steam has come into use on our war vessels; and the old-fashioned, lumbering seventy-

four-gun ship has, alas! given place to monitors and ironclads. When I nowadays visit a war ship, I am surprised to find the sailors enjoying comforts which were unknown and undreamt of when I was a lad: the lower decks warmed by steam coils; mess tables where we spread our mess cloths on deck and sat about them; and other provisions against discomfort, which, no doubt, have their merits, but which have a queer look to an "old salt."

Nevertheless, seamanship is as important as ever; there are still gales at sea, and lee shores; if the anchor is weighed by steam, it yet requires a seaman's skill to "cat" it, "fish" it, and lash it to the rail or stow it on board securely. Double topsail yards have not made the operation of reefing unnecessary, though they may have made it easier; and while the use of steam has put such manœuvres as "backing and filling" out of date, I suppose that a war ship must still "feel her way" into a strange port with the lead, and I have no doubt that our modern captains are all the more comfortable, at sea as well as near shore, if they have among their crew a large proportion of the stout seamen whose boast in my own younger days it was that they could "hand, reef, and steer, and heave the lead;" the sum of which accomplishments entitled them to the rank and pay of "able seamen."

To know how to "hand, reef, and steer, and heave the lead" seemed to me the proper summit of human ambition when I was a boy in a man-of-war. I must say that I still think the young fellow who can do all this and do it well, is an abler man for many occupations in life than the general average of

boys and young men who have spent their lives in humdrum occupations on shore. Before he can rank as "able seaman," the ship's boy has learned many things, along with the ability to steer and to take in sail. In the crowded ship he has learned how to get on with men without needless disputes, and has thus become, to an important extent, a "man of the world," taking the disagreeables of life good-naturedly. The training of a man-of-war has made him cleanly, orderly, respectful to his superiors and to those older than himself. He has learned to face danger and death in the line of duty; and that is no slight advantage to any boy. He has become hardy, and has learned to give only their proper value to bodily ease and comfort—and that is to be a man.

In short, I wish more of our American boys had the passion for the sea. Some day we shall again become a seafaring people, it is to be hoped, and then I trust wise laws will compel masters of merchantmen to take a quota of apprentices, and the navy to make even a larger provision for the proper training of boys for the sea than is now made.

The book is now republished without change in the text. The publishers have thought that illustrations would increase its interest for young people, and accordingly a considerable number have been added. It is proper to say that these have not been made for the book; but I was asked to select from a large stock of wood-cuts such as, in my judgment, would illustrate and lend interest to the text, and this I have done willingly.

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CHAPTER I.

Why I went to sea, and how—Difficulties in getting a place on board ship.

I WENT to school until I was thirteen, when, at my own choice, I was apprenticed to the printing business. I was fond of reading—a regular book-worm—and printing seemed to me, therefore, a most delightful trade. But my constitution would not bear the confinement. Ere I was six months in the "office," I was more weakly and puny than I had ever been, and was taking medicine for general debility. I became alarmed, as my friends thought I would get the consumption if I continued at my chosen trade, and began to cast about for some means to recruit my health. The perusal of books of travel had always given me great pleasure, and in them I had frequently read glowing accounts of the invigorating and restoring powers of the sea air and tropical climes. And so, one day the idea occurred to me to try the salt water. I had always had an absorbing desire to see somewhat of the great world, and the thought of doing this in the capacity of a sailor, although now for the first time entertained, pleased me exceedingly, and soon took entire possession of my mind. Sleeping or waking, I thought of nothing but the sea, ships, sailors, and the wonders of foreign lands.

So much for the cause which led me to choose the roving life of a sailor, or rather, of the reasons by which I sought to justify to myself the step I was about to take—that of "running away" from home. In common with most Western boys, I had very crude and ill-defined notions of the new phase of existence in which I was about to embark. Marryat's, and Cooper's, and other approved sea novels and tales are delightful reading, but scarcely calculated to give one true views of the life they pretend to describe.

Having managed to save out of my earnings in the printing-office the sum of twenty-five dollars, I thought myself amply provided with funds for an independent start in the world. After due consideration, therefore, of the step I was about to take, and laying out my plans as far ahead as I could, one bright September morning, in the year 18—, I took my money in my pocket, two clean shirts and a pair of socks in a bundle, and engaged passage on a steamer about to start for Wheeling, Va. From there, I proceeded to Baltimore, which place I had determined upon as the one in which to make my first trial at obtaining a situation on board ship. Of my sensations upon finding myself actually leaving home, it is not necessary here to speak, except to say that the feeling of satisfaction at being about to attain a cherished desire drowned out all regrets. I threw myself upon my own resources, without any feeling of alarm at the result, because I had often heard it said, that "in this country no industrious person could starve," and in simple faith, I determined not to fail in industry or diligence.

Arrived in Baltimore, I spent the first day in wandering about the docks and quays, looking up at the vessels, watching the sailors hoisting in or out cargoes, or busy about their various other duties, and listening admiringly to the songs with which they enlivened their labors. I made choice, in my own mind, of a large vessel, from which were being landed crates and boxes, and which I therefrom took to be a China ship, as the one on board which I would on the morrow apply for a berth. And after looking up at her tall masts, and wondering if I should ever learn to climb the rigging which supported them, I returned to the hotel where I had stayed the previous night, got my supper, and went to bed, praying first for success in my effort to get a place on board ship.

The next morning about eight o'clock, I went on board my China ship, and, after looking about decks a little, walked up to a gentleman whom I heard called captain, and making him my best bow, informed him that I was desirous of obtaining a place as cabin boy or sailor boy in his vessel, and asked him to give me a berth on board.

"Ship you, you little scamp!" said he; "not I; we don't carry runaway boys. Clear out this minute, and don't let me see you about the ship again." And the captain pointed significantly to the gangway, as the appropriate place for my instant exit.

Without daring to exchange a word, I turned about and hastened on shore. My heart was full. This was my first disappointment, and it was a severe one. I had pleased myself with the idea that I should get a place on that ship,

just for the asking, and had never contemplated the possibility of such a rebuff.

"But never mind," thought I to myself, "try again—better luck next time."

But my better luck did not come that day. I walked about the quays all day, applying on board nearly every vessel I could get on board of—but no one wanted a boy. Some "had too many lazy boys already;" others "wouldn't give a boy his grub;" and others yet did not condescend even to allow me to state my business; but as soon as my head was fairly over the rail, ordered me back on shore with:

"We want no loafing boys here."

Meeting with no better success than this, and having made application on board nearly every vessel of any size in the harbor, I was forced to the conviction that in Baltimore I should not be able to attain my object. I thought of Philadelphia as the place where I would try next. I had read of the kindness of the Quakers, and having heard Philadelphia called the "Quaker City," indulged the hope that there I should meet with a better reception than had befallen me in Baltimore, and should perhaps be able to induce some kind-hearted captain to take me with him.

Finding that a boat would start for Philadelphia at seven o'clock that evening, I engaged my passage on board. On examining into the condition of my finances, after paying my passage, I found that I had but two dollars and a half remaining. My heart sank a little, when I saw myself getting so near the end of my means.

It was a dark night, and as I sat alone in a corner of the boat's cabin after starting, I had abundant time to consider on my situation. I was obliged to confess to myself that matters had not gone so well as my over-sanguine hopes had led me to expect. I was alone among strangers, without friends, and nearly at the end of my means. Suppose I could find no captain in Philadelphia willing to take me with him. I pondered awhile on this view of the matter, until my heart grew far too heavy for comfort. At last the thought occurred to me, that as my money was so nearly out, I would waste no more time at present in what appeared to be rather an uncertain search for a ship, but would at once seek work in a printing-office in Philadelphia, where I would be earning a livelihood, and be ready for any opportunity to ship that chance or my own inquiries might throw in my way. This idea raised my spirits a good deal, and so, repeating to myself the additional comforting reflection that "in America there was work for all willing hands," I sank to sleep in my corner, murmuring a prayer to God for success in my efforts on the following day.

After changing from boat to cars, and back to another boat, we finally arrived at Philadelphia at four o'clock in the morning. As soon as it was broad daylight, I took my bundle in my hand and went on shore. There were but few ships ranged along the wharves—a fact which added strength to my resolution to seek work on shore for the present. Walking up Dock Street, I espied on the corner of Third a sign, "Daily Sun," and immediately under the bulletin-board a notice, "Boy

wanted—apply within." Without stopping to consider, I walked immediately up the front steps and into the office, and asked a gentleman there if he would please give me the situation which I saw by his notice was vacant. After catechising me concerning my whereabouts and my abilities to do (I being careful not to tell him that I had left home for the purpose of going to sea), he concluded to take me on trial, promising me a permanent situation if I proved trustworthy and competent. Learning that I had only that morning arrived in the city and was a perfect stranger in it, he kindly procured me a boarding-place with a gentlemen who was also engaged in the office, under whose hospitable roof I found a home during my stay in Philadelphia.

That evening I was inducted into my new post, which was that of "devil," or boy of all work. My labors lasted from six P.M. until the time of going to press, generally about midnight, and this it was arranged should pay my board. To defray my other expenses, for clothing, etc., I was allowed to set type during the day-time, and was shortly able to earn easily from two to four dollars per week. I was thus, through the kindness of strangers, placed in a situation in which I was able to provide abundantly for all my wants; and I resolved to render myself worthy of this kindness by upright, steady conduct, and was happy in the consciousness of having accomplished this, and secured the esteem of all who knew me, up to the time when I succeeded in obtaining a place on board ship.

As before said, my desire to become a sailor I confided

to no one; yet it continued as strongly within me as ever, and I generally spent my Saturday afternoons (a holiday for the employés on a daily newspaper) down among the shipping, occasionally asking for a berth on board vessels nearly ready for sea, but invariably without success. I was not discouraged, however, but determined to bide my time. Thorough and persevering trial, however, as well as after experience, served to convince me of a fact which I will here dwell a little upon, as a caution to youth who look forward to going to sea, viz.: that it is almost impossible for a boy, unaided by outside influence, to obtain a place on board a merchant vessel. And this for the following reason: this class of vessels is at best but poorly manned, carrying, in sailors' parlance, "no more cats than catch mice"—that is, no more men than are barely sufficient to do the necessary work. Captains are, therefore, extremely loath to encumber themselves with green hands, whom it will be necessary to teach their duties, and who will be worthless at any rate for the first voyage. To obtain a situation even as a cabin boy on board a merchant vessel, it is necessary that the lad's friends should have some influence with the owners or officers. The supply of boys in American ports and vessels is always much greater than the demand; so much so, that lads who have been three or four years at sea, and have about them an air of knowing smartness which is not to be counterfeited, frequently find it a difficult matter to secure a berth. English merchant vessels are compelled by law to carry a certain number of apprentices. These receive little pay, hard fare, and the severest of treatment; they are, therefore, always

anxious to run away to American vessels, where they are very generally liked and well received, because, although in general far less intelligent than American lads, they are inured to labor and hardship, and, consequently, much more useful than the latter. And these English runaways fill every vacant place in American vessels. I have seen a dozen boys come on board a vessel in a single day, in New Orleans, begging the captain to ship them, but without success; and the same holds good of all other seaports.

I soon became convinced that I should not be able to succeed in my desires of going to sea in a merchant vessel, unless I could enlist my new friends in my favor; for when I applied to the owner of a vessel, to whom I was one day shown, he at once refused to ship me, because I was forced to acknowledge that I could bring neither parents nor guardian to him to engage me; and as I was a minor, I could not make an engagement myself. But when I hinted the matter to my friends, they were so unanimous and decided in their disapprobation that I did not dare to push my entreaties with them.

About this time, a paragraph went the rounds of the press, to the effect, that the United States ship C——, of seventy-four guns, had just been put in commission, under the command of Commodore B——, and would shortly proceed on a voyage to China and Japan, making a stay of some time in the East Indian seas, and finally returning home by way of Cape Horn, thus circumnavigating the globe; and, furthermore, that the naval rendezvous were at that time shipping hands for this

vessel. Here was a voyage such as I had been longing for. To visit the East Indies and China has always seemed to me the most desirable object of my life. And then to circumnavigate the globe. Shades of Magellan and Cook, was it in my power to follow in your illustrious footsteps! This was, indeed, far transcending my most sanguine hopes. I determined within myself that such a chance should not pass by me.

I lost no time in hunting up the naval rendezvous. Consulting a directory, I found it to be located on Front Street. I immediately proceeded thither, and made application to ship, but was told that they were not yet prepared to ship boys. Calling a few days afterward, I was informed that a sufficient number of boys were already enlisted; and even if they were shipping, they would be unable to take me, unless I was accompanied by my parents or guardian. This was a severe blow to my eager hopes.

Baffled, but not disheartened, and more determined than ever not to be overcome this time, I set my wits to work to consider the next step. But I was completely at a loss, and finally, in my extremity, frankly laid my case before the recruiting officer. After listening impatiently to my short story, he said gruffly:

"Well, I can't do anything for you. You're too late, and we would not dare to ship you now, even if your folks were willing, without you got a special order to that effect from Commodore Elliott."

This was said by way of an annihilator to my hopes, but it suggested to me a new idea, which I immediately proceeded

to work upon. There existed, at that time, in Philadelphia, a great deal of political excitement, arising out of the then recent Native American riots. The *Sun* newspaper, upon which I had so fortunately gotten a situation, was the organ of the Native American party, and its editor, Mr. Lewis C. Levin, had just been elected member of Congress from one of the Philadelphia districts. He was an intimate political and personal friend of Commodore Elliott, at that time commandant of the Navy Yard, and I felt certain that the latter would not hesitate to grant any request of Mr. Levin. Him, therefore, I determined to bring to my assistance. Part of my daily duty was to carry to his house proof-sheets of his editorials, for his final revision. On such occasions, I generally sat in his apartment while he was looking over the proofs, in order to receive any instructions he might desire to send to the office. I took occasion one day when he was in a good humor, having just pitched into foreigners to his own entire satisfaction, to lay my case before him, telling him briefly that I entertained a very strong desire to go to sea; that the United States ship C—— was about to sail on just such a voyage as I desired to go, but that the written permission of Commodore Elliott was needed to make my enlistment practicable. I finally asked him, as a very great favor, to give me a few lines to the commodore, stating to the latter that I was not an apprentice to the office, and asking his intervention in my behalf. Levin, who knew nothing of me beyond the fact that I was the office boy who brought his editorials, and who was too anxious a seeker after popularity to indulge himself in a point-blank re-

fusal, even to a boy, after a little consideration, wrote me a few lines, as follows:

"DEAR COMMODORE: The bearer, our office boy, or 'devil,' desires to go to China in the United States ship C——. He says, that in order to do this, it is necessary to obtain your permission. Please give him a talking to."

This was *hardly* what I wished, but I made my very best bow and "thank you," and determined to make the better use of it. I made no delay in bringing myself to the notice of Commodore Elliott. He was frequently at our office, and it was only a day or two after I received Mr. Levin's note that I found him alone in the "sanctum," when I brought in the morning papers. Handing him the papers, I took the same opportunity to put the note into his hand. After deliberately reading it over, he turned to me and said:

"You young scoundrel, you want to ruin yourself, do you? You want to go to sea. Haven't you a father or mother?"

"No, sir."

"No guardian?"

"No, sir."

"What do you do here?"

"I am errand boy, and also set type, sir."

"Why do you want to go to sea?"

"I want to see the world."

"You want to see the deuce! You ought to be sent to the house of correction."

This not being an argument, but simply an assertion, I made no answer to it. The commodore turned to his papers with an

air as though he thought he had settled that matter, while I stood silently by his chair, convinced that he had not, and waiting for a final answer. Seeing that I made no move to go away, he finally said to me, but in a kinder tone of voice:

"Look here, my lad, take my advice: get this crazy notion out of your head; learn your trade; study your books; continue a good boy, and you will grow up to be a useful man. If you go to sea, you will be nothing all your life but a vagabond, drunken sailor—a dog for every one to kick at." Then getting up to leave, he added: "Now, think of what I have said. You don't want to become a dirty, drunken old sailor—a miserable fellow who can't be admitted into any decent society. Stay in your place, and be contented to let those who are bigger fools go to sea. Look at me; I have been in the navy all my life, and an officer, which is more than you would ever get to be; but see what a miserable old hunks I am. Boy, if I had a dozen sons, I would gladly see them all in their graves, sooner than at sea."

With these words, he went out of the room, leaving me disappointed, despairing *almost*, of accomplishing my object; but I was too thoroughly determined, to be put off by one denial. Waiting two or three days, I waylaid the commodore, and told him, that after considering upon all he had said to me, I was still inclined seaward as strongly as ever; and therefore requested him to write for me the few necessary words to the recruiting officer. So saying, I laid before him paper and pen, and put on my most beseeching look.

"Confound the boy," said he; "I suppose I shall have to do what he wants."

He wrote: "Officer of the naval rendezvous will ship the bearer—a boy.—Com. C. ELLIOT," and threw it to me. I thanked him—he told me to go to the devil—and I took the nearest way to the rendezvous, determined to lose no time in testing the efficacy of my "permit." The shipping officer was standing at the office door as I came up, and at the sight of my rather too-well-known face turned impatiently into the room. I followed him in. He looked around, and said pettishly:

"Boy, I've told you a dozen times that we can't ship you. Go away, and don't let me see you any more."

In reply to this, I quietly handed to him the note from the commodore. He looked at it, then at me; then at that again. Then his whole manner changed—he politely asked me to take a seat. I did so.

"This note alters the case, my lad," said he, in the tone of a gentleman—a tone I had not known him to assume before. "So your father is acquainted with Commodore Elliott?" And without stopping for an answer, he rapidly continued: "Did you have hard work to get your mother to let you go? I should think some one would have come down with you, to see you sign the articles; but, I suppose, they just gave you the commodore's note, eh?"

I mechanically said: "Yes."

He did not hear me. There was no explanation needed. I possessed the magic signet before which all doors flew open—all difficulties vanished. The articles of agreement were read over to me in a monotonous drawl: and I was asked if I,

of my own free will, did propose to sign them—a question which, in my ignorance, I considered highly superfluous, seeing that I had been at so much pains to obtain the chance so to do. At the tinkling of a small bell, I was requested to walk into an adjoining room, where a naval doctor examined into the stoutness of my frame and lungs, and the general soundness of my constitution. A report, in lead pencil, of the result, was placed in my hands, which I rendered up to the man of the drawl, who expressed his satisfaction thereat; and in conclusion, asking me if I was fully aware of all the responsibilities I was about to take upon myself, and would swear to submit to the rules and regulations laid down for the government of the seamen in the United States Navy—questions which I did not presume to answer—told me to "touch the pen," while he very ingeniously wrote my name for me—a matter that I could have performed much more satisfactorily and legibly myself—and then said to me, with an expression of intense relief depicted in his countenance:

"There, my boy; now you belong to Uncle Sam."

I was thereupon asked "when I would go on board;" answered, "immediately;" received a paper certifying that I, ——, was shipped on that day, as first-class boy, for general service in the Navy of the United States; was placed under the care of a rascally-looking Jew slopseller, who, looking at me twice, picked me out a small bag of clothing; was then placed, together with the bag of clothing and a bundle of straw, in a furniture-car, which drove down to the navy yard; and in less than half an hour after speaking to the old commodore, found

myself on board the U. S. Receiving Ship Experiment, lying off the navy yard, Philadelphia.

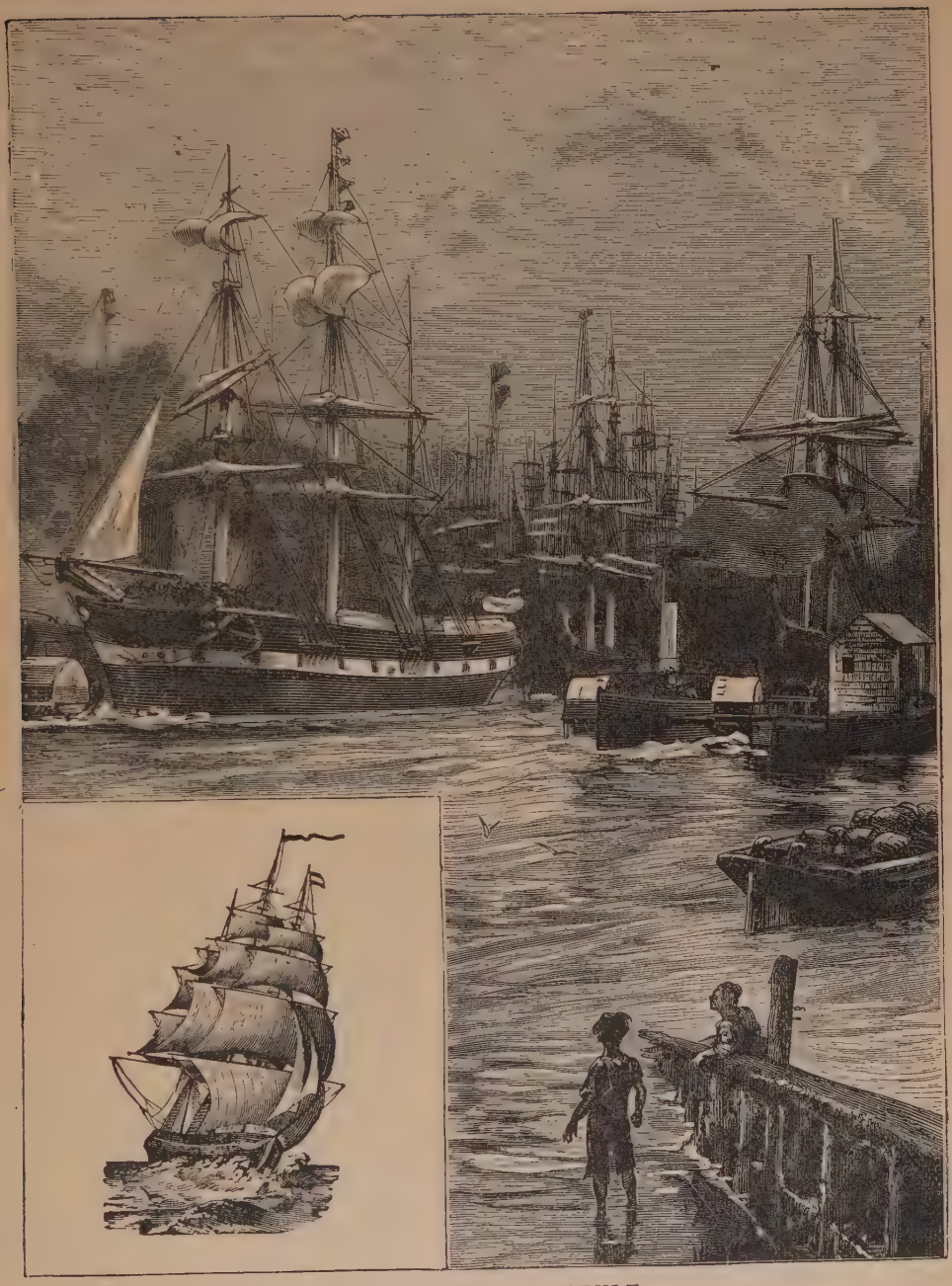
The whole matter was so quickly over, and I was so fearful of some outside interference to defeat my plans, that I did not take time even to give up my situation, or to bid good-by to my employers, my friends in the office or even to the kind people at whose house I had found a home during my stay in Philadelphia. As soon, however, as I collected my scattered senses sufficiently to be able to think, I wrote on shore, explaining my movements, and the reasons for my haste.

CHAPTER II.

Life on board a guardo—How "green hands" are fitted out—The outfitter's game—Free trade and sailors' rights—Sickness on board ship.

THIS was in March, 18—. Arrived on board the Experiment, I was first presented to the officer of the deck, to whom I made a polite bow, receiving in return an outrageous grin; then taken below by the master-at-arms, who turned the contents of my clothes-bag out on deck, kicked them over with his foot, pronounced them "all right," and bade me put them in again; showed me where to put the bag, where to put away my bedding—the straw sack before mentioned—and finally showed to me the limits within which I was expected to confine myself.

Here I must explain the mode of "fitting out" green hands and drunken sailors, when they ship in the United States Navy. Each non-commissioned officer, seaman, landsman, or boy receives, on entering the service, a sum of money amounting to three months' pay of such individual. This sum is designed to defray the expenses of a regular outfit of uniform clothing, bedding, etc., which, by the navy regulations, each man is compelled to have. The old man-of-war's men, who "have learned a thing or two," when sober, generally take this



NAVY YARD—OLD STYLE

advance-money into their own possession and with it procure the necessary articles. Drunken sailors and green hands, whether men or boys, being unable to fit themselves out, are generally taken in hand by certain speculators in slop-clothing, who loaf about the rendezvous, where their cheatery is in a manner winked at. These thieves become security for the safe delivery on board of the new recruit, and then furnish him, in exchange for his three months' pay, with the articles of clothing enumerated in the navy regulations. To see that all is done fair and above board, it is provided that the master-at-arms shall, on the rendering on board of the recruit, examine his clothing to see that the requisite number of pieces is there. So far, so good; but unfortunately for poor "greeny," the *quality* of the clothing is not made matter of regulation. The consequence of this is, that the slop-seller, while furnishing faithfully the *number*, made too in the fashion required, provides it of stuff which, it is safe to say, cannot be found anywhere else than in the establishments of these thieving outfitters.

I was shipped as first-class boy, at a wage of eight dollars per month. Three months' pay would, therefore, be twenty-four dollars. In return for this the navy regulations required me to become the possessor of the following mentioned articles of clothing, to-wit: "One blue cloth mustering jacket, one pair blue cloth mustering trousers, two white duck frocks (called shirts on shore) with blue collars, two pair white duck trousers, two blue flannel shirts, one pea-jacket (overcoat), two pair cotton socks, two pair woollen socks, one pair pumps, one

pair shoes, one black tarpaulin hat, one mattress and mattress cover, two blankets, one pot, pan, spoon, and knife, and one clothes-bag." It is a matter of curiosity, as well as a striking instance of the successful pursuit of dollars, under difficulties, to see how faithfully this list could be copied, without, in one item of them all, coming up to the evident intention of those who made it the standard. For instance, the blue cloth jacket and trousers, which are only for *mustering* in on special occasions, are supposed to be made of very fine blue cloth. Those with which I was furnished by my friend, the Jew, were made of a species of rusty-looking serge, of which an old salt gave me a most faithful description, when he said it was "made of dogs' hair and oakum, and cost three pence an armful," and added, "one might take a bull-dog by the neck and heels and fling him between any two threads of it." The white duck frocks and trousers were made of yellow bagging, which, so coarse was its texture, would scarcely hold peas; and which was warranted not to last beyond the first washing. Instead of the "neat" black silk neckerchief and shining pumps, articles of dress in the excellence of which a true man-of-war's man greatly delights, the recruits are furnished a rusty bamboo rag, and shoes made of varnished brown paper, which vanish before the damp salt air as mist before a bright sun. And in place of the neat tarpaulin, hard as a brick, and almost as heavy, smooth and glossy, as though made of glass, the *crowning* glory of a man-of-war man's costume, was a miserable featherweight of lacquered straw, which imparted to the countenance beneath it a look of indescribable, almost unfathomable

greenness, instead of that knowing, confident air peculiar to an old salt. To complete the list, came the mattress, a coarse sack, loosely stuffed with a mixture of straw, shavings, and old rags —and the blankets, which would *not* serve as riddles for peas. The entire assortment was worth *nothing* to any one except old Robyeknow, slop-seller, himself. Him they probably cost about three dollars. He came on board the next morning to have his account examined and signed, according to the regulations, which, as a final and complete preventive of cheatery, provide that no shore accounts shall be allowed unless the sailor against whom they are brought acknowledges their correctness before an officer. In virtue of this, I was called before the lieutenant of the watch, and asked by the master-at-arms if I was perfectly satisfied with my account, and with all the articles of clothing received. This worthy having previously instructed me that it *was* all right, and that if it was *not*, I would be sent ashore again, I very readily declared my entire satisfaction, "touched the pen,"* and retired, with a smiling assurance from Mr. Robyeknow, that I was a "regular brick," and would no doubt become an admiral, if I lived long enough.

But to return to the time of my first arrival on board. I was shown the way "forward," where I found assembled, some standing, some sitting, some lying down, one reading, several sewing, and the balance either spinning yarns or asleep, about two dozen regular old tars. They all, but one or two, bore

* The phrase for signing one's name to an account or other document.

about them the marks of recent excesses, and smelt strongly of bad liquor—which I afterward found was smuggled on board in no inconsiderable quantities. Leaving out the liquor, they were fine, bronzed, weather-beaten looking fellows, with broad shoulders and well-knit, massive frames. My diffidence did not permit me to intrude myself upon their august presence, and I, therefore, took a seat on a shot-box, at a little distance from the group. Presently one of the most sober of them approached me, saying:

"Well, boy, they shipped you, did they?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"You'd better have gone and hung yourself first," growled out one of the others.

"Leave the boy alone, will you," retorted the one who had spoken first; "don't frighten him to death. Don't you see he's as green as grass? Who got you to ship, my lad?"

"Nobody; I wanted to be a sailor."

"Oh," said he, with a look of great enlightenment; "well, you've come to rather an out-of-the-way place to learn sailorship, to be sure. And you fell into old Robyeknow's clutches at the first jump. Well, the old scoundrel *did* me once. When you're green, you have to suffer."

After some further conversation, in which my personal appearance, as well as my desire to become a sailor, were pretty freely criticised and commented upon, my friend, the master-at-arms, placed in my hands an oblong strip of stout canvas, having a number of strings tied to each end, and informed me that this was my hammock, in which I was to sleep. I had

read of sailors sleeping in hammocks, but had before this no proper or definite idea of what might be the shape of that most necessary article. As I was holding it in my hands, with rather a puzzled air, the sailor who had first spoken to me took me in charge, to enlighten me as to the manner of its use. We proceeded to the lower deck, where I was shown a number of hooks set into the beams and carlings overhead. The little strings before mentioned—*clews* they are called—I now found, were used to suspend the hammock between two of these hooks, thus making a swinging *bedstead*, at an altitude of about four feet from the deck or floor. Into this *bedstead* were now placed my rag-and-shaving mattress and dog's-hair blankets, and the affair was pronounced ready for occupancy, by my guide.

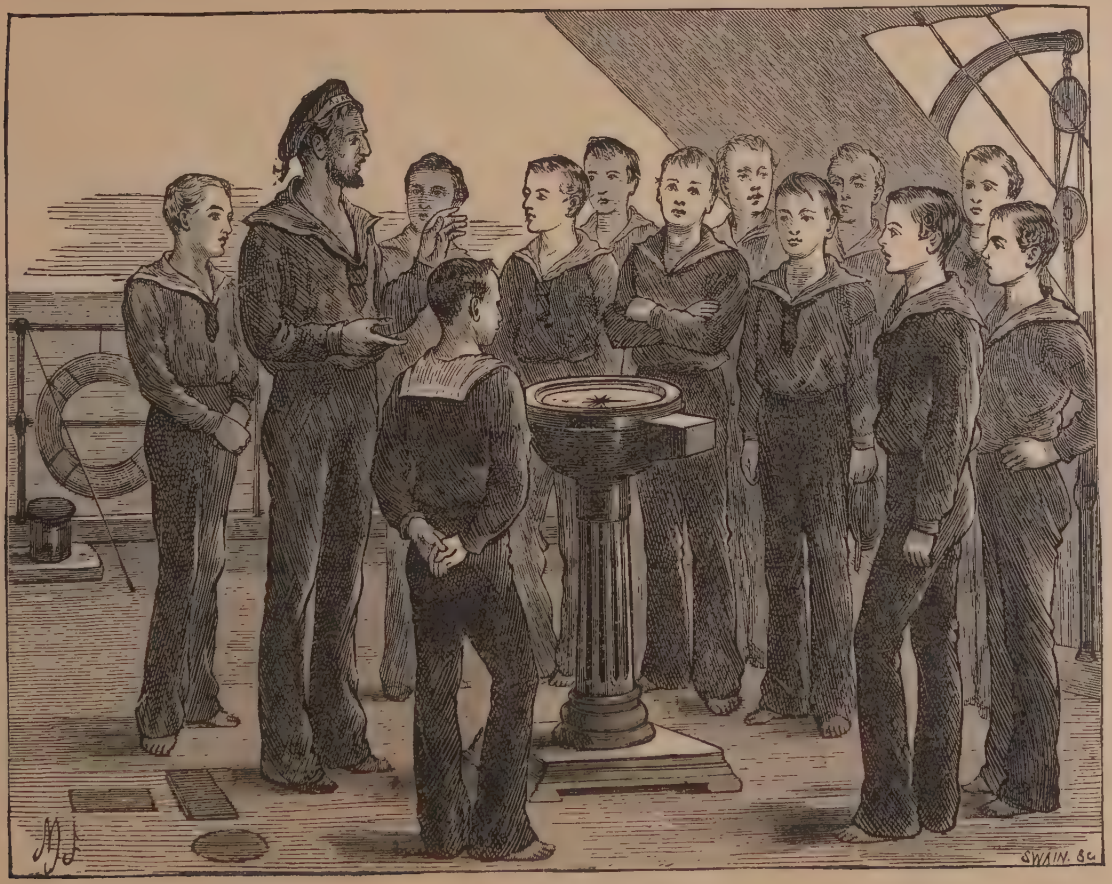
"But," said I, "it swings." I was ashamed to confess that I was afraid to fall out of so unsteady a resting-place.

"Now let us see if you can jump in," was his only reply. A match-tub was brought for me to stand upon, in order that I might be able to reach my hands to the hooks overhead; then I was told to catch hold with my hands of two of the hooks, give my body a swing, and alight in the hammock. One of the sailors went through the performance, in order, as he said, to satisfy me that it was "as easy as eating soft tack and butter;" and then all stood clear for me. I made all due preparation, held my breath tightly, gave my lower extremities a hoist, but touching the side of the hammock slightly as I rose in the air, it slipped from under me, and I launched clear over, and landed on deck, on the other side of it, with a thump, that made all hands grin.

"Try again," was the word, and the next time, with the help of a lift from one of the men, I succeeded in placing myself fairly in my bed. Here I soon found that it was not a difficult matter to keep from falling out. I was next shown how to tie or "lash" it up, and where to put it.

It was now supper-time, and the cook called out "Come and get your tea." I got my pot, pan and spoon, as the rest did, and proceeded to the "galley" or cooking range, where each individual was served with a quart of tea, ready sweetened, with which we betook ourselves to the "mess," a place on the lower deck, where, in a "mess chest," are kept the bread and meat, and whatever else may constitute the daily allowance of food. Here the individual who was the acting "cook of the mess" had set our supper out on a "mess cloth" on deck. It consisted of sea-bread, raw salt pork, cold boiled potatoes, and vinegar. We gathered around the cloth, each one bringing his tea, and a seat, although some squatted right down on deck. When all was arranged, an old salt said, "Well, boys, here's every one for himself, and the d—l for us all—Jack, pass the pork." And this was grace to the first meal I ate in "the service."

I was not a forward boy, and therefore waited patiently for my share until the rest were helped. One of the sailors seeing this, cut me a large slice of fat salt pork, gave it a dip in the vinegar pan, and laying it on a cake of bread, handed it to me, saying, "Eat hearty, my lad, and give the ship a good name." I was quite willing to do so, but at sight of the raw meat which was being consumed on all sides of me, my appetite failed me, and I was content to eat a little bread and



LEARNING THE COMPASS.

tea, and look on at the performance of the rest. I soon learned, however, to like sailors' *prog*, especially as I was given to understand that this was necessary in order to become a thorough sailor myself.

It will be necessary here to give a short description of my new home. Receiving ships, such as the one on board which I now was, are old vessels, dismantled of their guns, and laid up, in the larger seaports, to be used as temporary places of deposit for sailors whose ultimate destination is some vessel just being fitted for sea, and not yet ready to receive her crew. When a vessel of war returns home from a completed cruise, her crew is discharged, and the vessel placed under the hands of Navy Yard men, and by them dismantled, and laid up in ordinary, in the Navy Yard. When she is again ordered for service, she is fitted out at the Navy Yard, and not until ready to receive her stores of ammunition, provisions, etc., does her own future crew go on board. Thus it becomes necessary to have "receiving vessels," on board which the newly shipped hands may be kept until the vessel for which they are intended is ready for their reception.

The discipline on these receiving vessels is very lax, nothing being required of the men but to keep themselves and the vessel moderately clean. None of the rigors of man-of-war discipline are enforced, and the strong arm of authority is not shown or felt, except in a total restriction of liberty to leave the vessel. Being only a sort of transition state, there is much confusion; to which the liquor so plentifully smuggled on board adds no inconsiderable share. Most of the old tars make it a

point to keep constantly about half drunk, and many of the beginners eagerly follow and even exceed them in this pet vice. In fact, I had occasion to notice among the green hands a very general and prevalent impression, that the easiest and quickest way to become a thorough sailor was to drink rum and chew tobacco. And many of them shortly succeeded to admiration in these two accomplishments — often far surpassing their models.

Life on board a receiving ship is very monotonous. All hands are called up at daybreak, the decks washed, and then breakfast is had. At eight o'clock all hands are mustered, and the roll called to see that all are present, and this finishes the day's labor. The balance of the time is devoted to talking, reading, singing, sewing, or gazing at the shore, and casting retrospective glances at the pleasures there enjoyed. When once on board the receiving vessel, a return on shore is almost impossible, and a "guardo," as one of these vessels is called by the sailors, is therefore much like a prison.

It is a singular fact, that no sooner has an old man-of-war's man shipped and rendered himself on board the "guardo" than he seems to be suddenly possessed with an inordinate longing to run away from the obligations he has taken upon himself. The shore, of which he was so tired, and so glad to get rid, all at once assumes new charms to him. The memory of past pleasures seems to urge him, with force irresistible, to a return to their scenes, and he spares no pains nor hesitates at any danger to effect his escape. No step seems too rash nor any sacrifice too great to effect an object which evi-

dently becomes dearer to him in exact proportion to the difficulties attending its attainment.

Our number, on board the Experiment, was gradually increased by additions from on shore, until at the end of four weeks it reached seventy. Of these, several effected their escape. One, I recollect, had a suit of citizen's clothing provided for him by the kindness of friends on shore, dressed in which, he took advantage of a day when the vessel was open to visitors, and walked past the sentry and officer of the watch, entirely unsuspected, making good his escape without difficulty. Two others, one dark, stormy night, lowered themselves over the bows into the water, and although it was freezing, succeeded in swimming ashore, where one of them was caught within two days after, and returned on board, to be the laughing stock of the rest. And finally, when on the cars, on our way to join the ship at New York, one mad drunken fellow broke out a little window in the side of the car and thrust himself through, while the train was going at full speed. We saw him strike the ground and roll over and over down the embankment, but in a moment more were out of sight. I learned afterward, incidentally, that singularly enough he escaped with scarcely a scratch.

On the last day of April, it was found there was a sufficient number of men gathered together to make up a draft for New York. We were accordingly mustered and counted off, to get ready for leaving. Bags and hammocks were securely tied and lashed; we dressed ourselves in our best bib and tucker, and then went aboard of the steamer which had come along-

side to take us off. Special care had been taken to prevent smuggling of liquor; and we started off in very tolerable style, an old fifer playing, as we left the town, "The girl I left behind me." Taking the cars at Camden, we again changed to a steamboat, at Amboy. Here trouble commenced. There was a *bar* on board, which, at the request of the draft officer, had been closed. So far so good. Had it been kept strictly closed there would have been no difficulty. But it was soon found out that it was freely opened to retail poison to the citizen passengers, but closed in great haste on the approach of a sailor. This was voted on all hands to be an outrage—"an infringement on the ever-to-be-respected doctrine of Free Trade and Sailor's rights," as a wag of the party observed; and it was determined to punish the discriminating barkeeper by drinking his liquors without paying for them. No sooner said than done. All hands gathered quietly in the vicinity of the aristocratic dram-shop, and there formed an impenetrable belt outside the scene of operations. Half a dozen of the stoutest and heaviest fellows then clung together, and making a little run to acquire additional impetus, threw their whole weight against the bar door. Not made for resistance, it flew back on its hinges at the first effort, and the whole crowd entered, just in time to see the coat-tails of the retailer of drams vanishing out of a side door. Our fellows now conducted everything in a quiet and orderly manner. Guards were posted, to prevent intrusion of strangers, and the liquor was at once made away with. Comparatively little was drunk, the most of it being spilled on deck, where it ran out of the scup-

pers. When all that was to be found had been destroyed, the crowd quietly dispersed, carefully closing the door after them. During the whole time of the proceedings, the deck outside of the bar-room was filled with the citizen passengers, attracted thither by curiosity to witness the proceedings. They were not allowed, however, to *see* anything. Most of them thought "the sailors" were about right. It was said the officers of the boat remonstrated with the naval officer who had charge of the draft, but he was too sensible a man to interfere.

I need scarcely say here, that the scenes of drunkenness and riotous debauchery of which I had been a witness almost constantly since my entry into the navy, could not fail of being highly disagreeable to the feelings of a lad like myself, who had been raised among religious people, and was a stranger to the appearance of vice. In truth, I was more than half sickened already of the life which I had embraced with so much ardor. But I had been informed that all this drunkenness and riot found place only in the receiving ships, and would cease when we were once on board our own vessel, and at sea, bound for foreign lands. And then, those foreign lands: if ever any scene of unusual violence or any superlatively disgusting exhibition of drunken brutality filled my mind with fear and abhorrence of the men among whom I had so eagerly cast my lot, the thought of the strange countries which I was now about to visit, of the wonders of animate and inanimate nature, so long read about, which were to be spread out before my eager eyes, banished all unpleasant thoughts from my

mind, and more than reconciled me to the disagreeableness of my position.

Arrived at New York, we were transferred at once on board the vessel for which we were destined, the C——, a seventy-four-gun ship, which was then lying off the Navy Yard, taking in stores, and preparing for sea. Here a new scene of wonder was opened to me. I had often, while at Philadelphia, boarded the large merchant vessels lying at the wharves, and had cause for surprise at the massive strength and solidity of all things about them, but here I found everything on so much greater a scale as to make all I had seen before dwindle down to Lilliputian dimensions. The height from the water's edge to the top of the railing or bulwark, a distance of about thirty-five feet, gave me at once an idea of the vastness of the entire structure, which an examination of the details confirmed, and which my mind had never conceived of. Used to the sight of nothing larger or more solid than the steamboats which plough the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi, I had roamed with surprised astonishment over the larger class of vessels which came to Philadelphia. But here was a vessel which eclipsed those in vastness of structure as far as they were beyond the little schooner boats which dot the Delaware. I stood on deck and looked about me. Forward and aft stretched a long line of guns; amidship were placed two launches, boats capable each of carrying the loading of a moderate sized schooner, and containing at sea four other boats, laid one within the other. Looking down the hatchway, I saw a long line of ladders, communicating with tier after tier of deck,

until the lowest was lost in a darkness never illumined by the light of day. And overhead, the tapering masts seemed to lose themselves in the clouds, and the wilderness of rigging which supported them to be an endless and undistinguishably confused mass of ropes.

But there was no time for surprise. "Come, look alive there, don't go to sleep," shouted in my ear by a coarse voice, startled me out of my propriety nearly, and interrupted the strain of wonderment in which I had become lost.

"Were you speaking to me, sir?" said I, politely and timidly, making a respectful bow at the same time, to a burly, double-fisted sailor, from whom the coarse voice seemed to have issued. A shout of laughter from all within hearing greeted this green sally of mine, amidst which I hastily made my descent to a lower deck. Here new scenes awaited my ready eyes and ears. But there was no time to be astonished. Everybody was busy. Men running hither and thither with loads of rigging; officers, in uniform of blue and gold, shouting orders through tin speaking-trumpets; the cheering sound of the boatswain's mate's pipes, and the regular tramp of the hundreds strung along, on deck, at the tackle falls, hoisting in provisions: all united made a scene of noise and confusion in which it was impossible to stand still or to think, and I soon found it necessary to get some employment myself, in order to avoid being knocked down and run over, in the rush of the many conflicting crowds. I therefore joined a division of about a hundred, who were hoisting in barrels of beef and pork on deck, from a lighter alongside. We had hold of one end of a rope, the other

end of which being made fast to a dozen barrels of provisions, the boatswain's shrill whistle piped "go ahead," and we walked off with the fall, to the merry notes of a fife. Landing the beef on deck, the barrels were there coopered, and then consigned by another set of men to their resting-place in the hold.

A man-of-war is supposed to have on board, when ready for sea, six months' supply of provisions and water, together with a sufficient quantity of powder and shot, spare clothing, sails, and rigging, to last the cruise of three years. To take in these supplies, and complete the fitting of various portions of the rigging, for sea, was the work now on hand, and at this we were kept early and late, rain or shine. All hands were called up at four o'clock A.M., and the work continued from that hour until six P.M., with intermission only for breakfast and dinner. Not used to this kind of a life, the first wet weather completed what previous exposure had laid the foundation for, and I woke up one morning gasping for breath, and scarcely able to stir. I managed to tumble out of my hammock on to the deck, but could not lash it up. The "hurry up, hurry up, there" of the cross old boatswain's mate, although filling me with terror, was left unheeded, while I crawled between two guns, and laid myself down, crying and moaning with pain. Nearly all the hammocks were on deck, and mine not yet lashed up, when a kind old sailor, passing that way, heard me crying, and approached. He quickly saw what was the matter, and taking me up in his arms, like one would a baby, carried me into the "sick-bay," the place set

apart on shipboard for the sick. Returning directly with my hammock, he hung that up, lifted me into it, and bidding me not cry, but be of good cheer, hurried off to his work. I lay there quite unnoticed until nine o'clock, when the doctor made his regular round; after an examination of the symptoms, my disease was pronounced to be a violent pleurisy. Here I lay sick for many days. My sickness, or else the paregoric which was given me for medicine, stupefied me. My existence seemed to me as a dream; objects and events passing about me I was merely conscious of, without receiving from them any impression. The doctor ordered a mustard-plaster to be applied to my breast. Two days after, I was cupped, and then blistered. I stood it all, not with fortitude, but with apathy. There seemed scarcely sufficient life left in my poor body to suffer. I said nothing, ate nothing, and drank nothing but water for nine days.

In the mean time the sick-bay was filled with sick men, many of them having upon them loathsome diseases, contracted in their debaucheries on shore. Several men died. While I was yet lying very low, the occupant of the hammock adjoining mine (our beds touched) died. He was an Englishman, a strong man, in the prime of life, and he parted from existence reluctantly. The chaplain was with him in his last moments; and as he and the sick-bay steward closed the dead man's eyes, I heard the latter whisper, pointing to me:

"That little boy will be the next, sir."

But, somehow, I did not believe it. I had determined to go to sea; I had longed for it, striven for it, and suffered for it, so

much—and I could not believe that I was going to die now, when just upon the point of attaining the one strong wish of my heart.

One morning, when I was at the worst, a man, one of those peripatetic venders of ill news, whom it would be well to hang up wherever they can be caught, came to my hammock, and after taking a good look at me, said coolly:

"Boy, the doctor says you are going to die." I made no answer to this remark, and he continued: "The sick-bay steward says you are to be sent on shore to-morrow, because the ship is to sail next week, and the doctor don't want to have you die on board the vessel." I was too weak to make any reply to this, but was much excited at the thought of being sent ashore. I lay and thought the matter over. If I was put ashore, I felt convinced the disappointment would kill me; and if I died at sea, I should at any rate have had the satisfaction of dying on salt water, and should be no worse off. So I determined, when next I saw the doctor, to represent my case to him, and beg to be kept on board.

While revolving in my mind the manner in which I should prefer my request, the doctor came to my bedside. It happened, fortunately for my wishes, that the one who that day made the rounds was a noble-minded man, whose cheerful and sympathizing countenance and kind words had really done more for me than all the medicine. To him I related my story, and succeeded in enlisting him in my favor; and before he left me he promised me faithfully to intercede in my behalf. From that day I mended. The ship did not go to sea before two weeks, and by that time

I was able to walk about a little, and to look out once more on the bright sun, whose rays never penetrated into our dingy "sick-bay."

To be sick on board ship seems to be the very height of earthly misery. The sick-room on shore, surrounded as it is by every comfort, by all the appliances invented by art or suggested by love, which can make the sufferer's lot more bearable, waited on by sympathizing friends, watched with anxious and loving care, is yet far from desirable. But to be bedridden on shipboard is a horrible fate. Cooped up with dozens of others in a narrow space on one of the lower decks, badly ventilated, and reeking with all the odors peculiar to sick-rooms and ship's holds, annoyed constantly by the fretful complaint, the dull moan of pain, or the hollow cough, half stifled perhaps by the feverish gasping of a neighbor, whose close proximity makes it impossible for one to get a breath of fresh air, the invalid lies in his cot, hour after hour and day after day, thinking and thinking, until his brain is bewildered and his soul grows weary and faint. At stated intervals, a steward or loblolly boy makes the round of all the hammocks and cots, and supplies the wants of the sick. Twice a day, once at nine o'clock A.M., and again at four P.M., the dull monotony is invaded by the doctor's visit. At dark, or in bad weather, the port-holes are closed, thus shutting out the last remnant of fresh air, and a dingy lantern, hung to the beams, sheds a faint light around its immediate proximity, by which the utter darkness of the outskirts is only made more clearly tangible. And there the sick man lies, his cot swinging with the motion of the vessel, the bilge-water rushing across the deck, the timbers creaking and

groaning in concert with the moan of pain, until after an almost interminable night the bustle and noise overhead announce the advent of another day of misery. Really, it is surprising that any one recovers in a "sick-bay." For my own part, as soon as I was once able to walk on deck, the doctor's steward saw my face no more.

CHAPTER III.

At sea at last—Hunting a mess—Some account of the vessel and her crew.

ON the 4th of June, 18—, we finally hoisted sail and steered through the Narrows, seaward bound. But we were still destined to delay. Owing to our heavy draught (twenty-seven feet), we were obliged to take advantage of the highest or spring tides, to make our way out. While going along with a steamboat ahead, it was found necessary to hold her with the anchor a few moments, and the order was accordingly given:

"Let go the starboard anchor."

In the general confusion, no one being yet stationed, the chain stoppers were not sufficiently manned, and the tide carrying the ship along with great force, the starboard chain ran out end for end, and was, with its anchor, lost overboard. The other anchor was immediately let go, and safely held her. This made an all night's job of work for all hands, to pick up the lost chain and anchor. Besides this, the untoward accident was regarded by many of the old salts as an evil omen, and prophecies of future disasters, inaugurated by this, were not wanting on all sides. But we were too busied with the present to care much about the future. By daylight we had recovered our anchor and chain, and shortly after, the tide serving, we stood out to sea.

As soon as the ship was fairly under weigh, the decks cleared, and the hurry and bustle over, I ventured on deck. My limbs were yet weak, and the dancing motion of the vessel, as she bounded along under a stiff topgallant breeze, made it hard work for me to get along. But by dint of clinging to the guns, the stanchions, and ladders, I at length succeeded in reaching the upper deck.

As I saw the land gradually receding from view, and felt the fresh sea breeze fanning my wasted cheek, I first began to realize that I was attaining the great desire of my heart. We were at last at sea. Already imagination placed me in the varied scenes which my fancy had pictured out as attending upon the life of a sailor. The realities of life were too present and pressing, however, to leave room for dreaming. On account of my sickness, I had not yet been mustered in my station, either at quarters, or general duty, or mess. Now, in a vessel of war, where everything goes on by the strictest rule, where there is a place assigned to every one, and every one is expected to be in his place, an individual who can lay claim to no particular station is likely to find himself without friends, without help, without anything to do, or to *eat* even—regarded by every one with suspicion or dislike. This I soon experienced, for shortly it was made twelve o'clock, and the crew were piped to dinner. Although not hungry, I felt a desire to find out my mess, and have a look at those who were to be my messmates. I did not know to what mess I had been assigned, and inquired from one to the other along deck, but without success. Wherever I presented myself, the "mess-list" was pro-

duced, and after a careful scrutiny my name was declared not to be there. I was getting tired of running such a gauntlet, and weighing in my mind the propriety of going down to my cot in the sick-bay, and waiting for my mess and stations to come to me, when a kind-hearted old fellow, who had seen me wandering forlornly about, called me to him and offered me some dinner. I thankfully accepted the invitation, and, in answer to his inquiries, told him of my great desire to become a sailor, of having left home for that purpose, of my past sickness, and of being as yet without mess or station. My appearance after so severe an illness was not at all prepossessing, as I had already learned from various criticisms passed upon me while walking about decks. Something about me, however, pleased the old tars, and it was suggested by one that, as they had not yet any boy in the mess, and I looked tolerably civil, they should take me. After a little canvassing, pro and con, this proposition was unanimously adopted, and I was duly entered on the mess-list, after dinner, by the commander's clerk. Repairing to this gentleman's desk, and giving in my name, I was furnished with an abstract from the books, by which could be seen at one glance my *ship's number*, by which each individual is known on the purser's account-books; my *hammock* number, by finding which among the tinned numbers nailed above the hooks, in the beams and carlings of the two lower decks, I secured my sleeping-place; my general station in the ship, as well as a specification of particular duties in certain emergencies; my station at the gun, and finally, but not by any means least important, the number of my mess. Paper in hand, I now

spent the balance of the afternoon in hunting up the various places in the ship, which were to be the particular scenes of my future labors. It appeared from the list that I was appointed one of the "messenger boys," whose general duty it is to "strike the bell" every half hour, and to act as errand boy for the officers, in addition to which, when the vessel is in port, they stand at the side, to do honor to officers going away or coming on board, and have also to keep clean the side ladder, which leads from the water's edge to the deck. My station at quarters, or in time of battle, was as powder boy at gun No. 36, on the main gun-deck; my hammock number was six hundred and thirty-nine; my ship's number, five hundred and seventy-four; and the number of my mess, twenty-six. Thus was the whole routine of my life on board this vessel laid out for me.

Here is, perhaps, as good a place as farther on, to explain, as well as can be, to the landsman reader, the manner in which the crew of a vessel of war is divided and subdivided, so as to give to each individual in the company some special duties, for the due and proper performance of which he is held strictly accountable. First, however, it will be necessary to give a short description of the vessel.

The decks may be regarded as so many floors. On the upper or *spar-deck*, as it is called, the space between the bows and foremast is called the forecastle; those between the foremast and mainmast, on each side of the boats (which are stowed amidships), are the gangways. These portions are free to the sailors—more particularly to the "watch on deck." Abaft the

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mainmast is the quarter-deck, the holy of holies of a man-of-war, where only the officers are allowed to congregate, the starboard side of it being forbidden even to the midshipmen, and on entering which every one, even the captain, is required to touch his hat or cap. Abaft the mizzenmast is the poop, a raised deck, beneath which is the commodore's cabin. On top of the bulwarks, which run all around the upper deck, are the square casings, by a figure of speech called *hammock nettings*, in which are deposited the seamen's and midshipmen's hammocks. Most American ships of the line do not carry a full tier of guns on the spar-deck, the *waist* being left without port-holes. Next below the spar-deck is the main-deck. This and the one below, called the lower gun-deck, or berth-deck, have full tiers of guns—thirty-two and sixty-eight pounders. Commencing aft on the main-deck, we have first the captain's cabin and pantry; next comes what is called the "half-deck," extending to the mainmast, the larboard side of which is always kept clear—as much so as the quarter-deck. Over the door of the captain's cabin hangs the clock, which regulates the ship's time; before the door paces a sentinel, who, besides barring entrance to the cabin to all intruders, and announcing visitors to the captain, keeps note of the time, and calls out the half hours to the officer of the deck, who thereupon tells the messenger boy on duty to "strike the bell." Time, on shipboard, is divided into watches and reckoned by bells. The twenty-four hours are arranged in five watches of four hours each, and two shorter ones of two hours each, called the *dog-watches*. At the end of the first half hour of a watch, the ship's bell is struck one; at the end of the

second half hour, two, and so on, until it is eight bells, which marks the expiration of four hours, or a watch, when the series is recommenced. Therefore, on board ship, we do not ask "What's o'clock?" or "What time is it?" but "How many bells is it?" Near the foremast, on the main-deck, is the galley or cooking range, for the commodore and captain, and chock forward, on the starboard side, is the "brig," an open space guarded by a sentinel, where offenders against the laws or rules of the ship are placed in confinement until the time comes for their final punishment. On this deck, as on the one below, hooks are driven into the beams, with numbers attached, and to these hooks the sailors hang their hammocks at night. The port-holes, on the main-deck, are furnished with movable ports, stout pieces of plank, made to fit tightly into the port-holes, to keep out water in bad weather. When the weather is fine, these are entirely taken out, and thus this deck is thoroughly ventilated and lighted up.

The next deck is the lower gun-deck. Farthest aft, reaching forward to the mizzenmast, is the *wardroom*, the living-room of the lieutenants, the surgeons, the purser, master, chaplain, and commodore's secretary. The space between the guns on this deck is occupied by the "mess-chests" and the mess-lockers, in which the pots, pans, and spoons used by the sailors, as well as the victuals, are kept. Immediately before the foremast is the ship's galley, where the cooks reign supreme. Here the food for the ship's company, as well as that of the lieutenants and midshipmen, is prepared. Forward of the galley, taking up all the forward part of this deck, is the

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"sick-bay," the surgeons' realm, of the horrors of which I have already attempted a faint description.

We now descend to a floor beneath, called the *orlop-deck*. On the aftermost part of this deck, and reaching quite into the bottom of the vessel, is an enormously large space, tightly tinned throughout, which is used as a *bread-room*. Forward of this, at the sides, or "in the wings," to speak in nautical language, are the private rooms of the wardroom officers. In amidships is an open space used for a cock-pit, or surgeons' room, in time of action. Then come the steerages, larboard and starboard, where the midshipmen, purser's and ship's clerks mess. Next, the boatswain's, gunner's, sailmaker's, and carpenter's rooms; and then, immediately under the sick-bay, the store-rooms, where are deposited the boatswain's, carpenter's, and sailmaker's stores.

Below the *orlop-deck* is the hold. Forward and aft in the hold are the powder magazines, accessible from the deck by small *magazine-hatches*. Aft of the forward magazine is the forehold, where are stored all the wet provisions, such as beef and pork, and also a portion of the shot. Abaft this come the chain-lockers and cable-tiers, with the principal shot-locker. Beyond this is the afterhold, for flour and other dry provisions; then the spirit-room, which is guarded by a sentinel; next, a large vacant space, the anteroom to the largest powder magazine, and then the magazine itself. Below the beams which support the tiers of the hold, are the water-tanks, large, variously-shaped vessels of iron, made to fit nicely to the shape of the ship, throughout, and from which the water for

daily consumption is pumped by means of a suction hose, which can be screwed into a hole left for that purpose in the lids or coverings of the tanks, thus enabling the master, who has that matter in charge, to take water from any tank he thinks proper.

Having given a description of the interior arrangement of our vessel (which will apply, with some slight variations, to all other ships of the line and frigates), we will now describe the "top hamper"— the masts and sails.

A *ship*, in the technical sense of the word, is a vessel having three masts, and carrying square sails on all three. The masts of a vessel are called, beginning forward, the *foremast*, *mainmast*, and *mizzenmast*. Projecting over the bows and ahead of the vessel are the *bowsprit*, *jibboom*, and *flying jibboom*. Above the foremast proper, is the *foretopmast*, a separate piece of timber, and above that the *foretopgallant* and *royal* mast. The main and mizzen masts are similarly rigged.

We will proceed to describe an entire suit of sails, beginning forward: The *flying jib* is a three-cornered sail, which goes from the end of its boom, upward along its stay, leading to the foretopgallant masthead, its long leach, or side, being confined to the stay by iron or wooden rings, called *hanks*. It is hoisted by its halyards, hauled down to the boom by a down-haul, and, when in use, is trimmed to take the wind, by a rope attached to its after corner and leading into the forecastle, called a *sheet*. The *jib*, running from the end of its boom, up its stay, to the foretop masthead; and the *foretopmast staysail*, running from the end of the bowsprit up to

the same place, are similar in form. The lower sail on the foremast is the *foresail*, *bent* or fastened to the foreyard, and spread at the foot by means of tacks and sheets. Above the foreyard, at the junction of the foremast and foretopmast, is the *foretop*, a large platform, securely fixed to wooden braces or trustle-trees, and used, on board vessels of war, as a place where a portion of the watch remain in readiness to cast loose or take in the lighter sails, and furnished with a top-chest, in which are deposited the marling-spikes and other tools belonging to that portion of the vessel. The sail next above the foresail is the *foretopsail*, bent to the topsail-yard, and hoisted aloft, with the yard, by means of halyards. Its lower corners are hauled out to the extremities of the foreyard by sheets, which lead down on deck. The small ropes which hang in rows across the sail are called *reef-points*, and are used in *reefing* the sail; that is, reducing it by hauling a portion of its head to the topsail-yard, and there fastening it. Next comes the *topgallantsail*, bent to its yard, and sheeting home to the topsail-yard; and above all, the *royal*, rigged in the same manner. The *royal* is the highest sail commonly carried by vessels of war. East Indiamen, however, are frequently seen with *skysails*, and even *moonsails*, following in regular succession, and almost losing themselves in the clouds. All the sails are turned at pleasure, by means of braces attached to the yard-arms, or extremities of the yards, and leading to the mainmast. The mainmast is furnished with a similar suit of sails, somewhat larger; the mizzenmast, also, though these are smaller than either of the others; the latter, too, instead

of a square sail, pendent from the lower yard, has a gaff, or fore-and-aft sail, hoisting up abaft the mast; this is called a *spanker*. Similar gaff-sails, on the fore and main masts, are called *topsails*. The last are only used in storms. *Studding-sails*, spread beyond the edges of the square sails, like wings, are very useful when the wind is fair; they are hauled down on deck when taken in. The rudder, by which the vessel is turned about at pleasure, is a very strongly constructed wooden apparatus, hung on hinges, at the stern, and running into the water to a level with the keel. It is moved by means of chains and pulleys, the chains being connected with the barrel of a *wheel*, which stands on deck. The wheel of our vessel was double, and worked by four men. Immediately in front of the wheel, on either side, stands a box, containing a compass, and a lamp to make the face of the compass visible by night. This case is called the *binnacle*.

The *ground tackle* of the vessel is her anchors and cables. Of these, our ship had four for immediate use, namely, two very heavy anchors, suspended in the waist, called *sheet anchors*, and only used in emergencies—to one of these was bent an extraordinarily heavy rope cable, to the other an extra heavy chain. So seldom are these anchors used, that to "go ashore with the sheet anchor" is an expression used to denote a determination to stay on board the whole cruise. Two others are suspended to the bows, and are called, respectively, the *larboard*, or *best bower*, and the *starboard*, or *second bower*. The latter is commonly the first one let go. Besides these, our ship had two large spare anchors, and a number of lighter

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stream anchors and kedges, of various sizes and weights. We will now give a list of the officers and petty officers of a ship of the line. They are:

One captain, one commander, eight lieutenants, one sailing master, one chaplain, one surgeon, three assistants, one purser, four master's mates, sixteen midshipmen, one boatswain, one gunner, one carpenter, one sailmaker, one captain's clerk, one commander's clerk, one purser's clerk, one schoolmaster, one master-at-arms, two ship corporals, one purser's steward, nine quartermasters, six boatswain's mates, three gunner's mates, eight quarter gunners, two carpenter's mates, two sailmaker's mates, two captains of forecastle (receiving pay), two captains of foretop, two of maintop, two of mizzentop, and two of afterguard, one armorer, one yeoman, one yeoman's assistant, one ship's cook, one captain of marines, two lieutenants of marines, three sergeants, four corporals, two drummers, two fifers.

Our ship being the flag-ship, we carried the commodore. This officer, however, cannot be said to belong to any one ship, his authority extending equally over all the fleet of vessels placed under his charge.

It will be well here to give the reader an insight into the duties of the various officers above enumerated. The commodore is, of course, the supreme head, from whose decision there is, for the time being, no appeal. But his command or authority, being general, over the whole fleet, he interferes very little, if any, with the minor affairs of the vessel on board which his pennant flies. Our commodore was, however, as the crew of the C—— had reason to know, an exception to this

rule. He often interfered in the general management of our ship, and always in favor of the crew. For this he was much beloved by all hands, and it was a common saying among the old salts, when the commodore was about to leave the vessel for a time, as he frequently did, "Now the old fellow has gone away, we'll see some hard times," a prophecy which was generally fulfilled. The commodore directs and controls the motions of the fleet under his command, and has charge of all business of a public nature, to be transacted with foreign powers. In time of war, of course, his duties are much more important and responsible than in peace.

At the head of the officers properly belonging to the ship, stands the captain. He has a general superintendence over the affairs of the vessel, and all orders of a general nature are supposed to emanate from him. He is responsible for the safety of the vessel while he has charge of her, in port as well as at sea. He exercises also a general oversight over the conduct of the officers, and has the power of punishing such as are guilty of improprieties.

The first lieutenant is next in power to the captain. He has not the responsibilities of the latter, but his duties are much more laborious, it being his part to carry into execution the measures devised by the captain. He keeps no watch, but is on duty all day. He thoroughly inspects the vessel at least once every day, to see that everything about her rigging, hull, and crew is kept in good order and clean, reporting again to the captain. All reports of the minor officers, concerning expenditures of stores and provisions, are made to him. All

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communications to the captain pass through his hands. On occasions when "all hands" are called, as in getting under weigh, or coming to, reefing topsails, etc., he has charge of the deck. He superintends the watering and victualing of the vessel, in which duty he is assisted by the master. At quarters he has charge of the quarter-deck division, and in action he manœuvres the ship. But the most arduous of all his multifarious duties is the stationing of the crew when the ship is put in commission. This is a matter for which is needed a thorough knowledge of the requirements of the ship, a judgment quick and sure, to decide upon the capabilities of the various individuals composing the crew, and great patience and foresight. The first lieutenant is a terror to all evil-doers and slovenly, idle fellows, as his eagle eye is busied at all times ferreting out such. The comfort of all on board, officers as well as men, greatly depends upon him. On board our vessel, the duties of the first lieutenant were discharged by the commander.

The other lieutenants, by turns, have charge of the deck, relieving one another regularly every four hours, in port as well as at sea. At sea, the officer of the watch, or officer of the deck, as he is called, attends to sailing the vessel, seeing that the sails are trimmed as necessary, that the ship is kept her course, and putting in execution the orders for his watch, found in the *order-book*, which hangs near the wheel. He is responsible for all that occurs during his watch, and reports to the captain any extraordinary occurrence, changes in the wind or weather, the discovery of sails or land, etc. The speaking-trumpet is the insignia of his authority. He keeps a sharp eye

on the compass, the sails, and the weather; at night has the captain waked at stated periods, and sees that the lookouts are kept awake; and finally, at the end of his watch, has an account of the weather, the course and distance made good, and other matters, entered upon the log-slate. In harbor, the officer of the deck receives any stores or provisions that may be sent on board, superintends the sending away of the boats, keeps a lookout for what is occurring in the harbor, and reports the arrival of vessels, with other important occurrences, to the captain. Beside this, the lieutenants are placed in charge of divisions, and there exercise the men at the guns, and small arms and cutlasses, and superintend the issue of clothing to them, by the purser.

Next in rank to the lieutenants is the sailing-master. He keeps the ship's reckoning and reports this to the captain daily, together with the bearings and distance of the nearest land, or the port whither the vessel is bound. He also exercises a supervision over nearly all the stores of the vessel, having charge more particularly over the water and spirits, the anchors and cables. He has the management of the storage of the hold, and sees that the vessel is put and kept in good sailing trim. He seconds the first lieutenant in many of his duties. In the English Navy, the grade of master is an independent one, for which peculiar qualifications are required, and above which an incumbent does not rise. In the American Navy, it is a grade between the passed midshipman and the lieutenant.

Next come the idlers, so called because they do not keep

watch, in which designation are included the purser, the surgeon and his assistants, and the chaplain, with the captain and lieutenants of marines. The purser has under his especial charge all the moneys, the provisions, and clothing in the ship. The accounts of the ship and crew are kept by him. In former times, the salary of the purser was very small, and he was allowed to sell the clothing and small stores to the crew on his own account, to make up the deficiency. Under this system, the crews were often outrageously swindled, and to fall into the purser's hands became equivalent to being unmercifully fleeced. This matter is now differently arranged, stores of all kinds being provided by the government, and placed in charge of the pursers, who are strictly prohibited from driving a trade of their own. Their responsibilities are very great, and they are obliged to give heavy bonds for their correct behavior, before assuming their office.

A surgeon and three assistant surgeons form the medical staff of a seventy-four or ship of the line. They keep a regular journal, in which are noted down the names, rank, diseases, etc., of all the sick on board, as well as the course of treatment adopted toward each. An abstract report, containing the names, rank, and diseases of the sick, and showing the increase or decrease in number, if any, is signed by a surgeon every morning, and handed to the captain. Besides this, a *sick-list*, containing simply the name and station of every sick man, is placed in the binnacle, each morning, for the use of the officer of the deck. No one is excused from duty on account of illness, whose name is not to be found on this list.

Besides attending upon the sick, the surgeons enforce such precautionary measures as will tend to the prevention of sickness on board.

The chaplain performs divine service on Sundays, administers consolation to the dying, and reads the funeral service on occasions of burials.

The officers of marines enjoy almost a sinecure, in time of peace. To review the corps once a week, and receive and transmit to the captain the reports of the sergeant, is about the sum total of their labors—to perform which a ship of the line carries one captain and two lieutenants of marines. Thus, there has arisen a sailor's saying, that "the mizzenroyal and the captain of marines are the two most useless things on board ship."

The midshipmen occupy rather a subordinate position among the officers, being placed on board for the purpose of preparing themselves for the duties of a higher station. They keep watch, and, when on deck, carry into effect the orders of the officer of the deck. When "all hands" are called, they are stationed in the tops, and at different points about the decks, to see that orders from the quarter-deck are promptly executed. At sea, one of the passed midshipmen, or master's mates, has charge of the forecastle, where he carries on the work. They muster the watch at night, and take the sun's altitude at noon, working out by it the ship's reckoning. They are required to keep a journal of the cruise, which is examined at stated intervals by the captain. In port, one goes in charge of every boat that leaves the vessel. At quarters, they muster the gun's crews, and report to the lieutenants.

Next come the warrant officers—the boatswain, the gunner, the sailmaker, and carpenter. The boatswain (pronounced *bosun*) is the chief sailor. He has charge of the rigging of the vessel, and is responsible to the first lieutenant that all aloft is kept in good order. He is easily distinguished by the silver whistle stuck in his vest pocket, his rattan cane, the terror of all little boys, his stentorian voice, and the Bardolphian hue of his features. His station at quarters, and when all hands are called, is on the forecastle.

The gunner has charge of all the military stores. At quarters, his station is in the magazine. His principal occupation, in time of peace, seems to be to keep up an incessant growl about his guns.

The sailmaker has charge of all the canvas in the ship, including the hammocks, sick-bay cots, etc. The carpenter is responsible for the stores belonging to his department, and superintends all work in his line. The boatswain, sailmaker, and carpenter go aloft every morning, before breakfast, at sea, and examine the condition of the rigging, sails, and masts, making their reports to the first lieutenant, who generally gives the top-hamper a personal inspection twice a week.

The original division of the crew is into petty officers, able seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, and first and second class boys. An able seaman's wages amount to twelve dollars per month; ordinary seamen, ten; landsmen, nine; first-class boys, eight; second-class boys, six. The petty officers are appointed by the captain, and hold office at his will, or during good behavior. They are selected from the most experienced and

reliable of the seamen. Their wages vary from fifteen to twenty dollars per month.

First among the petty officers ranks the *master-at-arms.* He stands at the head of the police force of the ship. He has charge of all prisoners, a list of whose names, misdemeanors, and the dates of their confinement, he submits every morning to the captain. He is lord over the berth-deck, and the terror of slovenly or dilatory cooks. It is his business, also, to take charge of all articles of clothing or other property left lying about decks, on the guns, or anywhere except in their proper places. Such things are placed in a *lucky-bag*, which is opened, when full, in the presence of the first lieutenant, when all who come forward to claim property have it returned, and are placed on the *black-list*, while articles for which there is found no owner are sold to the highest bidder. The master-at-arms is assisted in his labors by two *ship's corporals.* To these three, also, falls the duty of searching returning boats' crews, in port, for liquor, which these frequently smuggle on board on their persons.

The *quartermasters* hold an office of considerable trust. They and the captains of the forecastle are supposed to be the very best among the seamen. At sea, one of their number *cons* the ship; that is, watches the helmsman, and, standing in an elevated position, aids him in meeting with the helm the motions of the vessel. At quarters, and in time of action, they steer the vessel, as also on occasions when all hands are called. Those not steering or *conning* keep a lookout. In port, two of them are always on lookout, with spy-glasses, and report to the officer

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of the deck any boats coming alongside, or signals made, or other movements in the harbor. The colors and signals are under their general charge, but one of their number is chosen, who has them under his especial care, and repairs them and makes new ones when necessary. He is called the signal-quartermaster.

The *boatswain's mates*, as their names denote, assist the boatswain in the duties of his office. They carry a silver whistle, or *call*, with which they *pipe*, either to call attention to what is about to be ordered, or to give the order itself. There are two stationed on the forecastle, one in each gangway, one on the quarter-deck, and one on the main-deck. Orders for trimming sails, or other watch duty, are communicated to the crew through them. Thus, should the captain, coming on deck, wish a pull on the main-brace, naval etiquette requires that he inform the officer of the deck, who in turn tells the midshipman of the watch, who passes the word to the boatswain's mate, who bawls out to the watch:

"Come this way, and get a *small* pull on the weather main-brace."

The gunner's mates and the quarter gunners have the guns and their accoutrements under their especial charge. There is a gunner's mate to each gun-deck, and a quarter gunner to each division. They assist their chief in his self-imposed task of growling at everybody and everything.

These are the most important of the petty officers. We now come to the crew proper. For general purposes of working ship and daily routine, our crew, consisting of seven hundred

and fifteen men and boys, was divided, primarily, into two watches, called the starboard and larboard, one half being in each watch; and, secondarily, into six great portions or divisions, called, from the parts of the vessel to which they were respectively attached, the forecastlemen, foretopmen, maintopmen, mizzentopmen, afterguard, and waisters. Besides these, there are the petty officers, the messenger boys, the marines, the cooks and cooks' mates or assistants, and the sick-bay and officers' stewards and servants. Every individual on board is in one or other of the two watches, except a small band, called the idlers, consisting chiefly of cooks and servants, who, being busied all day, are not required to keep watch at night.

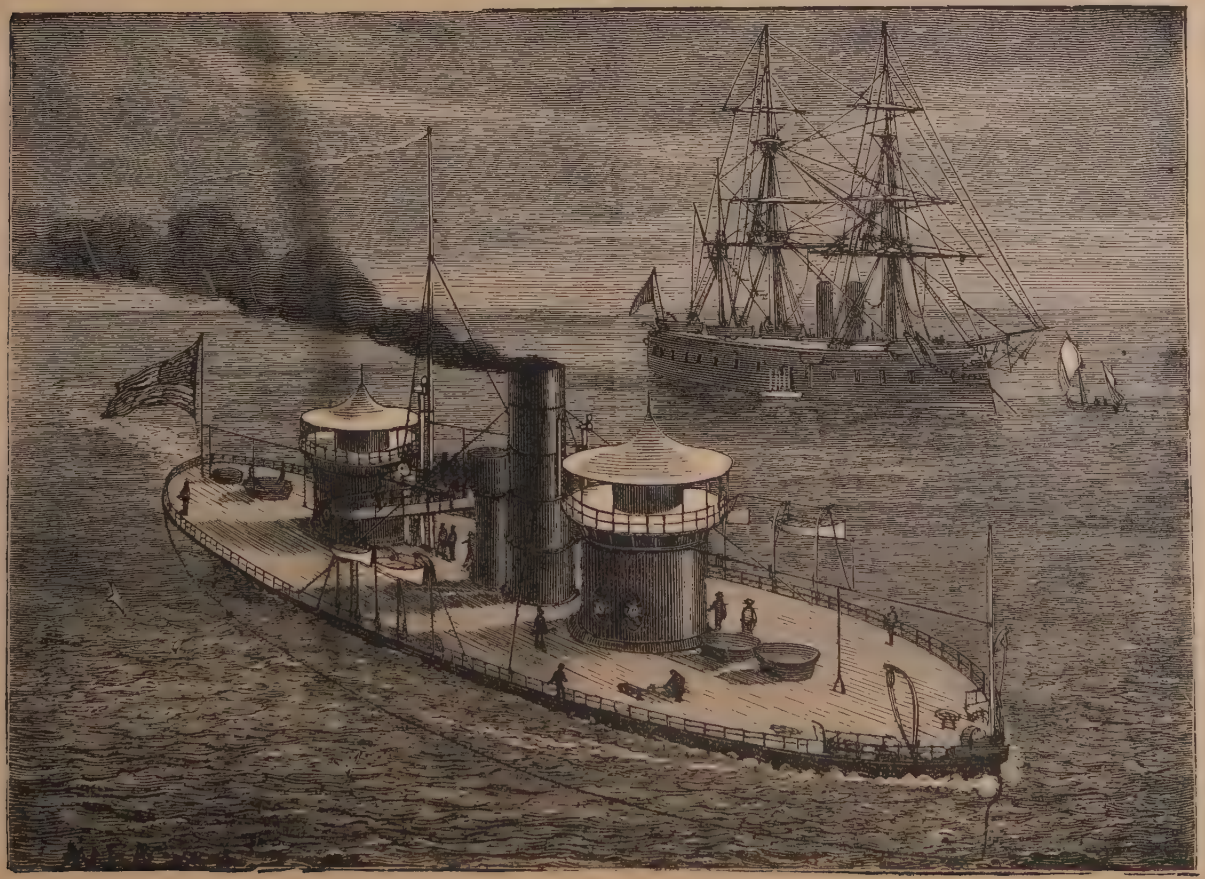
We now come to another subdivision of each of the six principal divisions. In order to make this matter plainer, we will take the *foretopmen* to illustrate the whole. There were stationed in our foretop just sixty-four men, making thirty-two in each watch. Each watch is again split in half, making sixteen in each of these new divisions, which are called "quarter watches." Over each of these quarter watches there is placed a captain, who carries out the orders given to his department, exercises a general oversight, and is, to some extent, responsible for the good order of everything in his particular portion of the vessel. Thus, there are four captains, two first captains and two second, in each of the principal divisions of the ship's company, except the *waisters*, who have only two. Only one watch, or half of the crew, is on duty at any time, day or night, at sea. They take regular turns, "a watch" being four hours in length. To prevent the constant recurrence of the same

watch to the same portion of the crew, as before mentioned, the time, from four to eight P.M., is divided into two shorter watches of only two hours each, called dog watches. By this arrangement, the men who are on watch from eight to twelve one night, and consequently sleep from twelve to four, and are again on duty from four to eight, sleep during the same time the succeeding night, watching only from twelve to four.

In addition to this, of the *topmen*, one half of a watch, or a "quarter watch" as above described, is required at all times to be in the top, in readiness to jump aloft and make or take in sail. In this duty, the quarter watches take turns. In evolutions requiring "all hands," every man, idlers, marines and all, has his particular station assigned him, where, and nowhere else, he is expected to act. Repeated musterings and drillings serve to make even the most thick-headed understand thoroughly the duties required of them, and produce that perfection of discipline by which so large a body of men, having such various duties to perform, are moved with a celerity and precision as of one man.

Next comes the division into gun's crews. Our vessel, although rated only as a seventy-four, had one hundred guns mounted, making a broadside of fifty guns. These guns are numbered, beginning at the foremost one on the lower deck, and counting the two opposite as only one. Thus, with us they ranged from gun number one on the lower gun-deck, to gun number fifty, in the commodore's cabin. A certain number of guns are included in a "division," which is under the command of a lieutenant, assisted by midshipmen. We had eight divisions:

three on the lower gun-deck, three on the main gun-deck, and two on the spar-deck. To each of the guns is assigned a "crew," sufficient, if necessary, to work or serve both the guns included under one number, but with their labor so divided as to very much assist one another, while serving only one side. To one of our heavy thirty-two or sixty-eight pounders, were allotted one captain, one second captain, two loaders (first and second), two rammers and spongers, four side tackle men, five train-tackle men, and a powder-boy—in all sixteen. The carronades, on the upper deck, being much lighter guns, had a much smaller crew—only ten. The captains have the general management of the gun, the first captain taking precedence, and, if both sides are engaged, remaining with the first part, on the starboard side. The duties of the loaders, rammers, and spongers are sufficiently declared by their titles. The side-tackle men manage the tackles by which the gun is run out (after it is loaded) and slewed, or turned either forward or aft of the beam; and the train-tackle men work the tackles by which the gun is run in, and also assist with handspikes in elevating or depressing the muzzle, to alter the range. The powder-boy is furnished with a leathern bucket, having a tight-fitting lid; in this bucket he carries cartridges from the magazine hatch to his gun. A portion of the topmen and forecastlemen are stationed as *sail trimmers;* and, aided by the crews of the spar-deck guns, make, take in, and trim sails during action. In addition to the duties above specified, each individual of the gun's crew is attached to one of three divisions of boarders, or is a pikeman or a fireman, and when in time of battle a signal is



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made, by a peculiar roll of the drum, or by a rattle, or by ringing the bell, promptly moves to the point where his services are just then required.

The place of the crew, at the guns, is called their quarters. The ceremony of assembling at the guns, and their calling the roll, which takes place twice a day, morning and evening, is called mustering at quarters. The crew is thoroughly exercised at the guns by divisions, once or twice every week, in order to be well drilled in all the movements necessary in time of action. And in addition to this, there was, on board our ship, a weekly exercise, continued during the whole cruise, lasting from nine till half-past twelve A.M., called "general quarters," in which the whole ship was cleared for action, the powder magazine opened, and all preparations made for a real fight, and then the entire range of manœuvres gone through with which are needed in action.

Besides their general stations, as fore, main, and mizzentopmen, etc., the crew have especial duties assigned them on occasions when all hands are called, as, in getting under weigh, coming to, reefing topsails, tacking ship, etc. Every individual has, on these occasions, a specific duty to perform, beyond which he does not concern himself. But, on the other hand, a failure on the part of one individual to perform the duty assigned him is liable to disconcert the whole operation. There is, therefore, a responsibility on every one. And thus, in place of the confusion to be expected, the greatest possible order, efficiency, and harmony of action prevail.

The *marines* act as a body of soldiers. They do duty as sentries in different parts of the vessel, and in action are the

principal marksmen, being stationed for that purpose in various parts of the vessel, alow and aloft. At sea, they are divided into watches, and do duty with the afterguard. Being used as a sort of armed police over the sailors, the latter cordially hate them, and often wreak vengeance upon them for some real or supposed offence. The fact is, a marine's place is not at all an enviable one. Compelled to live with and labor among the crew, it is yet made their principal duty to spy out and bring to punishment all offenders against the laws of the vessel. Thus it is that they have become a by-word and a reproach. The name of soldier, or *sojer*, as it is pronounced by your real tar, is the most stinging epithet of contempt at the command of a sailor. There is an old saying, "A messmate before a shipmate, a shipmate before a stranger, a stranger before a dog, but a *dog* before a soldier," which expresses fully the contempt in which they are held.

The *ship's number* is that by which each individual is designated on the purser's books, by which his accounts are made out, and to which his final discharge refers. The crew keep all their clothing in painted canvas bags, and the ship's number of the owner is placed upon each one of these, to enable him to identify it. So also the ship's number is placed upon all articles of clothing, for a similar purpose. Ship's numbers are arranged in the order in which the men were originally drafted on board; while *hammock numbers* are arranged in regard to the different parts of a ship; number one being the captain of the forecastle's, then progressing regularly aft, the last numbers being those of the quartermasters and messenger boys.

With this somewhat tedious, but nevertheless, to the landsman reader, necessary setting forth of the general arrangement and internal economy of our ship, which will apply, with some few modifications, to all vessels of war, we will proceed on our "cruise," as the voyage of a man-of-war is called.

CHAPTER IV.

The first night watch—Inspecting the boys—How the commander cured a lad of chewing tobacco—A grand row in the boys' mess—Breaking in the green hands—"All hands" to muster.

BY three o'clock P. M., "six bells in the afternoon watch," land was fairly out of sight, and the ship was making a nearly south-east course, to cross the Gulf Stream. Next day, we were in the Gulf, as it is familiarly called, which we knew by the warmer temperature of the water, the clouded sky, and the vast quantities of gulfweed, with which the water was covered as far as the eye could reach.

Our first night at sea passed very pleasantly. I was still on the sick-list, and exempt from special duty, but determined to turn out with my watch. Belonging to the starboard watch, our turn on deck was from twelve to four. At eight, the first watch was set, and I remained on deck long enough to hear the men answer to their names, in order that I might know what to do myself, at twelve. I was sleeping soundly in my swinging bed, when a most horrid din assailed my ears, causing me to start up affrighted, bringing my head by the motion in violent contact with the beam above.

"STARBOARD WATCH, AHOY!" was being roared, and re-roared to an indefinite extent from half a dozen hoarse throats, on different

parts of the main-deck, and followed up by emphatic adjurations to "turn out, there," "rouse and bit," "show a leg—or a purser's stocking," all which meant, I found, not as I had at first supposed, that the ship was on fire, or sinking, or that some other dire calamity had overtaken us; but simply, that it was twelve o'clock, and our immediate presence on deck was judged highly desirable.

I jumped out, took my trousers, shoes, and hat out of the head of my hammock, where they had served as a pillow while sleeping, and put them on, and staggered upon deck. It was a fine, starlight night, with a good topgallant breeze blowing. There was a tolerably heavy sea on, and the roaring of the wind through the rigging and the pitching of the vessel made me think that there must be a storm—an impression from which I was soon relieved, however. I found the watch about to go below crowding up under lee of the weather bulwarks, and wrapped up in their pea-jackets, talking and singing quite cheerfully in anticipation of the rest they were about to enjoy for the next four hours. Walking forward, I heard sounds, however, which convinced me that all were not inspired by agreeable feelings. A closer inspection revealed to me at least twenty poor fellows leaning over the bows, groaning dolefully as they cast up their accounts. The midshipman who mustered our watch found that sea-sickness was making sad inroads upon the waisters and afterguards (who are mostly landsmen), scarcely a third of them being present to answer to their names.

"They are looking over the bows, trying to see the bottom," said one of the non-seasick ones.

I did not experience any discomfort from the motion of the vessel, and was able to hold up my head among the proudest. This gained me great credit among my new messmates, some of whom had hunted me up to take care of me, expecting to find me "on my beam ends." I felt quite elated at my fortunate exemption, and took it as an evidence that I was *cut out* for a sailor. The true reason, however, most likely, was that I had taken so much medicine, and so very little of anything else for the preceding month, that there was nothing in me to be affected by the jolting—or, as the captain of the forecastle gruffly said:

"It would be no use to turn that fellow's stomach, for one side is as bad as the other."

As the ship was going along finely, with a steady breeze, there was nothing to do, and the watch soon settled down in cosey groups about deck, some to doze off, and others talking and singing. I walked, or rather stumbled about, for I had not yet gained my *sea legs*, until at last I joined a group of foretopmen assembled around the topsail halyard-rack, who were comparing opinions on the ship, her officers and crew. They were all old salts, and I approached them very respectfully, and listened with due deference to the words of wisdom to which they gave utterance. I had not stood long, however, before a rough old fellow of the crowd, grasping me by the arm, said, in what I took to be a terribly cross tone:

"Here, boy, what are you doing here among the foretopmen? Go aft, you young scoundrel, where you belong."

As I looked at him, to see if he was in earnest, another said:

"Leave him alone, Jack; it's a poor little fellow that's been sick. We took him into our mess to-day. He's a civil boy. Let him stay."

"Well," returned Jack, "if he ain't sassy. But mind me, boy," turning to me, with a look which terrified me, "if ever you give us any of your lip, we'll kill you."

I made a solemn promise never to interrupt any of them when they were yarning, and always to answer them civilly, and was, on these conditions, admitted to the circle.

After canvassing the merits of the ship and officers, they fell to *yarning* in good style, and I became a delighted listener to various tough experiences of "last cruise." Eight bells (four o'clock) came around in a wonderfully short time, and we broke up and retired to our hammocks—I with an inward conviction that "keeping watch" was rather an agreeable occupation. Seated on deck, in the half-light afforded by the bright stars, protected by the high bulwark from the wind which roared over our heads, among groups of bearded, rough-looking fellows, recounting the adventures of past times, seemed to me like a realization of some of the many romances with which I had so often been enchanted. I slept soundly until seven bells (half past seven o'clock), when all hands were called, the hammocks lashed up and carried on deck, and at eight bells the crew were piped to breakfast. I speedily hunted up my mess, and found them already assembled about the mess cloth, spread down on the main-deck. The mess cook

had gotten us our allowance of coffee, which, with biscuit and salt pork, constituted our breakfast. As I came up, I heard various not over-complimentary remarks passed upon my rather slim looks. I listened in prudent silence, until the tears started into my eyes, at the rather rough jests of my new messmates. To these brawny, stout fellows, a puny little boy as I was then, reduced to the last degree by a severe sickness, seemed almost an object of curiosity—and, sailor-like, they did not hesitate to give expression to just what happened to come into their minds. I had been told that boys were treated very roughly on board ship, and that the only way to get along comfortably was to say nothing, but bear all teasing good-naturedly —a piece of advice which I took care to follow to the letter, and not without due reward for my trials, for I soon got the name of being a "quiet, civil boy, willing, and *not sassy*," and those who had at first "teased" me unmercifully were soon my best friends, and ready to do me any service.

After breakfast was over, I volunteered to assist the cook in getting his mess things in order—a duty which I had been given to understand, while yet on board the guardo, generally devolved upon the boys. This elevated me wonderfully in the esteem of all, and I heard one fellow remark, in a very complimentary tone:

"If he does look like a skeleton, he seems to act like a live boy;" at which speech, I need not say, I felt duly encouraged.

Boys are not treated with much kindness on board ship, and particularly on board a man-of-war. There they are very

generally disliked by the seamen, because of their sauciness, and their unwillingness to perform such minor services as are judged properly to belong to them, such as sweeping, helping the mess cooks in their labors, and doing little trifling errands aloft, which do not really require the strength or knowledge of a man. Few of the officers trouble themselves to see that the boys are made to perform such duties, and the boys themselves are commonly ready enough to refuse, or skulk out of them. The seamen feel this keenly, and will not permit such as act in this manner to come into their company. And so it comes that, in the beginning of a cruise, *all* boys are looked down upon, and the really willing lad must bear patiently many slights, and labor hard to establish his character, and work his way into the good graces of crusty old salts. I had heard somewhat of this matter while on board the old guardo, in Philadelphia, and had made up my mind that if willingness and politeness would do anything, I would stand well with all on board.

On the second day out, we unbent the chain cables and stowed the anchors—a sign that we were fairly at sea. Our first port was to be Rio de Janeiro, and our course accordingly soon brought us into fine weather. And now commenced the regular routine of sea life: breakfast at eight, quarters at nine, dinner at twelve, supper at five, quarters at six—these were the landmarks which announced the passing of the day.

Order is the first great principle on board a man-of-war. To this everything else must bend, and from it there is no appeal.

Month after month, and year after year, the same stroke of the bell ushers in the same exercise or duty. There is time and place for everything, and so complete and thoroughly carried out is the one grand principle, that one is able to find, without difficulty, the smallest object, in the darkest night. This strict order is necessary, where so many men and such an almost innumerable variety of inanimate objects are crowded together.

The first two or three weeks out were devoted to mustering the crew in their various stations, in order to familiarize each individual with the special duty assigned him on special occasions. Station bills were placed in various parts of the vessel, on which, opposite to every hammock number, was set forth the station of the individual who was represented by that number. Any one found out of his place, or ignorant of it, was punished by being put upon the black-list: thus, by dint of continued drilling, even the most persistently stupid were taught their places and duties.

Next came the exercising at the great guns. Taking first one gun's crew at a time, the lieutenants of divisions, aided by such of the crew as were old hands, soon succeeded in making all familiar with their duties. At quarters, the names were called by the midshipmen, each individual, as called, repeating his various duties or stations, in order to insure a knowledge of them. These exercises occupied a good deal of time. In addition to them, all hands were kept busy cleaning up and ornamenting the vessel. The decks which, during the labors of fitting out, had become full of stains of

tar, grease, and paint, were now carefully scraped. The guns, which were rough and rusty, were thoroughly cleaned and rubbed bright with brick and canvas, and then covered with a mixture of lampblack, beeswax, and turpentine, which keeps out the rust, and makes the surface smooth and bright as a looking-glass. The various accoutrements of the guns, as rammers, sponges, priming-wires, monkey-tails, caps, and cutlasses were cleaned and brightened. Different fancy contrivances, for adding to the neat and trim appearance of the top-hamper, in port, were prepared. And, finally, there was a grand *overhaul* or examination of clothing, taking up nine or ten days, while running down the north-east trades.

Each man and boy being required to own a certain quantity and quality of clothing, a list of which has been already given, it was now found that scarcely a third of the ship's company were fully supplied. Large drafts were, therefore, made upon the purser's stores. Next came an order that every article of clothing should have upon it, in legible letters and figures, the name and number of the owner; and there was another thorough examination of bags and hammocks, to see that this order was duly carried into effect—all delinquents being punished with the never-failing black-list. Thus, by dint of scraping, scrubbing, scouring, and painting, exercising, mustering, and examining, the vessel and crew had assumed, by the time we entered the port of Rio, a very creditable appearance.

But it is time that I say something concerning the manner of life of *the boys*. On board our vessel, there were about

forty. Of these, eight were stationed in each top (two in each quarter-watch), four on the forecastle, and twelve were messenger boys. To the latter I belonged, during the first part of the cruise. The boys are under the especial charge of the master-at-arms, who is responsible to the first lieutenant for their cleanly appearance and orderly behavior. They hang their hammocks on the starboard side of the half-deck, where they are within convenient distance of the master-at-arms, a part of whose duty it is, in port, to see them all in their hammocks at eight o'clock, and to make them quit talking at nine. They are mustered every morning, at seven o'clock, for the purpose of seeing that they are clean and neat. At the sound of a bugle call, they gather on the larboard side of the half deck, where they form in line, each one having his trousers rolled up above his knees, his sleeves tucked up to his armpits, his feet and head bare, the collar of his frock turned back as far as possible, and his hair combed back of his ears. Having formed in line, "Jemmy Legs," as the master-at-arms is familiarly called, reads over the muster-roll, to detect any absentees, and next proceeds to a particular inspection, walking, for that purpose, first down the front of the line, returning on the other side, rattan in hand, ready for immediate use.

"Hold out your hands, sir."

"You did not wash the soap off the back of your neck."

"That frock is scarcely fit to muster in."

"Your feet are not overly clean; and, here—hold up your arm—now, take that, and that, and that," hitting a poor fellow

several thwacks; "now, do you take soap and sand, and scour your elbows; and don't show yourself here, all covered up with dirt."

With such critical observations and remarks upon the general appearance of his squad, Jemmy Legs reviews them, and after having them arranged to his satisfaction, reports them to the commander, as ready for inspection. There was one species of uncleanliness over which our commander reserved to himself exclusive jurisdiction, and with which, therefore, the master-at-arms never interfered. This was tobacco-chewing. Many of our boys, in the beginning of the cruise, labored under the hallucination already mentioned, as common to tyros in sailor craft, that to be a true sailor, one *must* chew tobacco. The commander, unfortunately, did not share in this belief, but was, on the contrary, a zealous upholder of the opposite doctrine, and considered no trouble too great, in his efforts to make converts among the boys. Thus, he would come along in the morning, to inspect us, and while walking down the row, apparently looking very steadily at the individuals immediately before him, would catch sight of a boy at the other end of the line slyly drawing his hand across his face, or emptying his mouth of a quantity of saliva. Nothing would be said, until he arrived opposite the devoted tobacco-chewer, when:

"Master-at-arms, come this way—smell this boy's breath." To the boy:

"Boy, breathe in his face." This done, and the look of disgust on poor Jemmy Legs' countenance giving forth un-

mistakable evidence of the presence of the forbidden weed, the commander would say, very good-naturedly:

"Master-at-arms, go and get some sand and soap, and canvas." And then to the boy:

"Now, my lad, you ought to know, for I have told you all, that tobacco is a very injurious thing, and that I, who have the care of your welfare, would be doing you a serious wrong to permit you to acquire so filthy a habit as chewing it. You may think it an evidence of sailorship, that you chew your cud, but if you know anything of natural history, you are aware that it would be just as good a proof of your being a calf. I, who am an old sailor, and know much more about such matters than any of you, will tell you that tobacco-chewing will never make of any one a sailor; and, as you spit about decks, and are filthy in other ways, you are an annoyance and an object of disgust to your fellows, which I cannot endure. Do you think you could break yourself of the habit?" To this the boy would answer very demurely:

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am very glad to hear it. I hope I shall never catch you with a quid in your cheek again, and in order that you may begin your reformation with a clean mouth, the master-at-arms will now proceed to purify it by means of this soap and sand, and a piece of canvas."

"Master-at-arms." This functionary approaches with the required articles.

"Now, my lad, that you may be enabled to make a fresh start in your reformation, we will see your mouth scrubbed

clean. Master-at-arms, take his head upon your lap, and commence operations."

Thereupon, the unwilling victim to another man's belief has his mouth half filled with a lather of soapsuds mixed with sand, and his lips and teeth scoured till they bleed again, the olfactory test being applied from time to time to ascertain if all the defilement is removed; and after half choking him, and giving him ample cause to remember the commander's injunctions, he is released. All this is transacted in the presence of the whole assemblage of boys, and generally an additional audience of grinning tars, who are delighted witnesses to the commander's "*doctoring* one of the boys." Two or three punishments of this kind were quite sufficient to cure all the tobacco-chewers.

We messenger boys had a disagreeable time of it during the first passage. Where there are so many boys together, there will be much quarrelling and fighting; and, while we were yet comparatively strangers to one another, the larger boys held an uninterrupted and most tyrannical sway over the *small-fry*. There were twelve messenger boys, as before said, six in each watch. It was not necessary, however, that more than one should be on look-out at a time, and the balance of the watch on deck were allowed to roam about the decks, or do whatever they pleased, talk, sew, or braid sinnet. We had arranged that each one should stand an hour of special watch, thus taking turns all round; but some of the boys would not keep their hour, and when "messenger boys!" was called, and none on hand, the boatswain's mate was generally sent around with

a rope's end, to hunt us all up. When all assembled, we would receive a lecture, and a threat of a severe thrashing, if we were not on hand when called. For our regulations were only among ourselves. Then one or two of the larger boys delighted to bully the others into standing their watch for them, by threatening them with a private thrashing if they did not. One of our number, whose watch it happened to be, would coolly walk off and leave the rest of the boys to answer for him, at the risk of getting all into trouble if they did not. It must be mentioned here that *in no case*, however great the injustice perpetrated or suffered, is any appeal to the authorities admitted. The boy (or man) who is so unfortunate as to have threatened to "report" another, is handled without mercy; and he who does report, even his worst enemy, is considered on a par with a thief, and looked down upon with contempt, even by those who were before his best friends. On account of my long sickness and consequent weakness, I was, for some time, overlooked by our bullies, as too contemptible an object for them to exercise their overbearing propensities on. But I soon began to feel the burden of their tyranny, in common with the rest of the little boys, and we set about devising means for relief. We found that the only way would be to unite, and unitedly oppose their infractions on our rights, and by presenting a firm front, intimidate them into doing us justice. And by following this plan, we soon established peace and order.

But the messenger-boys had peaceable and pleasant times compared to the experiences of two *messes* which were formed

entirely of boys. A *mess* is composed of from twelve to sixteen individuals. The crew is divided into messes to facilitate the serving out of provisions, and the keeping clean mess-things, as pots, pans, and spoons. To each mess there is a *mess cook*, who has charge of all the mess property, and receives the rations from the purser's steward, takes them to the ship's cook, and again gets the victuals when they are cooked. Every member of the mess takes his turn, for a week, at this duty, which is on many accounts a very disagreeable one. It is one of the few privileges left to the crew of a man-of-war, that messes shall be composed of individuals voluntarily associating themselves together. No one is forced on a mess not willing to receive him, and changing messes is allowed every three months.

Thus it came that, in the beginning, the men being unwilling to take the boys among them (with a few exceptions, among whom, as before mentioned, I fortunately found myself), the boys were necessarily formed into two separate messes. But here they had a most miserable time of it. Disputes and quarrels, which were commenced on deck, were settled here. Quarrelling and fighting took up the time allotted to meals. The strongest or most cunning secured the eatables for themselves, and the constant interference of *Jemmy Legs* was necessary, to keep the *little* fellows from being actually starved out by the larger ones. They practised all kinds of dirty tricks upon one another, as spitting in a fellow's pan, if he had secured a choice morsel, or capsizing hot tea or coffee over one another, or on bean-soup days, throwing the hot soup in each other's

faces. The poor fellow who was detained on deck while the others ate, generally found naught, on his descent to the mess place, but "a beggarly account of empty *dishes*," and was obliged to rely upon the kindness of neighboring cooks for his dinner or breakfast. Then, their mess things were always dirty, because no boy would be cook more than a day at a time, and indeed, as a rule, they all ran away as soon as they got their meals eaten up, leaving the last one to take care of the dishes. But the grand climax of their ill-behavior, the circumstance which led to their being disbanded, to the great relief of all hands concerned, was a general set-to between the two messes one day—an affair such as they would call a "free fight," in Kentucky—in which, it being bean-soup day, one of the boys, being hard pressed in the melee, dexterously turned a wooden *kid* or small tub full of hot soup over his assailant's head, scalding him severely, and nearly blinding him. This affair was reported to the commander, who had both of the messes thoroughly rope's-ended, and then divided the boys among the men's messes, where they did not dare to kick up any shindies. I had abundant cause to congratulate myself on having been from the first taken into a mess of men, for a quiet and weakly boy, like myself, would have fared but poorly in a crowd, where every bite of victuals was obtained by force of arms—and fists —and the stronger united to bully the weaker, and thrash them in the bargain if they complained.

The first Sunday out was the occasion of a general muster round the capstan, which is, without exception, the most disagreeable incident in a man-of-war life. At breakfast that

morning, the word was given out by the boatswain's mates and master-at-arms:

"Do you hear there, fore and aft! clean yourselves! in white frocks! blue jackets and trousers!—black hats and shoes! to muster!"

A general groan succeeded this announcement, and all those who were familiar with musterings, looked blank enough. There was no help for it, however, and forthwith commenced a general ransacking of clothes-bags, for mustering clothes, great anxiety being displayed to make a good appearance.

"Tie my neckerchief for me;" "Turn down my collar;" "Help me on with my jacket;" "How does my hat look?" "Do you think my shoes will pass muster?" and an infinity of similar requests and questions, announced that this was an occasion of no small importance. At nine, the drum beat to quarters, where we passed a preliminary muster. At ten, preluded by a deafening blast from all the "calls" of all the boatswains' mates, came the summons of,

"All hands to muster!" followed up with, "String along aft, there—hurry up, hurry up—lay aft on the quarter-deck, everybody!"

There was a manifest disposition on the part of the older hands to keep in the background, which called forth from the commander an order for,

"Seamen and ordinary seamen, in front."

Being anxious to see the entire performance, which was looked to with so much dread by all who knew anything of

it, I secured a place in the crowd where I could see, without at the same time exposing myself to the scrutiny of the officers, for my appearance, in common with that of all the green hands, was rather of the shabbiest—thanks to the Jew fitters-out, into whose clutches we had fallen after shipping. In about fifteen minutes, every soul in the ship, except those sick persons who were not able to walk, was gathered on deck. And now I perceived the reason why "general muster" is considered so disagreeable an affair. The officers of the vessel were ranged in two rows along the weather side of the quarter-deck, the captain and commander standing, one on each side of the capstan, with pencil and paper in hand, ready to note down any unlucky deficiencies in the personal appearance of the crew. The boatswain brought up the rear of the officers, and after him stood the petty officers also ranged in order. Every individual of the crew was obliged to walk through this lane of scrutinizing faces. Said an old tar, who certainly had nothing to fear on the score of *his* personal appearance,

"I would rather take a dozen with the cats at any time, than to walk round that capstan."

When all was quiet, the captain's clerk stepped to the capstan, and, in a loud tone of voice, read the "articles of war," the rules and regulations by which the ship's company, officers as well as men, is supposed to be governed, and *is* governed to a certain extent. After this was over, came a silence of a few moments, during which one might really have heard a pin drop. Then the purser's clerk stepped up to the capstan, and slowly called the roll. As each individual's name was called,

he answered, "Here, sir," and, hat in hand, walked round and down the long lane or gangway, forward, narrowly scrutinized by every one as he passed. If anything will try nerves, it is such a task as this. I never knew one, even to the oldest man-of-war's man, who had mustered round the capstan hundreds of times, that could hear all hands called to muster without a perceptible shudder. To feel that hundreds of eyes are looking at you, noting every peculiarity of form and feature, dress, walk, and carriage, to be conscious that the least impropriety of action, or dress, will elicit a grin from hundreds of faces; to know, in addition, that any real shortcoming is noted down by the captain and commander, to be made the subject of after reproof, and that a speck of dirt, a badly-arranged collar, an ill-fitting jacket or trousers, or an improper walk, may call forth instant and public rebuke, is sufficient to try the stoutest nerves. It was curious to see the actions of different individuals, as they moved around: some, mostly the old hands, walked with head erect, knowingly glancing about out of the corners of their eyes, and with an easy, rolling gait, which we greenhorns had as yet failed to acquire. They had grown callous. Some, again—these were merchant sailors, who were making their first cruise in the navy —made an awkward shuffle of getting round. The *down* look on their honest, weather-beaten countenances told plainly of their keen sense of the degradation involved in such an exhibition of themselves. Others there were, raw, meanly-clad fellows, who trotted around, with heads down and eyes straight ahead, and no particular expression, except that of a strong desire to get out of sight. These were the landsmen, who carried about them

still the manners and looks of the shore, and the clothing of the thieving slopsellers—as the boatswain said, "they had yet the *hay-seed* sticking to their collars." There is a distinct manner, an easy, graceful carriage of the body, a rakish set of the hat, a knowing look out of the corner of the eye, peculiar to the sailor, but more especially to the man-of-war's man, which cannot be counterfeited, and is not to be acquired, without long experience, except by the boys, whose greatest delight is to get the air, walk, and slang talk of the old salt.

At this muster, most of the outfitter's clothing was condemned, and orders given to such as mustered therein, to furnish themselves with better from the purser's stores. I was included in the list, and found that of the supply for which twenty-four dollars had been charged in Philadelphia, I could not use a single article. In common with nearly all our draft, I received an entire new outfit, which made way with about six months' pay, thus finding myself, when not yet three months in the navy, indebted to the amount of nine months' salary.

CHAPTER V.

Every man his own washerwoman—A word concerning thieving on board ship—The north-east trades—Sailors turn tailors—The doldrums—Chasing the wind.

THAT Sunday evening, at supper-time, word was passed that the starboard watch would wash clothes next morning. I had seen, some days before, a number of lines strung between the main and mizzen rigging, which, I had been informed, were clothes-lines; but they looked so little like my mother's clothes-lines at home, that I had thought my informant was only joking. It had not occurred to me before to inquire as to who were to act the part of washerwomen to the crew of our vessel. This office, I now found, every one was expected to perform for himself.

"But," said I, to one of my messmates, "I don't know how to wash."

"Oh, well, you'll learn how by the time you've been on the black-list a couple of times, for not getting your white frocks or trousers sufficiently clean."

Soap (a peculiar kind, made for the navy, and very strongly impregnated with lime, to overcome the hardness of the salt water) had been served out before this, to all that wanted it. I took out of my bag a lump of soap, and a white frock, a

pair of trousers, and a blue shirt, which I found needed washing. Rolling all up together, I placed them carefully under a gun, until the morrow. During our first watch, I noticed a good many of the older sailors busily employed washing, and got one of them to show me how the process was to be conducted. There are, of course, no washboards, or other labor-saving machines used. A bucket of clean salt water, a lump of soap, and plenty of hard rubbing, are the only means used for the renovation of a sailor's soiled linen. I carefully watched the whole process of washing, rinsing, wringing out, and turning inside-out, and came to the conclusion that it was hard work enough.

After my friend had gotten through with his half dozen pieces, he said:

"Now, my boy, have you got any dirty clothes?"

I answered in the affirmative, when he said:

"Well, there will be a great crowd washing to-morrow morning, and you'll not get a bucket, nor a place on the lines for your clothes if you wait till then. Go and bring here your pieces, and I will see that you wash them properly, and you may use this bucket."

I was loath to put my hands and arms into the cold water, on rather a cool night, but thought best to profit by his advice. I rubbed at my two pieces the balance of our watch, about two hours, and then they were declared to be not over clean, which the next day proved. After turning them, to keep any possible specks of dirt from the outside, I was instructed to roll up the two pieces together, and place

them in the head of my hammock until next morning. At four o'clock, it was again our watch upon deck, and as soon as the watch was mustered, began the grand work of washing. The whole deck was speedily crowded with people, some rubbing, some scrubbing their clothes with small scrubbing-brushes, a process which much facilitates the getting them clean, but also wears them out very fast. I found my friend's prophecy fulfilled to the letter. Not half of those desiring to wash were able to obtain buckets, and of course many were obliged to wait, while many others had to do without altogether. And when the lines were lowered, we who had washed the night before were able to pick out the best places (the top lines), and those who came last had to hang their clothes in the rigging, where they were pretty well daubed over with tar before they got dry, for which misfortune their owners were likely to be black-listed on the first occasion. There are no special conveniences provided by the ship for washing. The buckets used are those kept for washing decks, and the water is drawn up from alongside, by the aid of small lines. The clothes-lines furnished, are about sufficient for half the clothes commonly washed. Notwithstanding this, however, everybody is expected to appear perfectly clean, and *no excuses whatever* are taken for a soiled frock or trousers. I saw clearly, therefore, that it would not do to be late or slow, and profiting by the experience of others on the first morning, made up my mind never to wait, but to wash always among the first. But, it will be said, somebody must be last; true enough, some there are who, either through indolence or carelessness, are al-

ways late, at this and everything else. Such lead a miserable life on board a man-of-war. They are despised by their smarter shipmates, and "worked up" by the officers. These are perpetual members of the black-list. Being dirty themselves, they are obliged to do all the dirty work; *and then even* are expected to make a respectable appearance. I was puzzled to know how the clothes were to be put upon the lines in such manner as that they would not be blown off by the wind. Some of the green hands I heard inquiring where they were to obtain *clothes-pins*, and as they were laughed at for their inquiry, I determined to hold my tongue and watch the rest. Accordingly, when I went to the lines with my bundle of wash-clothes, I found that every piece was tied up by the corners with two little strings, or *stops* as they are called. One of the quartermasters, seeing me without any stops, gave me some rope yarns, and showed me the peculiar *hitch* by which they are stopped or fastened to the clothes, and then to the lines, so as to be easily untied. To some of the greener of the greenhorns, the possibility of their clothes being blown away had evidently not occurred at all, as they merely laid them over the lines, as, perhaps, they had seen their mothers or sisters doing at home. One man, not knowing how the lines were to be raised off the deck, was heard inquiring of the boatswain's mate, as to the whereabouts of the "clothes-props," an evidence of verdancy which raised a shout of laughter at his expense. The lines are rove through little bull's eyes which are fastened to the rigging for that purpose, and when a line is full, it is hauled out tight, by men at

each end, and made fast. Thus a tier of lines rises one above the other, in regular succession. Two hours, from four to six, were allowed for washing clothes, then "turn to, and wash down the decks," proclaimed by the boatswain's mate, announced that the time had expired, and the operation of scrubbing decks was immediately commenced. Having washed my clothes the night before, I had time to look about among the washers of the morning, to notice the difficulties under which some of them labored, and profited by the knowledge of others, and was thus, to some extent, prepared by the next wash-clothes morning to get through my washing creditably.

The clothes were allowed to hang out until four o'clock P.M., when they were "piped down;" that is, all the watch being assembled at the call of the boatswain's mates, the lines were lowered, at a given word, and every one caught his clothes as they came down, thus keeping them off the deck. But now came the tug. Some had forgotten where their pieces hung, and others had never been able to identify them, upon the lines. Such were seeking about, first on one line, then on another, "in a peck of trouble." Those who had simply *laid* their pieces upon the lines, without fastening, found, to their surprise, that they had been paying an unwilling tribute to Neptune. Some, who had not their names upon their clothes, were unable to identify their property. And others, again, taking advantage of the crowd, had, doubtless, made the property of strangers their own, for several pieces, which were seen on the lines before they were lowered, became invisible to their owners, when they once reached the deck.

A word here about thieving. In the backwoods of Arkansas and Missouri, horse-stealing used to be accounted, by the great public of those localities, a crime far exceeding any in atrocity common robbery or burglary, and even deserving of more immediate and stringent punishment than that of murder. This arose, doubtless, from the fact, that while one could protect himself, or his house, or his goods, to a certain extent, from the hands of the marauder, a horse-thief took the community at vantage, assailed them in their most indefensible point. So on board ship, where, owing to the great number of men crowded together, it is impossible to guard one's property against theft, there is a public sentiment, which makes theft the worst of crimes, and subjects the thief to a species of pillory, beside the punishment meted out at the gangway, which is as intolerable as anything can well be. Theft was of seldom occurrence on board our ship, and there was but one individual caught *flagrante delicto*, during the whole cruise of three years. He was found with several pieces of clothing in his clothes-bag, belonging to others. The crime was plainly and patiently proven on him; and then came the punishment: first, confinement in the brig, in irons, for two weeks; then a dozen with the "thieves' cat," an instrument made of heavier line than the common "cat," and soaked in stiff brine for a week before it is used, which makes each strand hard and stiff as a piece of wire; and, finally, he was sentenced to mess alone, and to wear upon his back, for six months, a placard containing, in conspicuous letters, the word "thief;" and, in addition, made a perpetual member of the black-list. Poor fellow, base as was his

offence, his punishment was enough to raise pity in the hardest breast. It was impossible for any one to commiserate with him, for every one knew that his punishment was just. But no one molested him, and, during the time he remained on board, he moved about among the ship's company shunned by all, and as much alone as though left upon a desert island. He was kept on board until the day before leaving our next port, when he disappeared, having received, it was said, an intimation to the effect, that if he could get ashore, he would not be sought for.

The experience of the first wash-morning caused the promulgation of an order, compelling every man to place clothes-stops on his clothes, under penalty of being put on the never-failing black-list, for neglecting to obey the order.

Steering southerly, we were soon into warm weather; and now came another experience for new beginners. We had been taught to wash our own clothes. We were next inducted into the process of *making* new ones, and neatly mending the old. While the weather was cool, blue flannel shirts and blue cloth trousers were found none too warm for comfort; but the warmth of a southern latitude made lighter clothing a necessity; and as it was not judged proper by the commander that white frocks and trousers should be worn at this time, an order was sent to the purser, to issue to the crew, or such of them as needed it, a quantity of blue cotton-drilling (called *dungaree* by sailors), sufficient for two or three suits each. And then began the labor of making up this stuff into frocks and trousers. Every forehanded sailor expects to make his own

light clothing, as well as sometimes a portion of the heavier flannels. For this purpose, each one has a "ditty-bag," the contents of which vary but little from those of the sewing-baskets of thrifty housewives ashore. On board a merchant vessel, this *ditty-bag* generally assumes the shape of a little box, but in a man-of-war, anything of the chest or box kind is contraband, even the officers being prohibited from keeping their clothing in chests or large trunks. The ditty-bag generally contains a pair of scissors, a thimble, some linen thread, a paper or two of needles, a lump of wax, and various little trimmings used in making up seamen's clothing, such as tape, buttons, strips of binding, etc. Every true man-of-war's man knows how to cut out clothing with as much ease, and producing as correct a fit, as the best tailor. This is a necessity on board ship, for the ready-made clothing procured of the purser is never known to fit, being generally manufactured several sizes larger than necessary, in order that it may be re-cut and made in good style. I furnished my ditty-bag from the purser's stores, and then, having drawn my share of dungaree, one of my messmates, a maintopman, cut me out a frock or "jumper" (a short shirt worn over all, not unlike the French *blouse*), and a pair of trousers. A sailor wears no braces or suspenders, and trousers are, therefore, made sufficiently tight at the hips to sustain themselves there. They continue tight nearly down to the knees, the legs being cut exactly straight, and consequently quite loose at the bottoms. I sat me down amid a number of old hands, and began the task of making up the garments, getting one to show me where I found myself at a loss. By dint

of being shown, and studying out portions myself, with plentiful ripping out and re-sewing, I at last succeeded, to my no small gratification, in putting together a pair of trousers, "ship-shape and Bristol fashion." On trying them on, they proved a pretty good fit, which caused me no little pride as I wore them. In two weeks, I succeeded, by exercising all the patience and ingenuity at my command, in making up two jumpers and three pairs of trousers, and these clothes I soon found more useful to me than any others I had. Another two weeks sufficed to get my wardrobe in tolerably good order, to have every piece marked with my name and ship's number, and *stops* put on all, and then I was prepared for the muster of clothing and bedding which was shortly to take place. As will be gathered from the remarks heretofore made on the article of clothing, great attention is paid by the officers to the general appearance of the men. All the dirty work, such as refitting rigging, tarring and slushing, are done at sea, in order that no one need be dirty in port. And, beyond the necessary exercises, and working ship, it is made the chief and all-important duty of every individual to keep himself perfectly clean, and to dress neatly and with taste. In fact, to take care of the vessel and of themselves, keeping both in as good trim as possible, is the sum total of duty required of the crew of a vessel of war, in the "piping times of peace."

In the mean time, while all these matters were being arranged, and the vessel and crew got into order, the good ship herself was ploughing the waters with favoring breeze, each day increasing the distance between us and home, and approaching

nearer to her destined port. We had continual fair breezes and beautiful weather after crossing the Gulf, until we began to near the Equinoctial line, when we were, for two weeks, detained by calms and light winds. Up to that time, while going along with steady breeze, we were but little bothered about making, taking in, or trimming sails. An occasional furling of the royal and mizzen topgallant sail at night, to enable our slower consort, a little sloop of war, to keep up in sight, with a daily tightening up of the halyards, sheets, and braces, was all we had to do with the sails, and we boys had made up our minds, from this specimen, that going to sea was a most delightful occupation. To me, the new life seemed peculiarly grateful, inasmuch as from the very first breath of salt air I had inhaled, I had felt myself gaining health and strength. The pure and refreshing breeze, the clear sky, and mild but bracing atmosphere which we experienced while running down the north-east trades, infused new vigor into my system, and with the exercise I got in running up and down the rigging, and climbing about various parts of the ship, gave me fresh hold on life, and made "a new boy" of me.

We had been going along finely for a number of days, rattling eight and sometimes ten knots off the log, although latterly the breeze had seemed to be getting *flawy*, and an occasional flap of our immense topsails told that it was also losing its strength, when one morning, on "turning out" at four o'clock, we found the breeze gone, studding-sails hauled down on deck, the yards braced sharp up, and the ship rolling uneasily from side to side, on the swell, at every roll the

topsails flapping violently against the mast, or filling with a jerk, as though determined to carry away the masts. We had lost the trades, but were yet in the trade swell. The air, before pure and almost dazzling, was now hazy, the beautiful azure of the sky was become light blue, interspersed with long streaks of pale yellow or dull white. We were in the *Doldrums*. The older sailors, who, many of them, in their fashion, and for their own gratification, kept the run of the ship, had been for some days talking about the approaching change, and had found some agreeable excitement in hazarding little bets as to what watch would "lose the trades." At every change of watch the tars of one side would duly give the *weather* in charge of those of the other, with instructions to return it in as good order as given. There was, therefore, considerable merriment and chaffing between the two watches when we came upon deck, and saw the change made in the last four hours.

"Well, Jack, what have you done with the wind?" asked a foretopman of a forecastleman of the other watch.

"It's gone down to Davy Jones's, and you fellows that are so anxious about it had better go down after it," was the answer.

"Brace round the yards," was now the order of the day. The lightest of dog-vanes was set up on the horse-block, and the attention of quartermasters and officers of the watch was anxiously divided between that and the still lighter masthead vane, in order that no favoring flaw might pass over without being brought into our service. All work on rigging

was laid aside, and the watch on deck did nothing but tend the braces, and haul up and down the courses. The north-east trades commence generally in about latitude thirty, and are held sometimes down to the line, but vessels generally lose them in from three to seven degrees north, when bound southward, or "catch" them within those parallels when bound north. The south-east trades more frequently carry a ship right across the line, and the writer of this was so fortunate once as to be carried by them into latitude five degrees north, and there to take the north-east trades, with scarcely an hour's calm, or light variable winds. This, however, is not a common occurrence. On the present passage we were not destined to experience any such good fortune. We lost the trades when in ten degrees north latitude, and drifted about at the mercy of the *variables* for more than two weeks, before catching again a favorable breeze. In this time, we were continually chasing the wind round the compass. First, there was a dead calm, and the ship lay silent upon a sea whose surface was as of glass. Then a ripple, seen afar off, heralded the approach of a little breeze, "a cat's paw," as such little drafts upon the bank of Æolus are called, perhaps from their not containing even a "capful" of wind. Its progress over the waters is anxiously watched by the quartermaster, who endeavors, by working the wheel, to head the vessel the right way for receiving a due benefit from it. The yards, before braced contrary ways, in order that the vessel might lay as steadily as possible, are now hauled sharp up. Scarcely are the braces belayed, when the masthead vane, which was before hanging as

dead, lifts itself sluggishly up, and at last flutters out horizontally, announcing that there *is* a breeze, a fact which would be otherwise quite imperceptible. Now the royals fill for a moment, and collapse again, spasmodically, as though the exertion was too much for them. Now the weather leach of the topgallant sails flutters a moment.

"No higher," shouts the quartermaster to the man at the wheel; "keep her off a little."

The helm is put up, but the wind is veering even as it strikes us, as though, in its effort to move the ship, itself was obliged to give way.

"Full sails, full sails, there," gruffly says the captain, whom the slightest appearance of a breeze brings upon deck.

The helm is hard up, and she pays-off, shivering in the wind all the time, till a sudden flaw brings her all aback, and "brace round the yards," is the cry. But a cloud has gathered overhead during the previous manœuvring, and now empties its contents upon us.

"Pull round the foreyard, men; be lively," urges the officer of the deck, as a blast, stronger than any before, persuades him that the breeze is *set*, for a little while at least.

"How's her head, quartermaster?"

"Nothe'nd by east, sir."

The rain is pouring down in torrents; the sails are well filled, and the vessel going through the water, some four knots.

"This will never do for a man bound south," mutters the officer of the deck, looking inquiringly at the captain, who is

sheltering himself under the hammock cloth, near the break of the poop.

A nod from the latter, and "Ready about," is bellowed from the speaking-trumpet of the lieutenant, and reverberated from the hoarse throats of boatswain's mates, dying away in the diminuendo of little midshipmen.

"Stations there, everybody," shouts the boatswain, making a rush up the main-hatch, and forward.

"Ready, ready."

"All ready forward, sir," answers the officer of the forecastle.

"Helm's alee," and around goes the wheel, amid a general trill of the boatswain's mates' pipes. Jib-sheets and fore-sheet are let go, and the ship flies quickly into the wind.

"Tacks and sheets," and the fore and main-tack and main-sheet are let go and overhauled.

"Haul well taut—mainsail haul;" and in obedience to the word of command, round swing the ponderous yards, bringing up with a *thwack* against the backstays, which shows that the word was given at the exact time.

"Run round, lively, men; run in the slack before he goes back; down main-tack, now; ride him down, boys; so—belay—and aft sheet."

"Head braces everybody—haul well taut—let go and haul," and away we run, plash, plash over the deck, stumbling over wet ropes, and rolling in the scuppers occasionally, until the head-yards are declared to be "chock up," the bowlines are hauled out, the weather main-brace hauled taut, and then, "clear up the rigging."

The rain has slacked a little, but, of course, everybody (except the officers) is wet through, and we have a merry time tripping one another up in the lee-scuppers, and taking a good roll in the fresh water. Some wide-awake fellows have secured buckets, and put soiled clothes to soak in them, in the fresh water, remembering that it is much easier to wash with than salt.

But there is no time to wash clothes. A glance at the compass tells the officer of the deck that we are going free; and,

"Check in the braces, and stand by to set the foretop-mast studding-sail," is the word.

The yards are squared in a little, and the wet foretop-mast studding-sail lugged out and set. Still the wind is hauling aft, and directly the yards are laid nearly square; and,

"Stand by, to set all the starboard studding-sails," sends the topmen and forecastlemen aloft, to let down the gear and get the booms out. Directly we hear:

"All ready, main topgallant studding-sail, sir."

"All ready, foretopgallant studding-sail, sir." And, last of all, the officer of the forecastle reports:

"All ready; lower studding-sail."

The halyards and tacks are manned; the waisters are crowded upon the lower boom toppenlift; and, at the word, all three sails flap in mid-air for a moment, and are then securely *set*, adding their mite to our velocity.

Every one draws a long breath, and we begin to congratulate one another upon such a fine breeze. But it will not

last long. The wind still hauls. The yards are laid exactly square. All the larboard studding-sails are set. The heavy top-sails begin to flap idly against the mast already, before the last *stud'n-sail* is up. Ere an hour is over, the yards are braced sharp up on the other tack. The sun comes out, scorching everything scorchable, and killing off the little remains of a breeze still left us; the stud'n-sails are taken in as soon as dry, and the ship is once more motionless, except a heavy sug into the sea, which tells of the late breeze. Studding-sails are made up and stowed away on the booms; rigging coiled up; deck swept off; wet clothes (those which have not yet dried on our backs) hung in the rigging to dry; and, eight bells being struck, the watch is over. Such watches—and we experienced a good many of them before we got out of the *Doldrums*—in which we were kept moving the whole four hours, plashing about in the wet, straining at halyards, tacks, and braces, gave me quite different ideas of the delights of the sea. I found that here, as everywhere else, there was a compensation—an evil for every good. However, by dint of chasing all the cat's paws, and making use of every available puff of wind, we at last got across the line.

CHAPTER VI.

"Crossing the line" — An old topman's yarn — How Jemmy Squarefoot ran away with a sailor — Fourth of July at sea — Nearing our port — Rio de Janeiro.

CROSSING the line was quite an event in the lives of those who were now making their first voyage. The ceremonies of shaving, ducking, and tribute-exacting, which we read of as being so much in vogue in former days, on occasions of this kind, have gone out of use in this practical age, and I, who had looked forward with delighted terror to the advent of Neptune, and the initiation of us *green hands* into the mysteries of the sea god, was obliged to content myself with reminiscences of the older tars, most of whom had undergone the ordeal of Father Neptune's razor and bathing tub, and taken the required obligations, "never to eat brown bread, when you can get white; never to kiss the maid, when you can kiss the mistress; to eschew water, and drink *grog;* hate a *sojer* and love a pretty girl."

"Ah, boy," said one old fellow to me, when I had been coaxing him into telling me a yarn about crossing the line, "those were what your books would have called the *halcyon days* of the sea. There was some romance about a ship when I first went to sea, and the tars of those days made as famil-

iar with old Father Neptune and the Flying Dutchman, as a half-starved sojer would with a bread-barge."

"Well," said I, "Jack, that's sorry news for us boys, who came mostly for the romance of the thing, and to wear out our old clothes. But, come, as we ain't to see anything of Father Neptune, you be good-natured and tell us all about him—that's the next best thing to seeing him."

Jack Haley, our captain of the maintop, was a tar who had wintered and summered in all climes and countries, a great, burly fellow, whose arm was as big round as my body, and whose bronzed neck, almost rivalling in firmness of muscular development that of a wild bull, gave evidence of a strength literally little less than Herculean. Withal, Jack had a heart "big enough," as one of his old shipmates once said, "to fill up his whole great big body." I knew his weak side, and, having found him stretched along the weather gangway, surrounded by his topmates, felt sure of being able to coax him into a yarn.

"Well," said he, at last, when some of the topmen had seconded my wish for a "real good yarn of the old times," "my own first crossing the line and introduction to the old fellow with the grains, would not be interesting at all, shipmates, for it was just like all others, and there was too much slush and dirty water about it, for any romance, which is what this boy is after"—turning to me; "but if you'll all listen, and not interrupt, as the breeze seems to be steady, and old 'Dyce, no higher,' has quit hallooing at us, I'll try to spin you a yarn that I was told once, by an old tar that was in the same ship in which it took place, and, by consequence, knew all about."

At this point, Jack stopped to take in a couple of ounces of the purser's cavendish, while we took advantage of the interruption to gather round a little closer, and make ourselves as comfortable under our pea-jackets as we could.

"Well," said Jack, "you must know, topmates, that what I'm going to tell you happened when I was quite a boy. It was my third voyage at sea, and my first into the South Atlantic. Our vessel belonged to Hull, in England. She was a brig, and we were bound from London to Rio, with a cargo of assorted wares — a general cargo, as they call it. Our whole ship's company, with the exception of the mate and myself, were Jordies, and such of you as have sailed in the north country ships will know, that among a rough set of colliermen, a poor west country boy stood a small chance. But then, I had had civility beaten into me on the first two voyages, and learned by experience that it was better to make friends than enemies of the crew. We had shipped our crew in Hull, and they stayed by the brig in London, because the skipper and they agreed very well, and he gave them good wages. They were all good men, but, like all Jordies,* awful growls. However, the old man didn't care for their growling, so long as it was *growl and go.* He used to say they would growl if they were fed on chicken sea-pie and soft tack and butter every day, and had nothing to do but smoke their pipes and spin yarns; and while we were in Rio, the steward tried them on the grub, and, by the hook-block, shipmates, they called

* The sailors belonging to the ports on the north-eastern coast of England are called Jordies. They are a peculiar set, known as great growlers and excellent sailors.

the skipper a stingy old fool, and threatened to sue him for cheating them out of their regular allowance of mahogany and salt pork, and giving them nothing to eat but a lot of trashy chickens. Howsomever, this ain't the yarn that I was to tell you. They were a lot of bloody old growls, as I said, and would curse and swear in their north country, Jordie jargon, by the hour. 'Cat-faced booger' was the best word that came out of their mouth."

Here a Jordie among the listeners said in his broadest lingo:

"Eh, you cat-faced booger," which produced a general smile.

"Ah, Jordie," said Jack, "you're listening; well, perhaps you have heard the same yarn that I'm going to tell, for it's known to every sailor out of the port of Hull. As I was saying, they were a great set to curse and swear, all except one, a quiet, sober-looking old man, whose hair was beginning to turn gray, and whose wrinkled, weather-beaten face told of many storms and dangers. He was a very kind-hearted old fellow, as I had occasion to know, for he often helped me out when I was bothered in making a pair of canvas trousers or a frock. He said very little, nothing more than was barely necessary, never was heard laughing or singing over his can of grog on Saturday evenings, like the rest, and held little communication with any one on board. Nevertheless, he was every inch a seaman, one who knew his duty, and was always first aloft, at reefing or handing, and was the mate's trusty man. When the men would gather together in the dog watches, after we got into fine weather, and

smoke their pipes and spin long yarns, he would sit apart on the topgallant forecastle, and smoke and think, and say nothing, until, somehow, we boys got it in our heads that the old fellow, for all his good look, was a wizard, and were half afraid of him. We had a fair passage out, taking the north-east trades shortly after we got out of the Bay of Biscay, and carrying them nearly to the line. As we neared the line, there was much talk over the ceremony of receiving Neptune on board, and we found that besides us boys (there were four of us), there was one old Jordie, who, having been all his life running between Sunderland, and Shields, and London, with an occasional trip up the Baltic, was now in his old age to be initiated into Neptune's mysteries. The balance of the crew were *South Spainers*,* and had all paid their tribute to the sea god. *Jordie Christie*, as he was called, had said nothing about never having crossed the line, thinking probably that the rest of the crew would not dare to take any liberties with him. When he found that he too was expected to undergo the ordeal, he sat on his chest, and swore at a terrible rate, threatening to use a *heaver* on the first man's head that dared touch him. Old Jimmy, our quiet man, looked black at him, to hear him swear so, and at last, when at supper, the day before we were to cross the line, Christie and some of the rest got into a hot dispute, and the cursing grew stronger and louder, Jimmy all

* "South Spainers" those are called, among the sailors of the *north country*, who are in the habit of making voyages to the Indies or America, instead of coasting and North Sea and Baltic trading; which last is considered by these men to be their peculiar branch of the business.

at once came among them (he used to take his pot of tea and bread and mahogany apart, to eat), and said:

"Shipmates, if you had all my experience of the consequences of such cursing and swearing talk, you would know that no good comes of it."

"Well, old foulweather Jack, let's hear your yarn about what comes of those that swear," said one of the most profane.

"It may be a warning to you, shipmates, and as there's nothing to do after supper, and the barkey is going along steady, when the boys clear away the things, I'll tell you what happened in the bark Sunderland, when I was in her, on a voyage from Hull to Buenos Ayres."

"Were you in the bark Sunderland?" asked a Hull sailor, with much excitement.

"Yes, shipmate."

"Well, by the holy man of the mast, I don't wonder you carry such a bloody long figure-head, and look as solemn as a pig with his head cut off. Why, boys, aboard that bloody bark old Jemmy Squarefoot took a fellow away off his chest, and kept him a week, out of the ship, and then brought him back!"

Of course this aroused every one's curiosity, and the pots and pans were wiped out, and pipes lit, and everybody gathered about old Jimmy, eager to hear about the devil carrying off a man.

"Well, lads," he began, when everything was settled and the pipes were all going, "we were in the bark Sunderland,

bound from Hull to Buenos Ayres, after a cargo of hides and horns. She was a lively bark, a trim boat, sailed well, worked easy, and steered like a top. We had twelve men before the mast. The forecastle had leaked a little on first coming out, and the skipper allowed us to move our chests into a large steerage she had, where we lived as comfortably as dukes. We had a good crew, all except the sailmaker, who was a horrid wicked wretch, whose mouth never opened but to let out a lot of cursing and blackguarding, that was enough to sink the ship. Now, *Sails* had never made a southern voyage before" (here everybody looked at Jordie Christie, but Jemmy took no notice), "and when we came to near the line, he declared his intention never to see Neptune, nor submit himself to the usual ceremonies. The nearer we approached the equator, as the skipper calls the *line*, the louder *Sails* swore, until one Sunday morning, when we were all sitting on our chests in the steerage, smoking and yarning, he all at once broke out in a long string of oaths, and ended by declaring that he wished Jemmy Squarefoot might take him off to perdition that minute, if he ever meant to submit to any of their gammon. Shipmates, he hadn't the words out of his mouth before the poor fool began to wriggle, and struggle, and bellow, as though somebody had hold of him, dragging him off. And while we all sat astounded, he was lifted bodily off his chest, and carried on his back, struggling and catching at everything that he passed, right up the steerage ladder—tearing down a stanchion on the way, so tightly did he cling—and then forward, across to the lee side, and over

the fore-sheet, catching and unreeving the lee fore-tack as he went overboard—and that was the last we saw of him, although we heard a shouting and groaning for more than ten minutes afterward. We had followed *Sails* up the hatchway, and had seen him dragged forward by some invisible power. He went along head foremost, and on his back, only his heels touching the deck, he catching at every rope as he went past, and struggling to hold on, but all in vain.

"You may fancy, shipmates, how we all felt. The boys cried for fright, and we men shut our lips together, and thought our time was come. The captain came down into the steerage by-and-by, and asked how the whole thing had commenced. (He and the mates had seen all that occurred on deck.) After we had told him all about *Sails'* cursing, he pulled a Bible out of his pocket (I doubt if he had ever opened it before), and said he would read some chapters to us, and then go on deck, where there was a prayer-book, and have prayers. And so we did, although the skipper made a poor fist at reading prayers, having to stop and spell out the longest words, and calling them by such bloody ugly names that I fancy the Lord didn't more than half understand him. Howsomedever, be that as it may, we were glad to hear the prayer, and there was no more cursing on that day, in the steerage. We talked the matter over, but it was as plain as the cook's face, that Jemmy Squarefoot had been listening and hearing *Sails'* impious wish, and had taken him at his word.

"That night we all gathered on the steerage-hatch, for somehow no one cared to stay on the forecastle; and the

mate once said, indeed, that while looking to leeward, under the foot of the mainsail he heard a groan, and then a peal of devilish laughter; but none of us heard it, and, perhaps, it was only his imagination. Next day was Monday, and all that week we were kept tight to work, so that we should not have time to think over poor *Sails*. And so, what with not caring to talk over the matter, and scarcely having time to think of it, by the time Saturday night came along, we had apparently forgotten that such a fellow as he was ever in the ship. But, shipmates, somehow *I thought* of him all the time, and I guess the rest did too, although they said nothing. There was one evidence of our yet bearing in memory the fate of the unfortunate, and that was, that there had not been an oath heard on board since his mysterious disappearance. Saturday night passed off more quietly than usual. We sipped our grog in silence, or spoke a few words about the probable distance to port, which we were anxious to reach, as it was a general understanding among all hands forward, that we would there leave, and not try to return to England in what we felt to be a doomed vessel.

"We had passed the line and taken a fair slant, which had set us well on our way. Sunday morning came. There was a good breeze, and we were bowling off eight knots, with foretopmast and main topgallant stud'n-sails set. At eight bells we went to breakfast, both watches, as it was fair weather, eating together in the steerage. After breakfast was cleared off, we sat on our chests smoking, when old Bill Thomas all at once spoke up:

"'Well, shipmates, what's the use of trying to hide it? we're all thinking of the same thing—how last Sunday, at this time, we had one more in the mess.'

"Just then, before any one could answer, there was a sound as of a heavy body falling on deck, forward, and a loud cry from the man at the wheel, who was the only one on deck, at the time, the cook being down in the cabin getting the cabin breakfast. We started up, looking at one another in alarm. Bill said:

"'Lads, let us all go on deck together, for blast my top-lights, if I don't believe this bloody ship is haunted.'

"I led the way, being nearest the ladder. On deck we found the officers just running forward, and we all proceeded toward the forecastle in a body. Arrived there, we heard a groan, and looking to leeward of the foremast, on the rigging, we found, shipmates," said old Jimmy, earnestly, "we found *the body of the sailmaker!* He was barely breathing, and just able to open his eyes and mouth, and let out an occasional groan. After standing a few minutes in utter consternation, we mustered our senses together and took him down below, some of the men swearing roundly, in their terror, that not only wouldn't they touch any one who had passed a week with old Jemmy Squarefoot, but even refusing to sleep in the steerage while he was there. However, their counsel did not prevail. We took him down and laid him in his bunk, which had never been touched since his disappearance. He was overhauled by the skipper, who said that no bones were broken, but he was somewhat bruised. We fed him and tended on him carefully for

two or three days, when he was able to go to his duty. But he was a changed man. From being a noisy, violent fellow, always ready to quarrel, he had become quiet and silent, never speaking unless previously spoken to, and making as short answers as possible. You may imagine that we were eager enough to know what he had been doing, or where he had been during his week's absence. But on this subject he preserved a most studious silence, and the only bit of information that we ever pumped out of him was this, that he was awake and conscious all the time that he was away. We got to Buenos Ayres in due time, and there found our cargo waiting for us. It being the time of year in which the *pamperos* blow, we were not allowed to go ashore, and, not being able to make our escape from the vessel, were obliged to return with her to Hull. We were rather a dull set on the passage home, and I never was so glad to get out of a vessel as I was to get rid of the bark Sunderland. When we got to Hull, the sailmaker, who had got very pious ever since his return to the vessel, and read his Bible daily, consulted with a parson, and concluded to live on shore, and go to sea no more. He told us, his shipmates, that he had related his adventures to the chaplain at the Sailor's Bethel in Hull, that they were to be printed, but not till after his death."

"And the bark Sunderland?"

"She was for a long time unable to get a crew. No one would ship in a vessel to which the devil had free access. At last, she got a crew, and sailed on a voyage to the West Indies, but she never reached her first port, and was never heard from."

Eight bells was struck just as Jack Haley finished his yarn, to which we had all listened with great interest.

"Get a pull of the weather main-brace," was the word passed along for the watch, and we hastily broke up, gathered up our jackets, tightened the brace, and went below to our hammocks, I with my head filled with ghosts, and imps, and drunken swearing sailors, which three classes of personages formed the staple subjects of my dreams the next four hours.

We crossed the line without anything remarkable happening.

"Why, we didn't even see it," said a waister, with a look of disappointment that elicited a burst of laughter at his expense.

A few days longer of light variable winds and heavy showers, and we were blessed with a fine breeze from the eastward, which, gradually hauling to south-east, there set, and continued with us until we made the land. We now bowled along right merrily. Everything on board had been reduced to the required order, the crew were pretty well acquainted, sufficiently so to make things agreeable, and the mild air and beautiful weather put everybody, even to our crusty old captain, in a good humor. Besides preparing our ship for her entrance into port, we had general quarters every Friday morning.

Unfortunately, the Fourth of July fell on Friday. Those who had never before been in a vessel of war, very naturally thought that Independence Day, if not celebrated as a holiday on board, would, at any rate, prove a sufficient excuse for omitting general quarters; and some even prophesied the dis-

tribution of a double allowance of grog on that day. Nothing of the kind, however, took place, and the "glorious Fourth" was treated with as little ceremony as though there were no associations of patriotism, speeches for Buncomb, militia trainings, encampments, sprees, fireworks, gingerbread and green cherries connected with it. The drum beat at the usual time for *general quarters.* The sham battle that day was, if anything, a little more arduously contested than usual by the captain, and after three hours and a half of hard work, we were feasted on boiled rice and mahogany beef.

There are no holidays at sea. If you are in port they are duly kept up, but at sea no attention is paid to them.

A few weeks of fair winds brought us into the latitude of Rio, and we stood in toward the land, from which our distance was inconsiderable. Three days longer, and we would *be in*, it was said. Oh, what a long three days they were, to be sure. In them, too, a great deal was to be done. The chafing gear was taken off, holidays (white spots) on the rigging carefully touched up with tar, boats' gripes loosened, topgallant and royal yards prepared for being sent down when we got in, the anchors got off the bows, and chains bent to them, brass railings around the poop got on deck and secured, and, on the last two mornings preceding our entry into Rio, clean hammocks bent, and the dirty ones scrubbed. At last, when I had gotten tired-out with waiting, we were electrified by the eager cry of "land-ho!" from the topmast head. It was four o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th of July. Before sunset we could plainly discern the land from deck, rising from the ocean, in little blue hills sur-

rounding an immense peak, which at dusk loomed up against the sky as though suspended immediately above our heads. This was Cape Frio, the first land made by vessels approaching Rio de Janeiro, from the north. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the interest and delight with which I for the first time viewed a foreign shore. I remained on deck nearly all the first watch, although it was my turn to sleep, and was content to gaze at the great peak looming up against the sky, looking like an enormous black cloud ready to precipitate itself upon us, in thunder, lightning and rain. We lay hove to nearly all night, and at early dawn filled away, and stood in with a light but fair breeze. We rapidly neared the land, and at noon were inside of Cape Frio, becalmed at the entrance of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro. The sea-breeze set in shortly, and we stood up the bay, with all sail set, studding-sails and all, gliding along about three knots an hour. Turning around the land in a northerly direction, we were directly land-locked, and safe from any possible storms without. The view which was now spread before us seemed to me delightful beyond conception. The abrupt grandeur of the scenery, so unlike anything I had ever before beheld; mountains piled upon mountains, peak rising above peak, until, in the far distance, the highest seemed lost in the clouds; immediately before us the immense mount, called, on account of its peculiar shape, the *Sugar-loaf*, rearing its barren side up against the sky; the two white forts, posted like sentinels on either side of the entrance of the harbor; the curiously rigged shallops and polaccas, sweeping lazily past on the limpid tide; the little fish-

ing boats, scattered here and there about the bay, with their immense lug sails fluttering languidly in the breeze; the white houses, dotted all along the shore, surrounded by, and peeping out of, umbrageous groves of oranges and limes—all this variety, on which to feast my eager eyes, seemed so strange, and withal so beautiful, that even as I gazed, I almost fancied myself transported into fairy land. The day was such a one as is to be experienced only in the tropics. There was that peculiar softly-bright haze or film, seemingly surrounding and enveloping every object in view, not hiding, but only tempering the fierce splendor of an almost vertical sun, and infusing all nature, animate and inanimate, with a mellow, lazy tranquillity, which affects also beholders, and gives one a realization of that *dolce far niente* feeling which is so highly enjoyed by the inhabitants of these countries. He who has not voyaged within the tropics can have no conception of the luxury of this feeling of quiet languor, nor of the circumstances which cause it. To us who came under this influence, with the fierce blasts of the north-east trade winds still fresh upon our cheeks, it was delicious. Our crew seemed changed. Every harsh or discordant noise was hushed; the violence of the most uproarious was tempered or stilled. As we glided along smoothly over the rippling waters of the bay, all hands, dressed in snowy white, crowding the upper deck, the universal stillness was made only more striking by the low hum of many voices, or the occasional abrupt shout of the commander standing on the bows, conning the vessel, and the sharp reply of the quartermaster at the wheel, to his "starboard," "port," or "steady." Even the boisterous old

boatswain, whose delight it was to make a din in which no other voice but his could be heard, succumbed to the quieting influences of the hour, and was seen going about decks communicating his orders and directions in subdued tones, and with a dulcet voice—wonder-inspiring to us, who had heard heretofore only his fierce, terror-inspiring sea tones.

We dipped our colors on passing the forts which stand upon two projecting points, guardians of the harbor, and with a freshening breeze ran quickly up to our anchorage. All hands were at their stations for taking in sail. Every stitch of canvas was set, studding-sails alow and aloft, on both sides. It had been determined to take in all sail, and moor the ship at once, an evolution which, if well performed, would gain us credit as a smart set; but, on the other hand, if *botched*, certain to involve us in inextricable confusion and disgrace. But here we are; the commander comes quickly aft, to take charge, the officers report to him everything clear in their different departments, he gives a scrutinizing glance aloft, and then stands silently awaiting the signal from the captain, who, with finger on chart, is waiting for the vessel to run up to the berth he has chosen for her. We are now at the anchoring ground. Before us is spread a gay panorama of ships of all nations, their colors fluttering in the breeze; beyond them lies the city, arrayed in snowy, dazzling white.

A nod from the captain, and,

"Stand by to take in sail," gently roars the commander through his speaking trumpet. "Stand by your tacks, sheets, halyards, and braces." The crew suddenly start into lively activity.

"Haul in all your studding-sails—down royals—topgallant-sails—up courses—settle away your topsail halyards—braces there, quartermasters—sheets—clew him up lively, men."

In but little longer time than it takes to give the orders, every sail is hauled to the yard, ready to be furled at the word.

"Let go the starboard anchor."

Plash goes the anchor, one hundred and fifty fathoms of chain cable thundering through the hawsehole. The chain is out; the other anchor is dropped under foot, half of the first one hundred and fifty fathoms hove in, and the ship lies moored midway between her anchors.

"All hands furl sail," pipes the boatswain, who has recovered all his former voice.

"Lay aloft, topmen—lower and topgallant yardmen aloft."

Five hundred men spring eagerly up the rigging, and cluster together on the yards, and close in to the masts.

"Lay out and furl;" and the yards are suddenly manned, clear to the yardarm, many in their haste running out on top, in place of clambering out on the foot-ropes, and almost before the order is out of the officer's mouth, the great piles of canvas are snugly rolled up and fastened to the yards.

We took in and furled all sails, and moored the ship in eight minutes, and in fifteen minutes the decks were cleared up and swept down, the yards squared, the rigging flemished down on deck, and everything as quiet and orderly as though we had been lying at the anchorage a month.

Now, thought I, I'll have a better look than I could get

while under weigh, at the harbor, and shipping, and town; and accordingly, I cast my eyes aloft to pick out the most convenient place in which to perch myself for that purpose. But here I was doomed to disappointment. Strict orders were immediately issued, that no one should show his head above the hammock rail. The poop and forecastle even were forbidden ground, and I was reduced, in common with seven hundred other anxious souls, to the miserable shift of taking a peep at our surroundings through a port-hole, by which process we were able to gain about as much information concerning the town and harbor, as one would be likely to get of the general appearance of a room, by examining it through the keyhole of the door.

A shrill blast of the boatswain's call, followed by a shout of, "Where are you, side-boys?" admonished me that I was one, and I hurried to the starboard gangway, just in time to swing the man-ropes to a Brazilian officer, captain of the port, who had come alongside in a shore boat, rowed by six men, whom I guessed, at first glance, from their long, lank, sinewy fingers, and the deep ebony hue of their skin, to be real Africans. The officer was received at the gangway by the commander, and on the poop by the captain. He came on board to receive any report the captain had to make, and to offer the hospitalities of the port to our ship, and finally, to make arrangements about saluting next day. His business was transacted in a few minutes, and he returned to his boat and to the shore. I watched them as they pulled toward the landing stairs. The boat was very long in proportion to her width, and heavily fastened, apparently. Over the entire afterpart a thick awning was

spread, under which, on cushions, reclined the officer. Abaft was the cockswain's box, in which was perched a minute specimen of Ethiopia, who steered the boat. She was propelled by means of long sweeps, the crew standing up and leaning far aft at each pull; and then, having put the blades of their sweeps in the water, letting their whole weights come back on the oar, pulling until they sank back into their seats—rising at each pull, and repeating the manœuvre. It seemed to me a novel and rather laborious way of getting through the water, but I found it to be the method universally practised, in the Brazilian boats.

No sooner was the anchor down, than the sergeant of marines was busy placing sentries at the gangways, larboard and starboard, and on the bows. The office of these sentries is to keep off shore boats, unless they have special business, of which notice is given to the officer of the deck; to prevent the smuggling on board of liquor and other contraband articles, and also to act as checks on any attempts on the part of the sailors to make their escape from the vessel. They are on guard night and day, and have a laborious and thankless task of it. Of course, the marines perform this duty.

The yards being squared and all things made snug and clear, alow and aloft, we were piped to supper. During supper, the commodore, accompanied by his secretary, went ashore, in a shore boat. After supper, a few men were dispatched aloft to see to getting the topgallant and royal yards ready for coming down on deck. Below, the immense yard-ropes were carefully coiled down, ready for slacking down,

tripping-lines and down-hauls were manned, and soon all was in readiness for sunset, which is the time chosen for such evolutions as this. The band gathered on the larboard side of the poop; the ship's drummers and fifers assembled on the quarter-deck; the men, all but one on each mast, came down from aloft; and the whole ship again for a few minutes resumed her air of quiet and lifelessness, regarded from without.

"All hands, down topgallant and royal yards," from the boatswain and his mates, called everybody on deck.

Everything is ready — the captain raises his finger, the drums and fifes play several lively airs, and after the last, the bass drum taps—one, two, three—and at the third tap, and accompanying roll of the smaller drums, the ship's colors are hauled down, the topgallant and royal yards swing from horizontal to perpendicular, as by magic, and are swiftly lowered to the deck, amid a long-drawn trill on the boatswain's call. The band now plays Hail Columbia, and a number of other tunes; the men unbend the sails from the yards just sent down, make them up, mark them, and deposit them in the sail-locker; the yards are triced up in the lower rigging; the yard-ropes laid against the mast, so as not to show conspicuously; the rigging is coiled down, and all is finished.

At quarters, word was passed that the crews of the two market-boats were to be in readiness at four o'clock next morning to go ashore with the stewards. At dusk, the hammocks were piped down, and then all hands congregated about decks and talked over the pleasant day, discussed the probability of our getting "liberty" (that is, leave to spend a day or two on

shore) in this place, and those of them who had been here before spun yarns of past adventures. Among others, I heard much mention of one Portuguese Joe, a bumboatman, who had the name of being a most dangerous fellow to have dealings with. Bumboatmen are persons who bring alongside, daily, supplies of fruits and various shore delicacies, for the use of such of the crew as care to indulge in luxuries of that kind, and labor under no pecuniary disabilities to prevent the fulfilment of their desires. Of *Portuguese Joe* it was said, that he had taken the lives of several man-of-war's men, who had either cheated or insulted him, and that he made free use of poison in dealing with such of his acquaintances as became obnoxious to him. These allegations were in all likelihood true enough, for the lower classes of Brazilians are notoriously revengeful and treacherous, and the stiletto and the poisoned cup are in common use among them. But, true or false, I found that they did not fail to secure for *Mr. Portuguese Joe* (the only name I ever heard for him) most unbounded respect, and a perfect immunity from the depredations not unfrequently committed on bumboatmen—thus proving that there may be advantages in having a bad name.

At nine o'clock (two bells) came *tattoo*, which closes the waking day of a vessel of war, in port. The drums and fifes were again put in requisition, and after playing a number of tunes, precisely at nine, commenced the grand *roulade*, at the third roll a cannon being fired off, while the bell is at the same time struck two. A perfect silence succeeds the din of the kettle drums, interrupted after a while by the voice of the

master-at-arms ordering some one to go to his hammock. After gun-fire no one is allowed out of his hammock, except such few persons as are on duty. Neither is any loud talking or other disturbance permitted. All the lights in the ship are extinguished by the master-at-arms, and the fact reported to the officer of the deck, and the stillness of slumber rests upon the ship.

BOTOFOGO.

CHAPTER VII.

Life in harbor—Bumboats—At sea again—What sailors eat and how victuals are cooked—The first flogging on board.

AT four o'clock next morning we were awakened by the firing off of a gun, seconded by a din on the drums, similar to that of the evening before. Shortly after, the bugler called away the crews of the market-boats; at five, "all hands" were called, and the boatswain's mates went round admonishing every man to lash his hammock neatly, "seven turns, put on square, and hauled tight." Coming up the mizzen-hatch with my hammock, I found the commander there, examining each one as it was carried past, sending some back to try it over. Now the last man on deck with his hammock is black-listed, so that there is usually a punishment consequent upon a neglect, or carelessness. As soon as the hammocks were stowed, the crew commenced holystoning the decks, the chief boatswain's mate meantime calling over the names of all on the black-list, and apportioning to them the dirty work of the morning. Two parties were sent over the side on catamarans, with slush, sand and canvas, to scour the line of copper which appears just above the water's edge. A catamaran is a structure composed of six air-tight casks lashed together, three in a row,

with a few rough planks thrown loosely over for a deck; of course the water washes over it continually, and sometimes, when there is a strong tide or a stiff breeze, it is a matter of some difficulty to maintain a foothold on the crazy structure. Others were seen suspended on the large copper funnel or smoke-pipe, which served to carry off clear all the smoke of the galley fires. "Charley Noble," as this funnel was familiarly nicknamed, had his face scoured as bright as a new doll's every morning. Others blacked stanchions, and cleaned guns and gun carriages. Holystoning continued until six o'clock, when the sand was scrubbed and washed off, the decks swabbed dry, and carefully swept down, and then all *bright-work* cleaned. While the rest of the crew were washing the decks, we side-boys were busied scraping and scouring the side-ladder, reaching from a large grating at the water's edge to the upper deck.

In harbor, the starboard is considered the side of honor. Thus that side of the quarter-deck is sacred from intrusion even of the officers, when not on duty. Officers come on board, or leave the ship from the starboard side. That side is furnished with a convenient ladder, while on the other there are only a few cleats, as supports to the feet in the labor of climbing up. Marketing, drunken sailors, and provisions of all sorts, are taken on board from the larboard side, and bumboats and other unofficial shore boats are received there.

When the decks were dried, and the *bright-work* cleaned, awnings were spread fore and aft; at eight o'clock, the crew were piped to breakfast, and ordered to "clean themselves, in white frocks and trousers, and white hats." At nine, the colors

were hoisted, to the sound of drums and fifes, and the crew inspected at quarters, and then the regular day's work was begun. The boats were sent ashore in charge of officers, and on various errands. The boatswain took a good look at the outside of the vessel, his point of view being a boat, in which he was pulled around.

The holders were set to work preparing the water tanks, emptied on the passage out, for refilling. The fore and main-top men were busied clearing away the large boats which are carried amidships at sea, preparatory to their being hoisted out; and the balance of the men and boys looked on, or peeped out through the port-holes, at a shore which it was not likely they would be permitted to visit in *propria personæ*, however much they might long for that privilege.

For some time before breakfast was piped, I had noticed a number of large boats crowding around the larboard gang-way, but not permitted by the sentry to touch the vessel. As soon as it was breakfast-time these boats hauled alongside; after having their contents inspected by one of the assistant-surgeons, to see that they contained nothing deleterious to health, and by the master-at-arms, to prevent the importation of anything obnoxious to sobriety, the word was passed that the bumboats were alongside, and immediately a crowd besieged the narrow gangway anxious to examine their contents, and purchase an addition to the meagre ship's allowance. I was the lucky possessor of a silver dollar, sent aboard to me in Philadelphia by a considerate friend, and determined to invest a portion of my capital in fruit. Getting into the boats, I

found there for sale, oranges, bananas, cocoanuts, fried fish, boiled eggs, soft tack (the ship name for soft bread), and a sticky preparation of guavas, wrapped up in plantain leaves, and tasting not unlike a mixture of three parts maple sugar and one part clean sand. This was known by the euphonious title of *Johnny Kacká*, and was in great demand among the boys. The boats themselves were the scenes of most dire confusion. The articles kept for sale were piled away in bow and stern, the middle of the boat being left as a gangway or passage for customers. There was a terrible din, every one speaking, or rather hallooing at the top of his voice. The boats were continually rolling from side to side, as those on board changed places, and not unfrequently one would go gunwale under, and ship water, to the dismay of the owner, and the delight of mischievous sailors. In the stern of the boat nearest the vessel sat the notorious *Portuguese Joe*, presiding with the air of a Jew king over "the delicacies of the season." After waiting a reasonable length of time, with the idea that the crowd would either disperse or grow more orderly, but seeing no symptoms of either, I mustered up all my courage, and, money in my mouth (for sailors wear no pockets), rushed into the crowd, determining to be as reckless as any one. Falling over a waister with a bosom full of oranges, and a bunch of bananas in each hand, and leaving him on his back in the bottom of *Portuguese Joe's* boat, I rushed headlong into the farther skiff of the row, taking advantage of the swinging or rolling of the boats to give additional impetus to my jumps. I succeeded at length in reaching the desired place; not, however, without hav-

ing been instrumental in the downfall of more than one sturdy tar. But "every one for himself" was the ruling motto, and I thought, not unreasonably, that if they could stand it I could. Taking fast hold of a thwart, to prevent being pushed overboard in the general confusion, I now priced the articles exposed for sale. Dumps are the prevailing currency of Brazilian bumboats. What may be the legal tenders of the empire in general, thanks to the care with which we were preserved from the deleterious influences of the shore, I am unable to this day to say—but the *dump*, a piece of copper, of the value of two cents, was the coin by which the worth of everything in the boats was estimated. For five of these, or ten cents, I received about two dozen oranges, a bunch of bananas, and a small loaf of soft tack, and an additional dump procured me a *chunk* of the much-prized Johnny Kacká. On presenting my dollar for payment, I received in exchange no less than forty-four of the villainous dumps, accompanied by a grin from the salesman, which said as plain as could be:

"I hope you will have a good time getting on board with your load."

Tying the money into a little handkerchief, and putting that with my purchases into my bosom (the place where the man-of-war sailor deposits everything which a "landlubber" would carry in a basket or in his pockets), I followed pell-mell in the wake of a great broad-shouldered fellow, who was just making his way back, and succeeded in gaining the deck without an accident, except that, on looking for my Johnny Kacká, I found the greater portion of it smeared on my under

flannel. I found, on inquiry, that breakfast-time was over, and was obliged to defer enjoying my purchases until after quarters. Hurriedly depositing everything, oranges, bananas, money, and all, in the mess-chest, I slipped on my clean white frock and trousers. and stowed my bag in the locker just as the drum beat.

After quarters, I called a chum of mine, and we two went to our mess-chest, and there, in company with the cook, took "a regular blow out," not leaving a vestige of my purchase in view. I enjoyed the fruits amazingly. Oranges, such as are sold in the confectioneries at home, are but as dirt compared to the golden-ripe sweet fruit which was here brought us. The banana I had never seen before, but it needed only the experience gained by allowing one to melt away in my mouth, to assure me of the fact that its equal is scarcely to be found among all the luscious fruits of the tropics.

But enough of bumboats and gormandizing. At eleven o'clock we saluted the Brazilian flag, the salute being returned from the fort in the inner harbor. The market-boats, in the morning, had brought on board a day's allowance of fresh meat and vegetables for the crew (the fore and hind quarters of two large bullocks, and several hampers of sweet potatoes and other *greens*), and of this the ship's cook was now preparing a fragrant soup, the delicious odor of which pervaded the whole ship, causing us to long for the arrival of the dinner hour.

The afternoon was set apart for getting up tackles with which to hoist out the launch and cutters. This being done, and the decks swept, we were left at liberty to amuse ourselves

in whatsoever way best suited each one's peculiar idiosyncracy, until supper-time. Then there was the shifting into blue clothing for the night and the morrow's washing decks, after which came quarters, sundown, and tattoo, as detailed of the preceding day.

In port, when the weather is sufficiently warm to allow of it, all hands are generally made to dress in white. But the white clothing is only worn from breakfast until supper-time, a part of the day during which the vessel is open to the inspection of visitors.

Blue is the *working* dress of the navy; white, its "holiday rig." Your true man-of-war's man is very particular about his clothing. There is no greater dandy than he. No Broadway swell pays more attention to the cut, of his unmentionables, the set of his collar, the tie of his neckerchief, or the spotless lustre of his pumps, than does Jack. There is a multitude of curiously-wrought stitching on the broad collar and neat bosom of his *frock* (*Anglice*, shirt). Infinite pains have been taken to give his tarpaulin that marvellous gloss, and many an hour has he attitudinized before the little round pocket mirror, leaning against a gun, to give it that rakish set. His spotless white ducks set tight about the hips, and hang loosely at the bottom, just allowing the tips of a pair of patent-leather pumps to peep out from beneath their ample breadth. See him with his blue collar turned far back over his broad shoulders, exposing a manly and well-turned neck; his hat pressed jauntily over his left eyebrow; one hand carelessly resting on his hip, and you would scarcely need to be told that a true "blue-jacket" was before you.

For several successive days, the larger boats were now employed in bringing off water and some few provisions. The water was brought aboard in large casks, which were towed ashore empty, but tightly bunged, then rolled up to the watering place, filled, rolled down to the water's edge, and fastened together in the form of a raft, for convenience in towing. The watering parties, which consisted of the crews of the launch and the first cutter, were the only ones of the ship's company who got their feet on dry land, here. The watering place was situated in a portion of the harbor opposite to the city. The little rivulet where the casks were filled ran down to the bay through an orange grove, and our fellows used to bring off their bosoms full of the golden fruit, as trophies of the shore.

That no one was allowed to go ashore here was a bitter disappointment to me, who had come to see foreign lands—not bargaining, however, for so *distant* a view of them as I was now getting. Had there been the least opportunity for such a feat, I should have run away from the ship, so outrageous did it seem to me to be cooped up within the wooden walls of a vessel, within sight and reach of so much that was grand, and beautiful, and strange.

Rio de Janeiro is head-quarters for the United States Brazil Squadron, and as it is a convenieut harbor, and much used as a calling place for United States naval vessels bound to other stations, our government has there a depot of provisions. This is situated on a little isle in the harbor, called Rat Island, and is under charge of a United States officer. It was from this

AVENUE OF PALMS.

store-house that we drew our provisions, to make up the deficit caused by the consumption on our outward passage.

The month of July being for Brazil the dead of winter, it must not be supposed that the weather was continually as fine as on the day of our entrance into the harbor. Indeed, we were favored with but two or three more of such days during our stay. It being the rainy season, which answers to our winter, there was more or less rain every day or night—not, as with us, preceded and attended by dark, lowering clouds, and a gloomy, leaden sky, but coming up suddenly, lasting two, three, or four hours, and then clearing off, and succeeded by a scorching sun, which quickly dried up all the superabundant moisture.

Rio seems to be a place of eternal Sundays. In point of fact, from three to four days in every week are *saints' days*, on which occasions vessels of war of all nations are expected to dress up with all the colors and holiday gear obtainable, and salute the Brazilian ensign waving over the palace, near the water-side. The remaining days are generally devoted to the interchange of visits and other civilities among the dignitaries of the different fleets which always crowd this noble bay, and, of course, on such occasions, there is again a din of saluting; so that not a day passes when the harbor does not resound with salvos in honor of some live commodore or dead saint—their value, estimated in gunpowder, being about the same.

The bumboats, which had been so terribly besieged on our first arrival, were shortly almost deserted. Jack's *money* was gone. It takes but a marvellously short time to get to the bottom, of an outward-bound tar's purse, and we were fain to

content ourselves with casting wishful eyes at luxuries which, like the apples of Tantalus, were placed just beyond reach.

After three weeks' sojourn in Rio—or, rather, in the harbor—preparations were commenced for going to sea once more. The light sails were bent; chafing gear, sea-gaskets, and other rigging, laid aside or taken down out of sight on our entrance into harbor, were again put on. Large supplies of fruit, poultry and pigs came on board, for the use of the officers (poor Jack is only allowed to *look* at such delicacies), and, finally, the boats were hoisted in and lashed—and we were "ready for sea." The *sailing-day*, although perhaps settled on for weeks beforehand, is carefully concealed from all on board, even the lieutenants and other minor officers not being permitted to know it. Neither is the crew supposed to know (although it generally leaks out, somehow) whither the vessel is to proceed next. The reason of this secrecy, I do not know, except it is simply this, that the crew have *no business* to know, and therefore are not informed. At last, "all hands" were called one evening to "unmoor ship," the commodore came on board late at night, and next morning we got under weigh, and bade good-by to Rio.

Rio de Janeiro Bay lies in latitude twenty-five degrees and twenty-eight min. S., and longitude forty-two degrees and six min. W. It is a vast natural basin, surrounded on all sides by lofty peaks, and amply large enough to accommodate within its waters all the navies of the world. Here they might ride securely, land-locked, and safe from every gale that blows. For splendor of scenery, Rio Bay and its environs is unsurpassed by any

other in the world. It has, indeed, been thought inferior in this last respect to two others—those of Naples and Constantinople —but Mr. Fenimore Cooper, a competent judge, gives the palm to Rio.

We proceeded to sea with a light but fair breeze, which kept by us until we struck the south-east trades, at the end of the second week out. Once fairly at sea, the old routine of sea life recommenced. White clothes, which we had worn daily, in harbor, were laid aside, and blue dungaree resumed, and with it the every-day existence of which that species of cotton cloth seems to be a peculiar and universal type. Through the kind foresight of the commodore, we had carried out with us a supply of fresh beef and vegetables, sufficient to last the crew for two days, after which sea rations were again served out.

As I have not before given any account of these *sea rations*, it will be well enough to do so here. Each individual on board ship, from the commodore to the messenger boy, is allowed *one ration* per day, valued at six dollars per month. In this matter no difference is made by rank, the only distinction being that the officers are allowed to stop their rations, and take the value in money instead, with which, and funds contributed from their private purses, they supply their larder—while *Jack* is obliged to take the provision furnished by government. A ration consists of one pound and a half of biscuit per day, one pint of beans three times per week, three fourths of a pound of flour and two ounces of raisins twice a week, half a pint of rice twice a week, one-fourth of a pound each of butter and cheese, a gill each of molasses and vinegar twice a week, a daily allow-

ance of either tea, coffee, or cocoa (these are alternated), one and a half pounds of beef four times per week, one and one-fourth pounds of pork thrice a week, and half a gill of grog twice a day, at breakfast and dinner. The boys are considerately deprived of their grog, receiving in lieu thereof the sum of sixty cents per month. The existence of *mess cooks* has been before alluded to. The berth-deck is the chief scene of their labors. There the mess-chests are ranged between the guns, two messes occupying the space between every two guns. There are between twelve and sixteen men in each mess, who have their rations served out in common, and it is for the purpose of receiving the provisions from the purser's steward, preparing them for the ship's cook, and taking them of him again when cooked, that a *mess* cook is found necessary. These, however, are not by any means his only duties. He is required to keep the place about his mess, on the berth-deck, in an extraordinary state of cleanliness—to keep in good order the pots, pans, spoons, and other utensils belonging to the mess, and to have every article under his charge ready for a daily inspection, by the first lieutenant. This inspection is extremely rigid. The preparations for it commence daily at eleven o'clock; the lids of the mess-chests are taken off, exposing the inside to a thorough examination; the various tin pots and pans, brightly scoured, are set in rows on the inverted chest-lid, and locker doors are thrown widely open — every kind of concealment being strictly forbidden. At seven bells, half past eleven o'clock, the cooks stand by their mess-chests, and the first lieutenant, accompanied by the master-at-arms, passes around. He has on his hands, for the occasion,

white cotton gloves, and should he, in rubbing these on the inside of any tins, or on any portion of the gear, get them soiled with grease or dirt, woe betide the unfortunate cook, whose organ of tidiness has lacked development—he is sure to be paid with a flogging for the lieutenant's soiled gloves. The boilers in which the provisions are cooked are subject to a similar daily inspection—made, however, by the doctor, instead of the first lieutenant. The coppers, or kettles, in which the victuals for seven hundred men are prepared, are, as may be readily imagined, of no small size. On our ship there were three, one for tea or coffee, one for meat, and another for rice or beans, or "*duff*." Each of these divisions was six feet deep by four feet wide, and between five and six long. In scouring them out, the cook's assistants climb down into them, using sand and canvas to scrub them clean. When ready for inspection, the doctor is called, and, standing on a ladder put down into each copper for the purpose, rubs his white-gloved hand along the surface and in every nook and corner. As in the case of the mess cooks, every mark on the gloves is scored upon the back of the delinquent scullion. The office of ship's cook is generally held by a colored man, they having been proved by experience to be the *handiest* or best suited for the place. The office was in olden times one of some dignity, and our old black cook used to relate with great glee, that when he was a boy in the British Navy, the ship's cook was privileged to wear a sword.

"All same as Cap'en," said Cuffy, with a grin.

At seven bells, daily, the cook brings a sample of the

crew's dinner to the officer of the deck, who tastes it to see that it is properly cooked, after which it is served out to the mess cooks, who set the table preparatory to dinner.

While we were in Rio harbor, some of our tars, in whose heads the love of bad liquor set astir every bit of ingenuity of which they were the possessors, found means, notwithstanding the vigilance of the master-at-arms and his worthy coadjutors, to smuggle on board considerable quantities of a liquid, compounded, beyond doubt, of turpentine, water, and a dash of the country liquor to give it a tinge, but which they, good, trusty souls, firmly believed to be excellent rum. On a *skin* of this (as the bladders, in which it is secretly brought in, are called) three or four of them would manage to get gloriously fuddled, over night, and wake up next morning in the *brig*, where they were retained in safe keeping until the vessel should proceed to sea, when their final punishment would take place, there being, as a general thing, no *flogging* done in harbor. By the kindness of a friend, who occasionally imbibed, I was permitted to get a look and a smell at one of these mysterious skins, the safe arrival of which on board always produced such a terrible excitement among the foretopmen and forecastlemen. I found it to be simply a beef's bladder, filled about half full with imaginary rum. Filthy-looking, it certainly was; but the smell—faugh!—the pen of a wholesale dealer in *assa-fœtida* would fail to do justice to that. *I* will not attempt it. The *modus operandi* by which these skins are smuggled on board, I was never permitted to know, such secrets being strictly confined to the breasts of the chosen few who

make it their business to import liquor in such *original packages.*

The first Saturday at sea, the brig was *unmoored*, that is, the prisoners were punished, and set at liberty. Coming up the main hatchway, after quarters, I noticed a heavy grating lashed down to two eyebolts, at the weather gangway, and two light lines hanging down over the hammock rail above. Looking aft, I saw the marines, under arms, on the lee side of the quarter-deck, and officers coming on deck with their side arms on. Walking forward to inquire what meant all this preparation, I remarked an unusual stillness, all laughing and singing hushed, and even talking going on only in subdued tones. But here comes the boatswain. Winding loud his pipe, he calls:

"All hands witness punishment, ahoy!" The dread reality burst upon my mind. They were going to flog the poor fellows in the brig. Going down on the main-deck, I found the master-at-arms taking off their irons, which done, he marched them, under convoy of a sentry, up to the gangway. Meantime the officers gathered on the quarter-deck, swords in hand; the marines stood to their arms, and the boatswain was engaged in driving the men on deck, no one being allowed to absent himself from the barbarous display. Everybody being on deck, the captain descends from the poop and walks slowly to the gangway, where the master-at-arms hands him a list of the prisoners. The doctor stands behind the captain, to notify him when, in his opinion, the body that is being flogged threatens to succumb under the brutal infliction.

"Thomas Brown," calls the captain, gruffly.

The man steps forward in silence.

"You were drunk, sir. Master-at-arms, strip him."

Meantime, while the work of stripping is going on, the precise portion of the articles of war which Thomas Brown had transgressed by getting drunk, is read aloud, and the master-at-arms having helped the poor fellow off with his shirt and laid it loosely over his shoulders again, the quartermasters are ordered to "seize him up."

He is walked forward, on to the grating, to which his feet are securely fastened by lashings, his wrists being in like manner lashed to the hammock-rail, above his head. A few moments of dread silence now intervene, during which the chief boatswain's mate is seen nervously running his fingers through the cats.

"Boatswain's mate, do your duty."

He advances, and, poised on his right foot, swinging the cats over his back, takes deliberate aim at the human back spread before him.

Thug, sounds the cat.

"*One*," solemnly announces the master-at-arms. The victim does not move.

Thug—two.

Now the flesh on his back quivers and creeps, the injured muscles contract, and the stripes assume a bright red tinge.

Thug—three.

The stripes turn a dark purple, and the grating shakes

convulsively with the reluctant start wrung from the strong man in agony.

Thug—four.

Blood—O God, I could look no more, but burying my face in my hands, turned from the sickening scene. But still the dull *thug* resounded in my ears, followed toward the last by a low moan, until twelve was reached, when the boatswain's mate was stopped, the poor fellow taken down, his shirt flung over his bleeding back, and another victim called forth.

About twenty were flogged that morning. Many more times was I compelled to hear the sharp whistle of the cat as it swung through the air, and the dull sound of the blow as it met the quivering flesh; but never more did I *see* a man flogged.

I fancy that those editors and legislators who sit in their cosey arm-chairs, in office or congressional hall, and talk wisely about the necessity of flogging for sailors, need only once to witness the infliction of the punishment they think so needful, and experience within their own breasts the feeling of dark humiliation which falls upon the soul at seeing the manhood thus being scourged out of a fellow-creature, to alter their convictions as to the expediency of flogging. Let them see once the *down* look of the poor victim of a barbarous tyranny, and they will not say, "It does not injure a sailor."

Thank God, the counsels of mercy have prevailed and the American Navy is no longer disgraced by the lash.

It may be asked here, What was the effect upon the rest of the ship's company? Of *visible* effect there was little. A

man-of-war is not the place for too free an expression of opinion. The regulations of the service do not admit of freedom of speech. They contain such a word as *mutiny*, for which they provide "death, or such other punishment as a court-martial shall provide." And, as there can be no half-way talk concerning so brutal a practice as flogging a human being—a creature created in the image of God—the consequence is an ominous silence. "A still tongue makes a wise head"—nowhere more so than in the service, where it is truly said:

"You are allowed to *think* what you please, but you must not think aloud."

IN THE TROPICS.

CHAPTER VIII.

The south-east trades—A gale off the Cape, and what succeeded it—St. Paul's and New Amsterdam—Return to fine weather—Water-spouts.

WHEN we were once fairly in the south-east trades, then began one of the most delightful portions of our voyage. This wind is much more steady than the north-east trades, and is carried much longer. Our course lying to the southward and eastward, we sailed *by* the wind, with larboard tacks aboard. Not being able to carry studding-sails, as the wind was not fair, we rigged skysail masts, and set skysails above the royals. With these spread, we sailed along between fifteen and twenty days, without starting tack or sheet.

Of course, the *ocean* itself differs but little in these latitudes from anywhere else. It is the same vast expanse of undulating blue, heaving in long rollers, as far as eye can reach, and out of which the sun glides silently but swiftly, in the morning, returning again in golden splendor at night. But the accessories are what makes the sailing here so pleasant. Nowhere else, at sea, is the wind so entirely soft and devoid of all harshness. Even in strong breezes, it fans one's cheek like the soft zephyrs which, at home, announce to us the advent of spring. Then, the glorious constellations of the southern

hemisphere, which we now first began to bring plainly above the horizon, viewed through the slight haze which prevails in these latitudes, assumed an intense and vivid brightness, which was as beautiful as strange. The vast masses of snow-white clouds which continually roll up from the south-east add grandeur to the scene. The waters, which at night sparkle as though reflecting the stars above, marking the ship's wake in a long band of glistening gold—these waters are alive with fish. All day long, the voracious dolphin pursues the little flying-fish, running him out of the water here, only to await him with open maw, at the spot where, his strength failing, he falls back into the waves. Schools of porpoises leap high above the swell, exulting in a power which neither wind nor tide can overcome. Around the bows of the vessel, the bonita and albicore are running us a race, vast shoals of them accompanying us from day to day, shooting now far ahead of the vessel, waiting for her to come up, encircling her, and darting around in every direction.

SHARK.

Day after day, this view continues the same. The ocean, the clouds, the breeze, the very fish even that gambol about

the bows, seem to be the same, and one could easily fancy the vessel to be set here in mid-ocean, like one of those little miniature ships which we see on old-fashioned clocks, rolling and pitching all day, but making no headway.

In order to keep the south-east trades until they lose themselves in stormy breezes from the south, India-bound vessels, after crossing the line, generally make a wide detour from their nearest course. The shortest way, measured by miles, would, of course, be to skim along the coast of Africa, rounding the cape at a safe distance from land, and then stretching off to the north and east, or up the Mozambique—the former "passage to India." But experience has taught the navigator of these seas that on such a course (the one pursued in the olden times by the Portuguese and Dutch, the first navigators of these waters) they would meet with continual and strong head-winds, and would have to contend with a powerful current, which sets around the cape to the westward, making it almost an impossibility to beat around to the east. From this difficulty, experienced by the first Portuguese navigator who attempted this passage to the Indies, and who named the promontory "Stormy Cape," as well as for a long time after by the Portuguese and the Dutch, then eager competitors in the trade with Cathaya and the Grande Khan, probably arose the legend of Philip Vanderdecken and his crew, in the Flying Dutchman, who, it is said, are still beating about in their old galiot off the Cape of Storms, vainly inquiring of passing vessels after the welfare of their good old square-built *vrows*, in Amsterdam, whose names, alas, have long since faded from the memory of

man. Poor Vanderdecken! expiating his impious obstinacy, in vowing to cruise there till he got around, "if it took him till the day of judgment," by beating back and forth in the storm-winds of the cape, vainly waiting for the fair wind, which never comes. What a set of "old salts" his crew must be, to be sure!

Standing on, we were soon in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, although many degrees to the westward of it. The weather now began to undergo a very sensible change. The nights, before mild, grew cool. The breeze, soft even in its strength, became harsh, and howled strangely through the rigging —foreboding a storm, the old tars said. The clouds, which rolled over in vast snow-white masses, not dense enough to conceal the bright constellations of the South, grew darker and more lowering. The Atlantic assumed a longer and more powerful roll, as though gathering strength for the approaching conflict with the vast waves of the Indian Ocean. The flying-fish, the albicore, and bonita, and the white tropic bird, have left us, and in their places we have the cape pigeon, screaming in our wake all day. At last, a solitary albatross appears—lonely harbinger of a land of ice and snow.

In latitude forty-five degrees we stood over on the other tack, and, with a stiff topgallant breeze, lay on our course to the east-north-east. The wind, which had been growing stronger for some days, now freshened into a gale, and the second evening after changing our course found us under close-reefed fore and maintopsails, reefed foresail, and storm staysail. The night was exceedingly wild; the mountain billows *roared* as

they dashed past us on their resistless path; the mad storm-wind seemed to tear spitefully through the rigging, shrieking

STORMY PETREL.

as though angered that our good ship withstood all his powers. Once in a while, a solitary cape pigeon would rise from a

wave, only to be dashed with a shrill scream into the water again. It blew great guns. Our vessel wallowed through the seas, rolling the mouths of the main-deck guns under at every lurch. We had been all day preparing for the gale—putting extra lashings on the guns, relieving-tackles on the tiller to ease the rudder, getting gratings and tarpaulins over the hatches, and doubly securing the boats, booms, etc. This was the first real gale of wind we had yet seen. Now, for the first time, was our spar-deck wet with sprays. Even now, however, the vessel shipped no regular seas, washing everything fore and aft, as would be the case with a smaller vessel under such circumstances, but once in a while a great monster wave would lift its head against our side, and bursting when just reaching up to our upper ports, send a little deluge across the deck, to run out to the leeward. Life-ropes had been rigged toward night, to prevent any one from being carried forcibly to leeward in the heavy lurches. At evening quarters every gun was thoroughly re-secured, and train-tackles, reaching from the guns to bolts in amidships of the deck, bowsed taut in order to take the heavy strain off the ship's side. The ports were closed as tightly as possible, and hammocks were piped down early, to give the watch below a chance to *turn in*, out of the wet and cold.

A vessel of war is an uncomfortable place in a gale of wind. To be sure the large crew makes the labor of taking in sail and making all snug comparatively light. But while the merchant sailor, his work done, turns into his warm bunk, and keeps himself dry and comfortable—comfortable compara-

tively speaking only, reader—but all comfort is comparative—the man-of-war's man, on going below, finds a wet and sloppy deck, up and down which he must puddle, the weary hours of his watch below. Hammocks are not allowed below during the day; seats there are none, or almost none; to sit or lie down on the wet deck is impossible, and there is nothing for it but to walk, a proceeding that has the additional advantage of keeping up the temperature of one's body, which is apt to get low in the absence of all fire, when the thermometer ranges only about ten degrees above the freezing point. In fact, the only comfortable place I could ever find on board our vessel, in a gale, was in the *tops*. There, with a tarpaulin wrapped about the weather rigging to keep off the wind, and a jacket or two rolled around one's body to keep out the cold, there was an amount of real comfort to be gotten (comparative, of course, as before said), of which a landsman can have no idea.

The captain was on deck nearly all night, watching attentively the behavior of the ship and the action of the gale. All night great masses of scud swept wildly over the sky, the wind, in its fury, tearing, twisting, and spinning it about, like cotton in a cotton-gin. At twelve o'clock, the gale had so much freshened as to make it necessary to take in the foretopsail. On board a little merchant craft, this would now have been a piece of work to employ all hands for the better part of a watch. Here, a few maintop men were sent over to aid the foretop men, and, without disturbing the watch below, the rag was taken off her.

In a strong gale of wind like this was, it is a critical piece of work to take in a sail without having it slatted to pieces. The wind, now filling, now backing the loose canvas as the sheets are eased and the clew-lines hauled up, tries every thread, and oftentimes, when the sail is not quite new, the canvas, on the first slat, is blown clear out of the bolt-ropes. But on board vessels of war, where there is an abundance of hands, such accidents are generally avoided.

We took every precaution. Manning the lee clew-line, that clew, or corner of the sail, was hauled up until the leach was stretched tightly along under the yard. Then lifting the weather leach a little, by bracing in the yard, the weather clew-line was quickly run up; the buntlines, previously released from their lizards on the yard, were triced up until the sail was entirely bound up by its rope, and it lay as quietly as though in a calm. The topmen quickly stowed it, and we were snug again. But scarcely had the last man gotten down off the topsail yard before, with a noise louder than thunder, the reefed foresail split down the middle cloth, and blew away to leeward, not leaving enough of the canvas in the ropes to make a towel of. The rope and clews, all that remained of that portion of the sail which was exposed to the fury of the gale, were quickly clewed up, and fastened to the yard.

The strain which is brought upon a sail when it is filled or distended by the wind, does not, by any means, fall upon all parts alike. The extremities receive the greater share, and to enable them to withstand this, the edges of the sail are lined with strong rope, to which the sailcloth is secured in a

peculiar manner. The perfect soundness and stability of this rope being of great importance to the sail, pains are taken to secure for that purpose a superior quality of rigging. A kind called *bolt-rope*, the yarns or minute strands of which are prepared with especial care, is exclusively used. Our foresail was a nearly new sail, but, unfortunately, the foot-rope proved defective, having probably gotten chafed or worn, and parting in a gust of more than usual violence, the whole sail blew away.

On board a merchant ship, an accident of this kind would not be repaired until the gale moderated; but a different spirit prevails in government vessels.

"Let them send the reef down on deck, Mr. Johnson," said our captain, "and let the waisters of the watch go down into the sail-locker and bring up the other foresail. We'll bend it immediately."

The remnants of the torn sail were soon hauled down on deck, and the new one being stretched across the forecastle, the rigging was bent, the sail reefed, then securely furled, and, taking advantage of a temporary lull, triced aloft, hauled out, and bent.

"Set it, sir," said the skipper, in answer to the boatswain, who came aft to report the sail bent, and ready for hauling down.

Old Pipes opened his eyes at this, for the gale was evidently increasing instead of diminishing. The foretack was stretched along aft, the watch clapped on it, and the weather corner securely hauled down to the knight-heads, the foresheet bowsed down as far as the reefed sail would allow, and the

ship, under the lifting influence of an additional forward sail, shipped less water, and rode over the seas lighter than before.

Coming on deck at eight o'clock next morning, we found a singular spectacle engaging the attention of the watch on deck. A little brig lay hove to, a quarter of a mile under our lee. She had evidently been brought to under a close-reefed maintopsail and foresail, and foretopmast staysail, but all three of the sails had been blown clear of the bolt-ropes, and she was now riding under bare poles, with only a bit of tarpaulin spread in the main rigging. The ropes were still distended, tack nor sheet having been started, and the *form* of the lost sails thus fluttered in the gale. We could now see the power of the waves, as they tossed the little craft about as though she had been a chip. Once in a while, she would be lifted high up on a monster wave, which, receding from under her, exposed to our view the greater portion of her keel, leaving her to fall with a heavy sug into the trough of the sea, where she would lie for some minutes completely hid from our sight, until rising again upon the succeeding billow.

The gale lasted all day and night, but died away toward the next morning, leaving us a terrible sea. Sail was made as the wind decreased, to keep her as steady as possible, but by noon it was nearly calm, with the sea running mountain high. This is the kind of weather which is most trying to spars and rigging. With no wind to steady the vessel, by bearing her down upon and against the water, the ship lies like an unwieldy monster at the mercy of the billows. Roll-

ing down on one side till the guns are fairly dipped, and the lower yard-arms almost touch the waters, she fetches up with a sudden and violent jerk, which makes her quiver to her keel, and threatens to take every stick out of her, falling meantime down on the other side, only to repeat the jerk. Thus we lay at the mercy of the sea, rolling gunwales down, for twenty-four hours, topsails lowered on the cap, courses hauled up to keep them from slatting to pieces, tumbling about like a wreck upon the waters. To walk about the decks was nearly impossible. If actually necessary to move, one watches the roll, and sitting down on the deck, slides down to the spot it is desired to reach. Shot-boxes, shot-racks, match-tubs, all the minor appurtenances of war, which are commonly allowed to stand loose in their places, were sliding about, to the evident danger of the limbs of passers-by. The cook threatened to suspend operations in the galley—but, finally, made out to cook half allowance, the bean soup actually rolling out of the coppers while cooking. At dinner, each man having secured his pan of soup, hastened to secure himself, for the purpose of consuming it. Some lashed themselves to guns and stanchions, and there swallowed their dinner at their ease. Others were perched in coils of rigging, where, being suspended clear of the deck, they had the advantage of retaining their perpendicular position, let the ship roll how she would. And others yet, sat themselves down on deck, taking their chances of sliding into the scuppers, in some heavy lurch. Once, when an unusually heavy roll occurred, I heard a tremendous rattle of tin, and looking forward, saw a whole mess, who had seated themselves around the cloth, slid-

ing gloriously down to leeward, on the seats of their trousers, fetching up against the side with a force which must have been of material service in settling their dinners.

On deck, the creaking, and slatting, and jerking, the gradual sinking over one side, and the sudden recoil, continued to

OUR CONSORT IN A GALE.

make it nearly impossible to move about. It was much as one could do to *hold on*, and when a pull was to be got on any rope, it was first necessary for the men to fasten themselves to the rail in its immediate vicinity, or to pull with one hand and hold on with the other. The racket made by rigging swinging

about, blocks flying violently against masts and rigging, and the groaning of the vessel, put all conversation, in ordinary tones, out of the question. It was a scene of indescribable, almost inconceivable, confusion. The captain and commander, ever and anon, cast anxious glances aloft, fearful that the continual jerking would carry away some of the top-hamper. Luckily, everything held fast. In such a time as this, when it would be almost impossible to go aloft to repair anything, the safety of all the masts depends on the solidity with which each one is secured. Let but one piece of standing rigging give out—carrying with it, as it would, the mast which it was designed to support—and it is but the prelude to every mast going by the board; for the spars of a vessel are so intimately connected with one another, each supporting the other, that a loss of even a topgallantmast, in a heavy sea, would be likely to cause the dismasting of the ship.

We watched our little companion, the brig, with some curiosity, to see how she would stand the seaway. She was tossed about fearfully—now rolling over to starboard, and exposing to our view all her larboard side down to her keel; then back to port, until her masts seemed parallel with the water, and her deck at right angles with the plane of the horizon; now, an immense wave fairly threw her bow into the air, as though bent upon sending her over; again, the whole vessel plunged madly into a yawning abyss, causing one involuntarily to catch his breath at the suddenness and violence of the descent; now, a mountain wave hid her entirely from our sight, and again, she was launched in mid-air, as though some giant were playing at catch-ball with her.

On the third day after the gale broke up, the sea was once more moderately quiet, nothing remaining now as evidence of the late gale, except the long rolling swell which prevails in this latitude, as well as perhaps to a greater degree off Cape Horn. The calm which succeeded the gale had, in its turn, been followed by a light and fair breeze, with the aid of which we were now shaping our course to the eastward, with all sail set.

The sailing-master desired to sight the islands of St. Paul's and New Amsterdam, and by them prove his reckoning, or "get a new departure," as it is called, before laying the ship on her course for Java Head, which was to be, it was now pretty generally understood, the first point at which we would touch.

As soon as the vessel was once more on an even keel, there was a general wash-day, to give all hands an opportunity of getting the salt water out of their wet clothes, and to dry them. It was still quite cold and raw, but impelled by necessity, stern necessity, which knows not pity, nor cares for raw fingers, nor frosted toes, the writer hereof "pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves," took off his shoes and stockings, and tucked up his trousers above his knees, to shiver for two mortal hours over a tubful of clothes, which, having got wet and soiled during the late gale, required immediate renovation. Pity—O washerwomen of America—pity poor Jack, who sits shivering upon a gun-slide, and rubs the skin off his knuckles in vain attempts to transfer the dirt (save the mark) from his shirts to the water. Verily, washing clothes twelve degrees south of the

cape, is a commendable instance of the pursuit of cleanliness under difficulties.

Aided by a fair and freshening breeze, a few days sufficed to overcome the distance between us and the islands of which we were next to get a sight; and on the eighth day after the gale, the cry of "land-ho!" from the maintop masthead gave us to understand that the object of our search was attained. The land was right ahead, and a few hours' sailing brought us within a couple of miles of its most northern point.

The isles of St. Paul's and Amsterdam are situated in latitude thirty-eight south, and longitude seventy-seven degrees twenty-two minutes east. Bare and sterile, unproductive of aught of ornament or use, their sole tenants are the sea-birds which congregate there to hatch out their young, and a few goats, descendants of a pair left there some years ago by a benevolent whaling skipper, who thus made provision for some future shipwreck. A French vessel was cast away upon St. Paul's some fifteen years ago, and the crew lived there in lonesome suspense nearly two years before they were taken off by an accidentally passing American whale ship. It was this whaling captain who, passing that way again on his next voyage, landed upon St. Paul's a pair of goats, whose descendants have stocked the island.

Getting the bearing and distance of the land, and having thus a fresh point of departure, we now packed on all sail, and steered toward the north. Day by day we emerged out of the cold mist of the southern latitudes into the bright, warm sunshine of a more temperate zone. It seemed as though a

thick curtain was being drawn away from before the sun. What a privilege the sailor enjoys in being able to bring before him thus in the course of a few short weeks, all the seasons of the year, from rugged autumn and frosty winter, to genial spring and torrid summer.

Each day we now experienced a different climate, graduating from a most uncomfortably raw, damp, and cold atmosphere, which brought the thermometer quite to the freezing point, through all the shades and qualities of spring weather, until, in three weeks, we were sweltering under the burning sun of the equator.

As soon as we got again into warm weather, all hands were set to work scrubbing the ship, inside and out, masts and all. The mists in the southern latitudes have a peculiar effect upon white paint, settling upon it in a thick mildew, which looks precisely like dirt, and is exceedingly hard to rub off. Our paint-work had long been an eyesore to the commander, who, in fact, had the never-failing black-listers going around with hand-swabs or mops, and buckets, daily, washing off the previous night's accumulations of mildew; but their efforts were not sufficient to keep it looking neat. Taking advantage, therefore, of one of the first fine days we were favored with, on our return to the north, soap, sand, canvas, and small quantities of fresh water were served out, and commencing early in the morning, by eight bells in the afternoon we had the old craft looking as bright as a new pin. And from henceforth, scrubbing off the paint-work was added to the morning labor of washing decks, and a very disagreeable addition it was, as I experienced, it

becoming my diurnal duty to scrub off one side of the poop deck.

There is no class of vessels, however uncleanly their *occupation*, from the whaleman, and even the old codfisherman, up to the dandy Indiaman and the man-of-war, about which there may not be found some piece of *fancy-work*, some favored place, on the cleaning and ornamenting of which the mate or captain has set his heart, and in their regard toward which, these worthies may be said to have a certain weakness. Your *grand-banker*, who may be smelt a mile off, on a smooth day, if you are so unfortunate as to be under his lee—who lives, moves, and has his being in the midst of decaying codlivers and decayed fish—who stumps about all day in tough oil-clothes, and sea-boots with soles an inch thick, washes his face once a month, and cuts a notch in the mainmast when he changes his shirt—this same rusty old fellow will look thunder at you, should you by accident place a soiled shoe upon his *half-deck*, and will wash this little favored oasis in the surrounding wilderness of dirt, every day of his fishing cruise.

The right whaleman, whose main-deck is made visible only by removing a superficial deposit of at least two inches in thickness of gummy train oil, will holystone the poop-deck every Saturday afternoon, and place a spittoon beside the helmsman, that the immaculate purity of that little spot may not be defiled by the extract of Cavendish. The merchant captain pays often more attention to the brightness of his paint-work than to the correctness of his reckoning, and prizes more highly the sailor who can turn in a dead eye snugly, or fit up a neat pair

of man ropes, than him who gives the heaviest pull on the halyards, or is first at an earing. But on board a vessel of war —there perfect cleanliness and neatness is the one grand desideratum, to the attainment of which, no labor is spared, no pains shunned, no time considered lost. From five to seven, we holystone decks. From seven to eight we clean bright-work. At half-past eight the sweepers "sweep down." At seven bells, morning and afternoon, they repeat the sweeping, and even at half-past seven at night, that portion of the half-deck which is lighted up is carefully re-swept.

Woe betide the careless fellow whom the lynx-eyed first lieutenant, or his worthy coadjutor, the boatswain, has caught spitting upon the deck. He is condemned for the next month to carry about with him a spittoon, for the convenience of such of his shipmates as may indulge in the luxury of chewing tobacco—a perambulating spit-box, at the command of every passer-by.

Having gotten our paint-work thoroughly cleansed, we now hauled up from their tiers the massive chain cables, which were stretched along decks, in order to have the rust beaten and rubbed off the links. All day long, for a week, all hands sat over these cables, pounding and clinking away, like an army of amateur blacksmiths, then carefully scouring and dusting each link, and after having its soundness tested by the armorer, daubing it over with a mixture of coal-tar and lacquer.

This done, and the cable re-stowed in the hold, the gun carriages were stained, the guns blackened, the stanchions lacquered, the masts scraped, the rigging tarred, the mast-heads

varnished, and so on, *ad infinitum*, until by the time all was done matters were in proper trim to re-commence at the beginning and do it all over again. Nor is all this scrubbing, and scouring, and scraping, and sweeping altogether unnecessary. It is singular how fast, at sea, far away from the dust and smoke of the shore, the decks and sides of the vessel will become soiled. It is told of Captain Cook, who was a species of aqueous Benjamin Franklin, and sought for a *reason* for all the minor phenomena of every-day life at sea, that he searched long and attentively, on one of his voyages in circumnavigating the globe, into this mystery, but was at last compelled to leave its elucidation to some future marine Solomon.

After crossing the southern tropic, we met with frequent calms. The farther north we got, the more unsettled became the weather, the more frequent the rains and light, baffling breezes, giving occasion for much working ship, without setting us in a corresponding degree forward on our way. It was in such weather as this, and when yet over a week's sail from Java Head, that I saw for the first time a water-spout. One day, when the clouds hung particularly low, and looked a dull black, as though surcharged with water, a light breeze sprang up and blew down toward us several *spouts*. One approached quite near, comparatively speaking, say within an eighth of a mile, and, on looking at it through a spyglass, I beheld the singular spectacle of water from the sea apparently being drawn up into the clouds, through the inside of the double funnel which formed the spout. As I afterward frequently witnessed the formation of a water-spout, I will describe here how it comes

about. The time apparently most suitable for them seems to be a dark, lowering day, when the clouds, filled with moisture, hang low over the water, ready to discharge their contents, but seeming to be prevented from it by a lack of some stimulating power in the air. If there is a tolerably strong breeze, it is all the better. On such a day, one hears a hissing, rushing noise to leeward, and turning the eyes in that direction sees, perhaps a quarter of a mile off, a peculiarly black-looking, low-hanging cloud, and directly under it a spot on the water, bubbling and seething as though at boiling heat. The first I saw, I took to be two whales fighting. Directly, this foaming water comes smartly to windward, going directly in the teeth of the prevailing breeze, at the rate of perhaps three or four miles an hour. Arriving abreast of the ship, and but a little distance off, it causes the wind to die away, evidently killing it all along its path. It is a little whirlwind, which is spinning around the water in its track with great velocity, lashing it into a foam, and gathering a volume of it from all sides into a cone or peak, which rises and falls convulsively. Directly, the cloud, which has all the while accompanied the whirlwind, opens in the middle, just above the little central peak, and a long, narrow tube or tongue shoots down toward the water. It is returned again to the cloud, and now the peak ascends to meet it. They do not succeed, and each returns again to its place, only however for another trial; and this time the two minute tubes touch. The junction is effected, the pipes instantly swell to large dimensions—still remaining smaller in the middle, however, than they are at any other portion of

their body—and the water begins to pass in a thin column up through the centre of the spout. That the salt water of the ocean actually goes up into the cloud and there remains, is not probable; but it certainly goes part of the way up. All this time, the spout is moved over the surface of the water by the force of the wind. It has the precise shape of an hour-glass, and makes a dull hissing roar, apparently caused by the constant and rapid commotion of the waters within its circumference. It sometimes happens that a cloud coquettes for a long time with the whirlwind, but is not able finally to form a connection with the ocean, and it at last turns away, as though in disgust at its ill success. In such cases, the whirlwind evidently lacks strength to raise the water of the ocean skyward. I was never fortunate enough to see one in the act of breaking, although I have frequently *heard* them. Their fall causes a loud noise, somewhat like the breaching of a whale, or distant thunder, and the mass of falling water makes a great turmoil in the ocean.

WATER-SPOUT.

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival at Java Head—Javanese bumboats—Batavia—The native boatmen—Sail for China—Seaserpents—Becalmed off Borneo—Nearly ashore—Short allowance of water—The Commodore's water-cure—Wormy bread.

AT length one rainy morning, the joyful cry of "land-ho!" from an old quartermaster who had for some hours been perched aloft, spy-glass in hand, announced that we were not far distant from our haven. By the aid of a favoring breeze, eight bells in the afternoon found us just at the entrance to the harbor. But slight mention has heretofore been made of the little sloop-of-war that accompanied us on our voyage. The sailing qualities of our ship were so far superior to hers, that it was found impossible to keep her in sight, astern, without our going constantly under short sail, or lying to, several hours out of the twenty-four. Her captain had therefore received his sailing directions shortly after leaving Rio, and we soon after lost sight of her, astern, and left her to make the best of her way to Java alone. We were now eager to know if she had gotten in before us, and every eye was strained as we slowly rounded the point behind which lies the anchorage, to see if there was any vessel in harbor resembling her. A man upon the mainroyal yard, who was able at that

MALAY CHILDREN.

height to look over a portion of the land, reported a vessel at anchor within.

"Can you make her out?" asked the captain.

"She's a large ship, with black yards, and painted ports, sir."

"Do you think she looks like our consort vessel?" sung out the commodore.

After a good look, "I can't tell, sir," was the answer.

And we did not ascertain that it *was* she, until having fairly rounded the point and opened out the anchoring ground, we were able to exchange signals with her. As soon as we brought to, her captain came on board, and we learned from the boat's crew that they had been lying here three days already, waiting for us. Verily, the battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift.

We found that she also had been in the gale off the cape, having lost there a flying jibboom, and had her larboard head stove in by a sea. They had not, however, experienced the succeeding calm and heavy sea, which had tossed us about so unmercifully.

Scarcely was the anchor down and the sails furled, before a number of bumboats put off from shore, for the ship. As it was nearly supper-time, they were permitted to come alongside, and were immediately filled by a crowd—some to buy, but most to look at the articles displayed.

There was but very little money at this time among the crew, and many a poor fellow was obliged to content himself with casting longing, lingering looks at the delicious fruits

which were here brought off. I had spent my last *dump* at Rio, and should have been moneyless myself, had not the purser fortunately served out three months' *grog money* to the boys a few days before we made the land. On my share of this, amounting to the sum of one dollar and eighty cents, I depended for bumboat money during all the time we should pass in these seas. I therefore hoarded it pretty closely, and devoted the first evening to a preliminary observation of the contents of the boats, determined not to invest until I had made sure of the best.

It may be supposed that among all the wonders exposed to my eager eyes in the bumboats, not the least was the old Malay bumboatman himself. I had read at home wonderful stories of the treacherous and murderous dispositions of the natives of these islands, and looked upon the straight-haired, high-cheek-boned old fellow who was seated before me, cross-legged, in a very easy style of undress (he had only a rag round his middle), with a kind of secret awe, not knowing but the hand which was now holding out to me a delicious mangosteen had ere now reached forth the poisoned cup; not certain that the voice which was now mildly entreating me to "buy cocoanut, master; only two pice," had not rung out fiercely in the murderous fray.

"No buy, eh?" repeated the old fellow, for the third or fourth time, as he turned from me to some better customer.

But somebody else presently claimed my attention. In moving about, I had inadvertently stepped upon the toes of

GIANT BANYAN TREE.

a good-sized monkey, who was brought along for sale. He set up a most horrible screech, and leaped upon me, winding his long arms about my neck, trying to scratch me. Fortunately he had been muzzled, else I should have fared but poorly in his clutches. Getting rid of the disgusting animal, I took a look around me.

What a profusion and variety of fruits! Oranges, bananas, and cocoanuts formed the staples, to which must be added the soft guava, the cooling pomegranate, the shaddock, looking and tasting somewhat like a large orange, the mountain apple, and a dozen other varieties, concluding with that most incomparably delicious of all fruits, the mangosteen. Glorious mangosteen! whose sugary pulp melts in your mouth, and leaves you only to regret the too-quickly fading aroma which has filled your senses. It is, in shape and color, somewhat like a large walnut, before the outside green rind is taken off it. Not unlike this rind or shell, too, is the peel of the mangosteen, which is stripped off in sections, exposing to view a soft faint-reddish and violet-colored pulp, having a taste half sweet, half acid, and an aroma—as though all the spices of all the spice islands were here combined.

Add to all these fruits an almost inexhaustible variety of birds, from that diminutive twitterer, the Java sparrow, to the parrot, and monkeys of all sorts, sizes, colors, and prices, from a quarter of a dollar to two and a half dollars, and the reader has before him a Javanese bumboat. Fancy the feelings of the poor fellows who, finding themselves for the first time in their lives among these luxuries, are debarred the enjoyment

of them, by the lack of means to purchase; yet this was the situation of the greater part of our ship's crew.

Naval commanders make it their duty to hoard up poor Jack's money for him—keeping it carefully out of his hands during an entire three years' cruise, among all the curiosities and harmless luxuries of foreign lands, in order that he may have a chance to spend his *pile* in drunken orgies at the end of the cruise. However unjust and impolitic such a course seems, it is the one almost universally adopted in the navy.

Our crew received but *ten dollars* per man, of their wages, in the course of a cruise lasting three years, and that was given to them in Valparaiso, where almost every cent of it was spent in a three days' drunken frolic on shore.

From Java Head, the commodore proceeded overland to Batavia, and in a few days a Dutch steamer was sent around to tow our ship into Batavia Bay. Here we lay for four weeks, just out of sight of the city, which is nine miles distant from the outer anchorage. Here our real East Indian life began.

The heat of the sun and the prevalence of malaria make this one of the most fatal places to Europeans or Americans, in all the East. Strict orders were, therefore, given by the surgeon, that no one was to be exposed to these influences, and a course was adopted which, in great measure, preserved health on board ship.

All hands were called at four o'clock A. M. From then till six, the decks were scrubbed, the bright-work cleaned, and everything cleared up. At six, which is in these tropical

HOUSE AT BATAVIA.

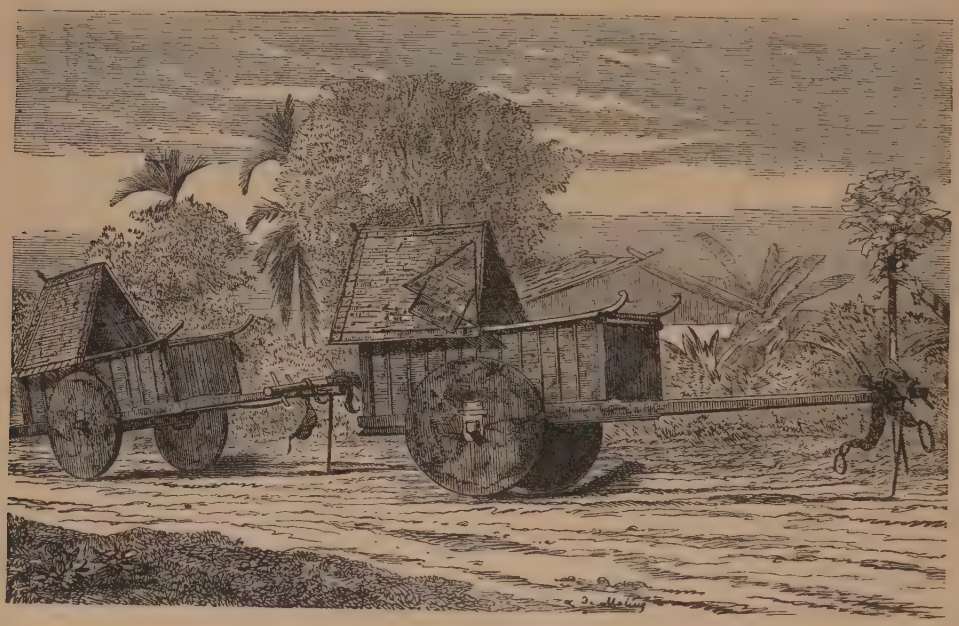
regions the hour of sunrise, the awnings were spread fore and aft, curtains drawn down from the awnings to the top of the rail, excluding *all* the sun, and the balance of the day was devoted to sewing, reading, talking, or the *dolce far niente.*

The awnings produce an agreeable current of air along the upper deck of the vessel, making it pleasantly cool. The open ports afforded us delightful views of the low shore, with its thick jungle of dark cool-looking green. The only drawback to our enjoyment (and to me it was a most material one) was that we were debarred from all contact with the shore, which, looking so quietly beautiful, was yet said to contain within its umbrageous shades the germ of every fatal fever.

Even our boats' crews remained on board, three boats' crews of Malays performing all the boating duty. These boatmen were objects of much curiosity to me. They were brought on board one day by a Malay gentleman, a swarthy, ferocious-looking fellow, with a fierce mustache and keen eye, and a snake-like gliding in his walk, which put one somehow in mind of the long, curved, glistening kryss he carried by his side, of which weapon these people know how to make such fearful use. Far different from him, in appearance, however, were the poor fellows who were hired to do our drudgery of boating. These are stolid-faced men, with a look of bloated brutality, and a treacherous, thieving twinkle in their little eyes, which makes one involuntarily shrink from them.

They all chew the betel nut, with lime. Their teeth and lips are in consequence as black as ink, and their capacious mouths, when open, remind one of an *un*whitewashed sepul-

chre. They slept upon deck, and were under the direction of an old man, who was their *serang* or boatswain, and whom they implicitly obeyed. They spoke but little English, but the gift of an occasional biscuit made the old serang my friend, and he used to entertain me with wonderful stories of serpents,



JAVANESE CARTS.

and of the far-famed Upas tree of Java, the last of his yarns always exceeding in incredibility all former samples, until one day I took him to account for lying so. His black mouth opened wide, and with an easy grin, he replied:

"Oh, massa, me tink you b'lieve all. But neber mind, I stuff somebody else. Greenhorns swallow um so," and he took

down half a biscuit to exemplify the way in which his wonders were hoisted in.

Having taken in our due supply of water, the necessity for which was the principal cause of our stoppage here, we once more got under weigh, and proceeded to sea, this time bound direct to China.

It had been determined that on leaving Batavia we should stand over toward Borneo, and enter the China Sea by way of the Straits of Macassar and the Sooloo Archipelago, a rather dangerous path for a large ship, or for any ship, in fact, but chosen on this occasion because the lateness of the season in regard to the monsoons would allow us better slants by this way than going by the usual and more open passage of the Straits of Gaspar, and past the entrance of the Gulf of Siam.

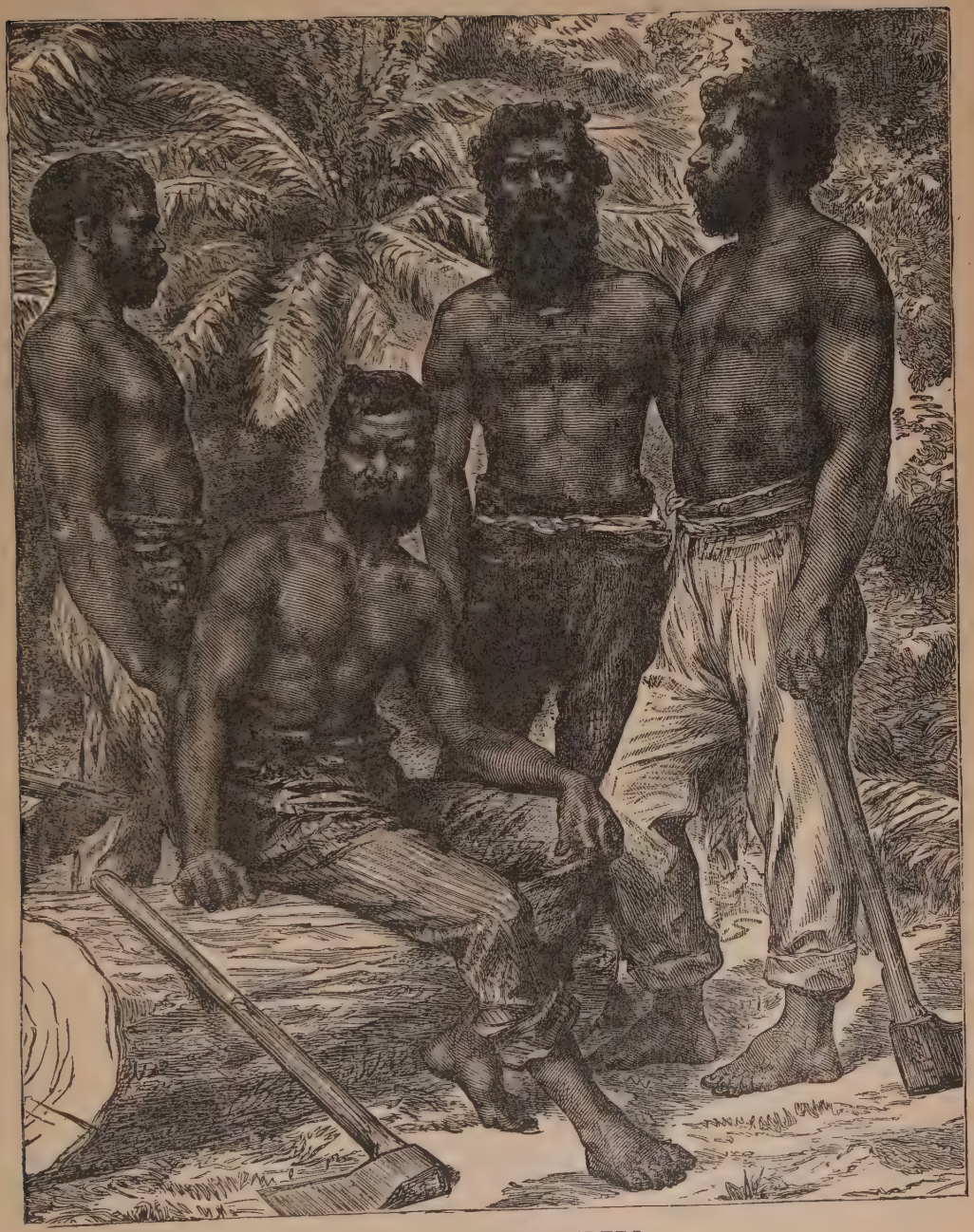
Gliding slowly along the smooth water, we were scarcely out of sight of the higher points of Java before the tall peaks of Borneo hove in sight. By the aid of several little *cat's paws* or light flaws of wind, we succeeded, in a week from the date of leaving Batavia, in entering the Straits of Macassar, having then Borneo on our left, and on our right Celebes, the largest of the group denominated the Spice Islands.

Drifting along one day, near the latter island, one looking over the bows descried a snake leisurely basking upon the water, close aboard, the ship not making ripple enough to disturb him. A veritable sea-serpent he was, to be sure; not, certainly, of the dimensions usually ascribed to that animal, for, as far as I could judge, watching him as he slowly drifted astern.

he was not more than ten feet long, but, nevertheless, a *sea-serpent.* Let no one say that the tough yarns which occasionally appear in the papers, to the delight of wonder-imbibing shoresmen, are not at least "founded on fact."

These salt-water snakes are not often met with in the latitude where we saw this specimen, but they abound on the lonely coasts of New Holland, and not unfrequently prove troublesome to the whalemen, who frequent the bays of that and adjacent islands, in pursuit of the humpback whale. Their bite is said to be a deadly poison, and the miserable natives of New Holland, who enter the water boldly to contend with the voracious shark for a meal of blubber, run affrighted from the vicinity of one of these animals. The specimen which we saw was, as before said, apparently about ten feet long, very thick for its length, of a dark red color, its scales shining like burnished copper. It was furnished with a fin on its tail, somewhat like that of an eel, and had probably in addition two little side fins, although we did not notice these.

Getting under the tall peaks of Borneo, we lay for some days becalmed, and at the mercy of the currents, which are very capricious and irregular in these narrow seas. On the third day, we had drifted close in shore, under an immense mountain, which had once been a volcano. Toward afternoon, it became apparent that the current was setting the vessel directly toward the land, now not above two miles off, and that, unless there came a breeze, evening would find us in closer proximity to the shore than was desirable, with a ship of such heavy draught as ours.



SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS

There were indications of a coming breeze all day, but we waited in vain for its arrival. Our sails hung listlessly against the masts, and not a ripple disturbed the mirror-like surface of the ocean. We had tried in vain to get soundings, finding no bottom with a hundred fathoms of line out; and our hopes of being able to anchor, should we be carried in too close, were but faint, as these islands not unfrequently rise straight up from the bottom of the sea, and a ship of the line might run her jib-boom ashore, and then not find bottom with her longest chain cable.

This being the situation of affairs, and sundown coming on, without the expected breeze, the boats were gotten out and sent ahead to tow her bow off shore, and endeavor to stem the current. The natives had been watching our motions, or rather lack of motions, all day, and as soon as it was dark built a huge fire on the spot on which they evidently expected the ship to go ashore. It was for some time a question whether our boats did much good, although the crews were urged to the most strenuous exertions by the captain and first lieutenant.

But about ten o'clock, a vast cloud which had gathered over our heads, emptied its contents on us, and the rain soon started up a little breeze, by the aid of which we were enabled in a short time to increase our distance from the beach, to the manifest disappointment of the natives, whose shouts had for some time come to us faintly over the still waters.

The dysentery had made its appearance on board shortly after our arrival at Batavia, attacking most severely several of

the stoutest and heartiest of the crew. The chief surgeon was of opinion that the water obtained there, which was rain-water collected during the rainy reason in vast tanks, on which the entire city depends for its supply of drinking water, was a fruitful source of sickness, on account of its impurity.

In order to lessen the evil, therefore, as much as possible, we were placed upon an allowance of *three quarts* of water per day per man, *three pints* of which were used for cooking purposes, thus leaving, to quench our thirst, only the pittance of *three pints* for twenty-four hours. When it is taken into consideration that this was under an Indian sky, where the slightest exertion in working ship, or other labor, makes one pant with thirst, it may be supposed that our allowance was small enough for the most economical. There was a good deal of grumbling, especially among the old tars, who swore great oaths at "Old Chew-Your-Beans," as the surgeon was nicknamed, from a way he had of tracing nearly all the ills that sailor flesh is heir to, to the lack of properly masticating their food.

Nevertheless, the old doctor was right, and many a hearty, hale tar doubtless owed his continued life and health to the wise forethought of the very man whom he was condemning as an old humbug. Some of the foretopmen took the matter more to heart than any of the rest, and a party of them conceived the brilliant idea of making an appeal to the humanity of the commodore, by causing him to be informed that certain of their number had been reduced to such extremity, by thirst, as to be compelled to satisfy their longings with salt water. The com-

modore's private servant was bribed to state this yarn to his master, on his own responsibility, which he duly did.

Their plan did not appear to work, as for some days they heard of no results. Finally, one morning after quarters, the boatswain's mates were sent all over decks, to call aft on the half-deck all who had at any time been induced, through extreme thirst, to drink salt water. This was a windfall to our party of conspiring tars, who now marched quickly aft, congratulating themselves on the success of their labors. Their names were taken down by the first lieutenant "at the commodore's desire," he informed them, and a half dozen of the after-guard and waisters also gave in theirs, happy in the hope of thereby getting an increased allowance of water.

I felt sorry myself that I had not yet laved my thirst from old ocean, that I too might come in for the expected extra allowance. Curiosity was aroused as to what were to be the consequences of this taking down names, and various speculations were hazarded as to who were to have the additional portion of the water, whether the entire crew, or only those who "had sent up their cards to the old man," as one of the number facetiously remarked.

Precisely at seven bells, all hands were called up "to witness punishment," and the master-at-arms and chief boatswain's mate were heard calling loudly for those whose names were on the list of salt-water drinkers. They were mustered up to the gangway, where the grating and the cats gave them a tolerable guess at the fate that awaited them.

Directly the commodore came out of the cabin, and walked

to the gangway, looking as fierce as a trooper. Surveying the crowd ranged before him for a moment, he said:

"H—m, so you fellows drank salt water, did you?" looking at a paper. "Here, John Jones."

"Here, sir," answered that worthy.

"Did you drink salt water, my man?"

"Yes, sir, a little," answered John Jones, willing to crawl out of the scrape, but unable to see the slightest crevice.

"How much?"

"Only about a pint, sir."

"Master-at-arms, strip John Jones."

And John Jones was seized up and received six with cats. And so the whole list of *seamen* who had "sent up their cards" in the morning, was gone through with, each one receiving half a dozen. The landsmen were omitted, to their very evident gratification.

After the flogging was through with, the commodore said:

"Now, I suppose, you fellows want to know why you have been punished. I'll tell you. It's for drinking salt water. I want to let you know, that aboard my ship no one is allowed to drink anything but fresh water, or whatever may be in the regular ship's allowance I am here to judge of what amount of water you need. I use only the regular allowance of three quarts myself; and if any man is really suffering, I'll divide my allowance with him—but *you shan't drink salt water!* I didn't punish you waisters, because you are poor, ignorant fellows, who knew no better, but the seamen should set a better ex-

ample. Let me hear of no more salt-water drinking. Boatswain, pipe down."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that no more reports of that kind were sent up to head-quarters. It "*didn't pay.*"

From the time of our leaving Batavia, it had been foretold, by some of the old men who were familiar with those seas, that we should have a long and tedious passage. And so it proved. The little breeze which had carried us into the entrance of the Macassar Strait was succeeded by a persistent head wind, which kept us beating about, now hindered, now forwarded by the currents which here abound, for several weeks.

Meantime, the long spell of hot weather was beginning to tell upon the crew, many of whom, notwithstanding the utmost carefulness on the part of the surgeons, were taken with the dysentery. The heat began also to affect the provisions, and more particularly the bread. It has been before mentioned that this was stowed in a bread-room, taking up a large portion of the stern of the vessel. Notwithstanding this was kept as tightly closed as possible, the bread had for some time been full of weevils, little gray bugs, looking, on a minute inspection, somewhat like a miniature elephant. They have a proboscis or trunk just like that animal, are about the size of a small ant, and hop about like a flea. It was necessary to split a biscuit in halves before eating it, to shake these little fellows out—although this trouble was not always taken.

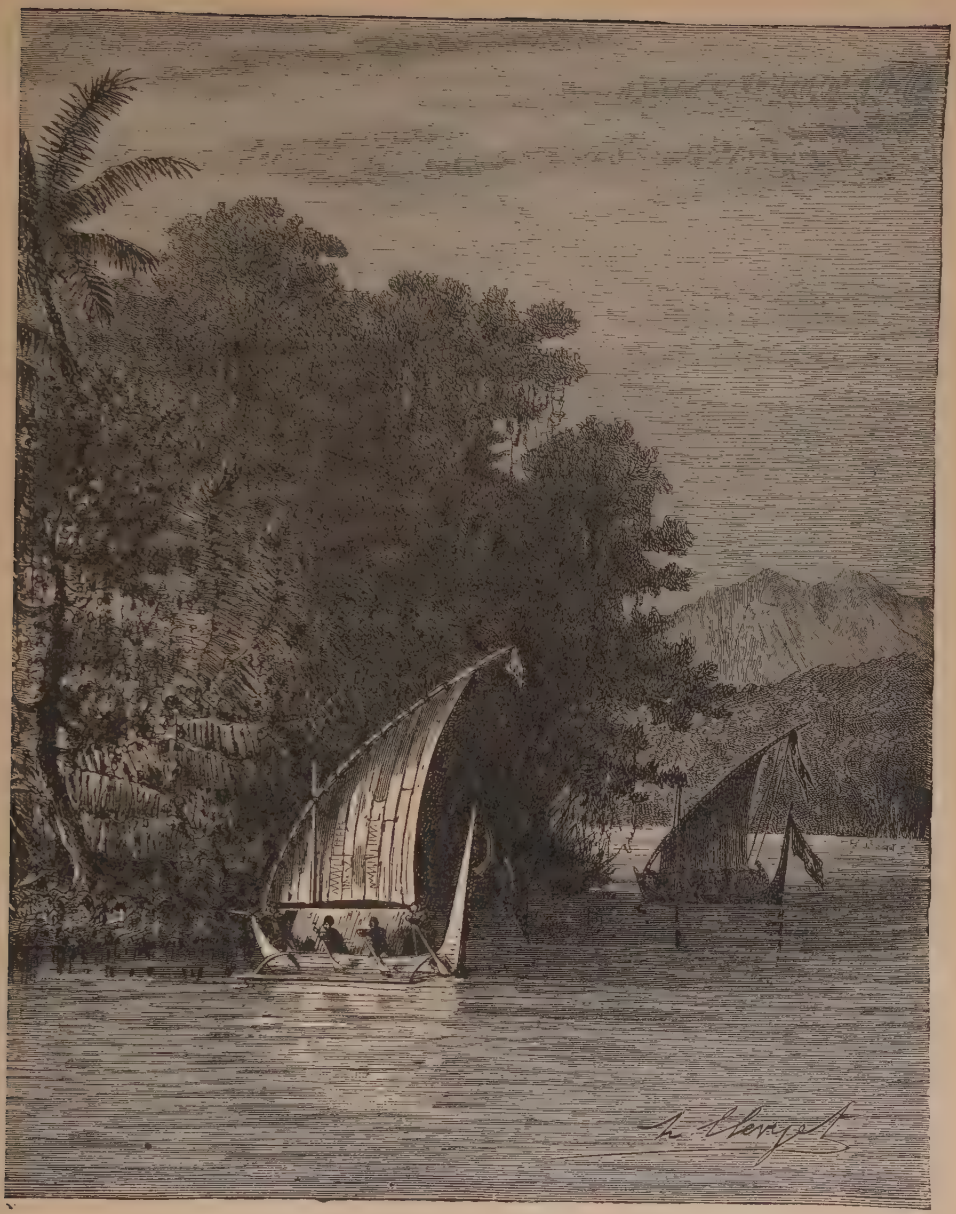
Now, however, a more serious evil infected our bread. The biscuit suddenly became infested with *white worms* (it is no use to shrink from the tale, 'tis the plain truth), and these

disgusting animals ate out all the inside of the biscuits, leaving nothing for us who got it at second hand but a thin and tasteless crust. Yet this bread we were compelled to eat—for there was none other. At first it went pretty hard with us, but what will not custom and hunger do?

I had always fancied that the stories of worm-eaten bread and water, the smell of which would cause violent nausea, were a little more than apocryphal; but here we experienced both. I have seen *drinking water* pumped out of our tanks, into a *butt* on deck, which smelt so abominably as to make any approach to it utterly impossible, ere it had stood in the open air an hour or two.

The gases arising from it, as it issued from the pump, would cover the paint all over the vessel with a copper-colored sediment, which it was almost impossible to get off. And I have seen a biscuit literally *crawl off the mess-cloth, on which stood the mess dinner.*

But let us leave this subject. It was only mentioned as one of the incidents of the voyage—incident to *every* India voyage—and to show how sailors *do* fare sometimes, and not unfrequently either.



ISLANDS IN THE STRAITS.

CHAPTER X.

Death of a lieutenant—Funeral at sea—Pedro Blanco—China—The pilot—Lintin Bay—The Bocca Tigris—Chinese forts—Junks—The Tartars—Bumboats—The river—Chinese children—The duckboats—A visit to Manilla—The cholera on board—Return to Macao—Amoy—The crew ask for "liberty," and are refused—The Chinese governor—Chusan.

SHORTLY after we left Batavia, one of our lieutenants died very suddenly—and was, of course, buried at sea. This was not the first death on board, by several, but as this was the first and only occasion during our whole cruise on which the entire ceremonies provided for funeral occasions at sea were gone through with, it is a proper place in which to make some mention of them.

The body of the deceased officer was laid out on trestles, on the half-deck, and covered over with the union jack, until the time came for committing it to the deep.

When a sailor dies at sea, his corpse is sewed up in the hammock which has been until that time his bed, and now becomes his shroud. A couple of thirty-two-pound shot are enclosed, next to his feet, to bear the body down to the depths of the ocean, which is his grave.

For our deceased officer, the carpenters constructed a plain deal coffin, the upper end of which was bored full of auger-holes,

a very necessary precaution, as, had it been made tight, it would have swam upon the surface in place of sinking. In this, the corpse, dressed in full uniform, was placed, the lid screwed down, and the whole wrapped about with the union jack.

At seven bells (half-past eleven), the mournful call of "all hands to bury the dead" was heard, and the crew were gathered upon the upper deck, the marines paraded on the quarter-deck, with arms reversed, the ensign was lowered to half-mast, the officers mustered aft, with crape on their left arms, and all were hushed in silence, as beseemed a company about to commit a shipmate to the deep.

The band, ranged upon the poop-deck, played that most impressive of dirges, "the Dead March in Saul," while, the officers acting as pall-bearers, a chosen band of seamen brought up to the gangway the bier upon which rested the remains of poor Lieutenant T——.

The coffin was placed upon a broad plank, one end of which pointed overboard, and, the ship having been brought to, before, by backing the maintop-sail, the chaplain advanced, accompanied by the officers, and read the solemn and impressive funeral service of the Episcopal Church, provided for burials at sea.

All was still, almost as death itself, and his low voice sounded clear and distinct fore and aft the decks. As he came to the close of the service, eight bells were struck, and, at the words, "we now commit this body to the deep," two gray-haired quartermasters reverently raised the inner end of the plank aloft—there was a momentary grating noise, a dull splash

in the water—and all that was mortal of our deceased shipmate was gone to its long home.

The marines now advanced to the gangway and fired a treble salute over the grave of the departed, and all was over. The boatswain "piped down," the maintopsail was filled, and we stood on our course.

The burial of a foremast hand is conducted with much less ceremony. The ship is not *brought to*, unless there is a very strong breeze, which makes it necessary, in order to steady her.

Poor Jack, sewed up in his hammock, is borne to the gangway by his messmates, and, a *portion* only of the funeral service being read, the corpse is launched into the ocean—while many a long and lingering look is cast after it by those to whom daily intercourse has endeared the departed.

Many a bronzed and furrowed cheek have I seen wet by tears when committing to the deep the remains of some loved shipmate, whose cheerful "ay, ay" would never more be heard by us—whose strong arm and sure hand had stood by us in many a gale and tempest.

A funeral at sea is a deeply impressive occasion. The daily, nay hourly, intercourse necessarily existing between the various individuals composing a vessel's crew, does not fail to bring out all the better qualities of the man, and when he is gone, there is a vacant place at the mess, on the yard, at the gun, and we feel that we have lost a companion, rough perhaps, but kind, one who has shared our hardships and pleasures, together with whom we have battled the storm and

braved the billow. And it is good to hear how, in all after mention of the departed, his better qualities and deeds only are remembered, and the veil of charity drawn over his faults.

Making our way slowly through the straits, and between the numerous isles of the Sooloo Archipelago, now favored by a little summer breeze, now becalmed, and drifting at the mercy of the manifold currents, we at length entered the China Sea, and by the aid of a favoring breeze drew to the northward.

On December twenty-fifth, Christmas day, we made land, being the bleak desolate-looking rock called Pedro Blanco, lying in latitude twenty-two degrees nineteen minutes, and longitude one hundred and fifteen degrees, east, distant from the mouth of Canton River about two hundred miles.

Much to my surprise, as we neared the coast of China, it had been growing bitterly cold, and on Christmas morning the weather was quite frosty. I had thought the southern portion of China to be a land of eternal summer, but now found that the Celestial year was seasoned with quite a fair allowance of cold.

On December twenty-seventh, in the morning, we were hailed by a small Chinese junk, from which we received a Chinese pilot.

The first thing the pilot did, after showing his credentials to the captain, and explaining to him that if he got the vessel into difficulty, his head would pay the forfeit, was to go aft and alter the course very slightly. The next thing was

to motion to the steward, whom he instinctively picked out of a crowd that curiosity to see a live specimen of the Celestial Empire had drawn aft, to get him a light for his cigar.

It was in vain that the captain protested against the unheard-of enormity of smoking on the quarter-deck. In vain he represented to him by the most lively pantomime—for the pilot, very judiciously, "no understand Inglee"—that tobacco was a filthy weed, and the quarter-deck of a man-of-war a most unsuitable place in which to indulge in its use. The more energetically the captain motioned, the more obstinately John Chinaman clung to his cigar; and when at last the captain forbade any one from getting "*the littee fire*" which was asked for, Johnny very sensibly walked down to the galley and helped himself, and soon reappeared by the side of the quartermaster at the *con*, behind a very good-flavored cheroot.

Favored by a strong tide and fair wind, at ten o'clock that night, we dropped anchor in Lintin Bay. We had been sailing all day at too great distance from land to be able to distinguish anything except the mere flat shore rising in blue and black ridges above the surface of the waves.

The night was too dark to see much of the now not distant shores, except the dim outline and the occasional faint glimmer of a light from a poor fisherman's hut on the beach. We boys were all excitement at the thought of at last being *in China*, and after the sails were furled and all was quiet, a little party of us climbed into the maintop and lay down there, covering tarpaulins and pea-jackets over us to keep out the cold, while we looked at the distant shore, so "chuck full"

of romance to us, and laid out plans for future adventures, talked over the Chinese wall, the grand canal, and the great city of Pekin, where no one was permitted to go, and imagined a hundred wonderful and romantic scenes, in which, of course, we desired to be the chief actors.

I scarcely slept that night, so eager was I to behold, with my own eyes, some of the wonders wherewith I had long been regaled at second and third hand, from books of travel, geographies, and China plates, cups and saucers, and which I fondly hoped would find their commencement here upon the borders of the Celestial Empire.

What was my disappointment, on going on deck in the morning, to find, in place of the dinner-plate scene my fancy had pictured out, nothing but a rather bleak and sparsely-wooded shore, with a few common-looking huts ranged along the beach, past which swept a tide of water but very little clearer than the Mississippi itself.

So very "*chaney*" like had the little pilot looked when he came on board the preceding day, with his diminutive pig-like eyes, his high cheek-bones, his loose petticoat trousers, and the tasseled cap—whereby hung a tail, or queue of hair, descending to his middle—that I expected at least to wake up with a pagoda on either side of the ship, and a tea-garden, full manned, immediately ahead.

Shortly after breakfast, wind and tide serving, we got under weigh and proceeded up the river, coming to anchor, however, as soon as the tide turned, as the breeze was not strong enough to carry us up against the current.

CHINESE.

While under weigh, a large American vessel, the Onei da, passed us, outward bound, with all sail set, her little moon-sails and royal studding-sails looking like pocket-handkerchiefs spread to the breeze. At this anchorage we remained two days, scrubbing and cleaning the ship, making her presentable to visitors. Here the commodore left us for Canton, engaging on his way up, and sending on board, a large quantity of potatoes and some Chinese beef, which last is not by any means so tender or palatable as that raised in the Mississippi Valley.

Having refitted, we once more got under weigh, this time with a head wind, to work up to our intended anchorage, at the Bocca Tigris, just below the famous *Bogue Forts*, on which the Chinese placed so much dependence, in their war with England, to keep the British barbarians from Canton, and in which it was afterward found that the soldiers had been chained to their posts, to prevent them from running away, and the guns were imbedded in solid masonry, which, to be sure, kept them from kicking, but also rendered them entirely useless for firing at any object not directly in point-blank range. We reached the Bogue by four days' hard labor, beating to windward every inch of the way, most of the time in a very narrow channel.

As we got up the river, the prospect began to look more China-like. An occasional pagoda, along shore, peeping out from amid surrounding trees, the curious little *sanpans*, or row-boats, which dot the surface of the river, and once in a while a vast junk, with great awkward mat sails, and her bow and stern

towering like mountains over the water, the waist being low enough to jump aboard—all these things served to keep alive our curiosity, and make us eager to see what was to come. Getting higher up, we were boarded by a mandarin, who came alongside in a *mandarin boat.*

These fellows, with their singular boats, are a sort of river police, for the prevention of piracies and opium smuggling. The boats are very long and narrow, and are propelled at a tremendous rate through the water, by the power of oars alone, of which they carry from forty to sixty on a side. Their crews, ranging from eighty to one hundred and twenty men, are well armed, and each boat generally carries a three or four pound swivel in the bows.

They often have desperate fights with the pirates on the river coast, and not unfrequently come off second best in these encounters. From the opium smugglers they receive no mercy, as they give none; the punishment attached to this offence being the highest known to the Chinese law, that of *squeezing* to death, in a frame of wood which surrounds the victim, and is pulled together by some peculiar machinery attached to it.

Once at the Bogue, preparations were made for a long stay. The sails were unbent, a mooring swivel put upon the cables, to save the trouble of taking out the turns which get into them by the swinging of the ship, at the turning of the tides, the boats were gotten out, and awnings, not yet needed, on account of the cold weather, repaired and refitted.

Our life during the three months we remained here was a very dull, monotonous one.

CHINESE JUNKS.

The Bocca Tigris or Bogue, is simply an anchoring-place for large vessels. It lies about midway between Macao and Whampoa, and there is no town or even considerable village in its immediate vicinity. The shores of the river here are plain, and there is nothing to attract the attention of the stranger, except the now dismantled forts before spoken of, and some pagodas or joss-houses, where the piously inclined Chinese mariner leaves his farewell propitiatory offering, on going to sea.

The river was the most lively portion of the altogether dull scene. Here the Tartar boats, the inhabitants of which, by a decree of the Celestial emperors, are not allowed to remain on shore at night, and thus live entirely upon the waters, were sailing about all day long. The daily passage of the regular Canton and Macao packets, called *fast boats*, probably because they are not *fast* at all, relieved somewhat the tedium of passing time, and the occasional passing of some great hulk of a Chinese junk with her vermilion-streaked side, her many-storied poop, enormous rudder, and great goggle eyes painted on her bluff bows, was a grand event with us.

I inquired of our Chinese *compradore* (the individual who furnishes the ship with all the provisions, etc., needed) the object of these eyes.

He answered me, with a shrug of contempt at my ignorance:

"Ayah! John, no hab eyes, how can see," a proposition so extremely logical as to be unanswerable. Certainly if Chinese sailors are no smarter than they look, their junks have need of all the eyes they can obtain to get along safely.

The *bumboats* were the places of greatest interest to us, debarred as we were from visiting the shore. Here we could see somewhat of the manner of life of the Tartar families; and in them, too, was brought off, for sale, all that could be obtained even at Canton; besides a superabundant supply of fruits, fresh and preserved, of all kinds, which grew plentier as the season advanced, there were stores of ivory and sandal-wood fans, shawls, and pictures of all kinds, and innumerable objects carved in ivory and rare wood, as also Japanned-ware boxes, etc., of rare and curious workmanship.

The boats were allowed alongside for four hours each day, and I used to pass pretty much all that time in them, examining the curiosities, and watching the owners cooking, eating, and going through their daily household avocations. Alas! poor me, I was condemned, along with the rest of the crew, to be a longing looker-on, having no funds to purchase of the many beautiful objects which delighted our eyes.

Grog money being again served out to the boys while we lay here, we were occasionally enabled to indulge in some of the delicacies which were displayed in the boats, such as the delicious little mandarin oranges, with their loose rind, the nice cakes, and once in a while a pot of preserved ginger, or a little package of preserved oranges. But beyond this we were unwilling lookers-on in our limited sphere. The lad who starts to see the world in a man-of-war, thought I often to myself, is a great goose, for he takes the very best way not to see anything of it.

The queer little Chinese children were my great delight.

CHINESE WOMAN.

A little Chinaman is like a pig, or more yet like a little elephant; he is born with the same face, the same sedate look, and has (in their incipiency, of course) the identical tail, and the old-fashioned ways which he will have when he arrives at old age. He is virtually and literally what he is called—a *little* China*man.*

To prevent the diminutive little creature from drowning, should he accidentally crawl overboard, a light buoy, made of a large calabash, is carefully fastened under his arms, and this he drags with him, in his perambulations about the deck, which is his playground. But he does not play. He is already an observer, a silent one (I never heard a Chinese baby cry), evidently storing his little mind with useful knowledge, initiating himself into the mysteries of trade, and learning the weak points of the sailors, whom, following in the footsteps of his illustrious parents, he is in turn, in days to come, to cheat.

Next to the bumboats, the large *duckboats* which sail up and down the river were the objects of greatest curiosity to us. Having to pass their entire lives on water, it is natural that all manner of trades should be carried on by these Tartar people on board their floating homes. But the rearing of immense quantities of ducks would seem to be rather an out-of-the-way business to be conducted in boats.

The boats, which are of large size, contain from five hundred to two thousand ducks each, with which their owners sail about, stopping at regular intervals on the shore, and allowing their *stock* to go up into the paddy-fields, to feed. A plank

is placed at the little door, by which they walk out, and march in regular procession up to the field.

After having fed a sufficient time, the owner, standing on the boat's deck, utters a peculiar, loud, shrill whistle, on hearing which the ducks are seen waddling down to their home in the greatest haste, crowding over and jostling one another in their hurry to get aboard. The master stands at the gangway with a small stick, with which he gives the last one aboard a

FEET OF CHINESE WOMEN.

slight tap, as punishment for his delinquency. At the entrance to the boat, there is as much jostling, pushing, and rudeness displayed, as at the doors of some metropolitan theatre when a fashionable player is about to hold forth. It is wonderful how so stupid a bird as the duck can be trained to the performance of such apparently sensible actions; but the force of example forms the manners of the young ones, and as they grow up they in turn communicate to the rising generation their regular habits.

After lying at our moorings nearly eighty days, during

which time the ship's rigging had been thoroughly refitted, and her hull scraped and painted, we at last once more lifted our anchors and set sail for Manilla.

A twelve days' passage brought us to this place, the capital of Luzon, the largest of the Philippine group. Here, on the day after our arrival, the Asiatic cholera made its appearance among our crew, making of the ship a regular charnel-house. We remained in the port only six days, during which time twenty of our crew died of this disease.

The first victim was a young friend of mine from Philadelphia. Poor George and I had spent the evening talking about the strange scenes, and about home, and parted at nine o'clock wondering whether we should be allowed a run ashore when we got back to Macao.

At one o'clock, I was awakened and told that he was dead. I saw an ensign (a particular one, which was always used on such occasions) hung up around the space between two guns near my hammock, and peering out over the upper edge, saw a corpse stretched out on a few rough boards. Jumping out, I went to view it. I should never have known it for the corpse of my old friend. The cheeks, lately so full and flushed with health, were sunken. The eyes seemed to have altogether disappeared. The whole face was turned of a dull yellowish black, and the entire form of the body appeared changed. He was buried ashore next morning.

Before another sunset, three more had paid the last great debt, and men were being taken down every few hours.

The next day, a scene revolting to all the feelings of

humanity occurred. There was but one man in the *brig* when we came into harbor. I do not now remember his offence—it was slight, however. It was judged by the surgeon inexpedient to keep any one in confinement during the prevalence of the epidemic, so he was released; but first, all hands were called to witness punishment, and the captain had a dozen administered to him — this while a corpse was lying on the half-deck, and two men were in the agonies of dissolution in the sick-bay.

That night the man who had been flogged *died*, and as in his last frantic death struggle he tore off his shirt, the bloody marks of the cats were plainly visible upon his back. A thrill of horror went through the heart of every man on board, at this horrible termination of an unnecessarily cruel act of discipline.

We left Manilla as soon as possible, after completing the business which had taken us there. It is a splendid harbor, surrounded on all sides by high, volcanic peaks and ridges; and the city is very beautifully situated. But it was a fatal port for us. Some of our best men here fell victims to the pestilence. As soon as we got once more to sea, the cholera ceased, nor were we troubled with it again.

But many of our crew were now down with the dysentery. The sick-bay would no longer hold them all, and cots were swung on the main-deck, where the emaciated sufferers enjoyed a little better air, and somewhat more the company and attendance of their shipmates. Those attacked first and most severely by this disease (and the same held good of the cholera)

BANYAN TREE.

were invariably the most robust, the heartiest and fleshiest among the crew. Lank, bony fellows outlived it all without complaining, while those who apparently had the longest and surest lease of life were the first to be taken away.

Returning to Macao Roads, we took on board the commodore (who had not gone with us on our Manilla trip), and proceeded to Amoy, one of the north-eastern ports of China and one of the five places at which ships then traded. Here was presented to our view the first really Chinese scene we had yet met with.

The somewhat steep hill-sides, at the entrance of the harbor; the dingy-looking town, with its high wall; the peaked and pagoda-shaped roofs of the houses; the many joss-temples, lifting their queer little turrets above the surrounding dwellings, and the Chinese shipping lying in the inner harbor, all united to make just such a scene as one might behold on almost any of the old-fashioned waiters or plates, and I really fancied, so familiar did the old place look, I should be quite at home within its walls, could I only get there.

This being a quiet place, and the vessel lying close to the town, the crew, who had all been for some time extremely anxious for a taste of "liberty" on shore, resolved to send the petty officers aft, with a petition to that effect.

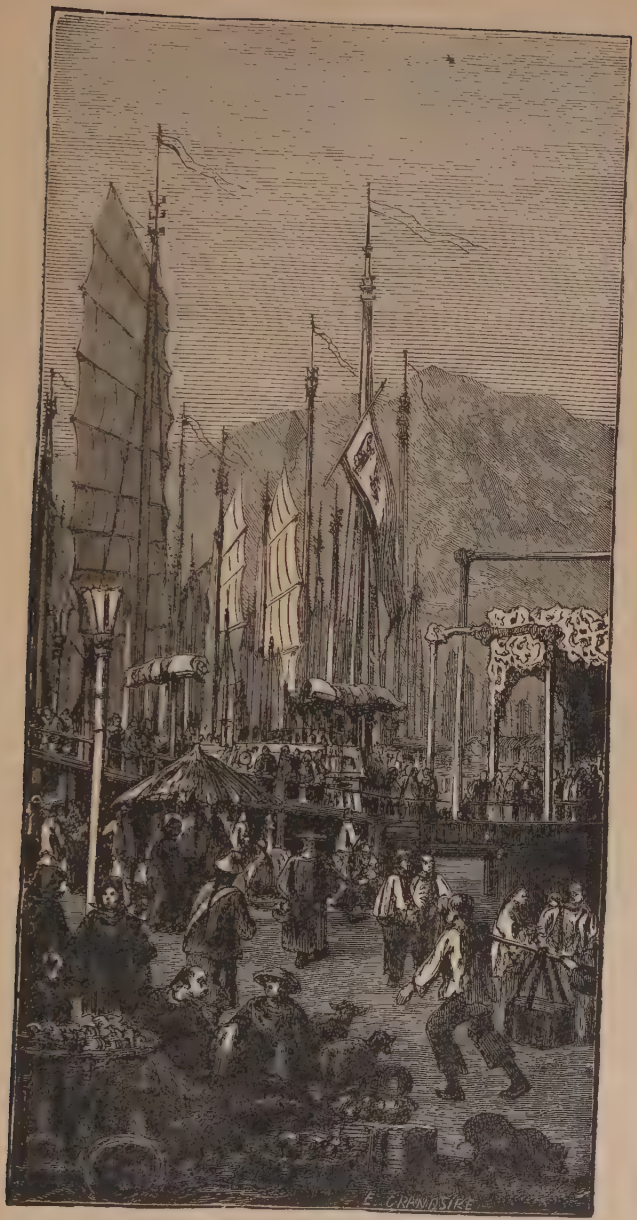
Accordingly, amid a most intense excitement on the part of all hands, a deputation of the oldest quartermasters and boatswain's mates made their appearance at the railing of the mainmast, the place of appeal or petition for the crew, and asked to see the captain. He came out to them, heard them

somewhat impatiently, and curtly refused their request. And so, as this was to be our last port in China, our hopes of seeing anything of a Chinese town were dashed. We all, and with justice, felt deeply indignant at this apparently wanton severity.

We had now been over a year on board, and with the exception of a few boats' crews, not a soul but the officers had as yet even set his foot on shore. To add to the exasperation of the crew, a few hours afterward, each one of the petty officers received five dollars in money, evidently intended to act as a quieter upon them, they being the regularly authorized organs of communication between the crew and the superior officers. Much muttering, many curses, "not loud, but deep," and not a few threats of future vengeance, were heard in our midst; but what avails future threats—the present is what the sailor unfortunately lives for.

While lying here the Chinese authorities of the town paid the ship a visit. They were a queer-looking set, resembling in but one thing the city dignitaries of a more Christian country—that is, in fat—they were, to a man, of truly aldermanic proportions.

They all carried pictures upon their backs and breasts, large embroidered representations of birds or flowers—and the governor, as being the highest in rank, was distinguished by an enormous pair of boots, the soles of which were at least three inches thick. As he waddled along, with the bottoms of his loose trousers just making a connection with the tops of these boots, I, who, with several other boys, stood at the side to help his Highness on board, could not help thinking



AMOY.

that he looked much more like some street loafer than like a sober, sedate satrap of the Brother of the Sun and Moon, and distant relation of all the Stars.

We left Amoy with a fair breeze, and in a few days passed through the Straits of Formosa, and entered Chusan Bay, a lonely harbor, where our ship was to remain, while the commodore proceeded to Shanghai, on board our smaller consort, the shallow waters of the Yellow Sea not permitting of our approach to that port.

The portion of Chusan Bay in which we were anchored was called Buffalo's Nose, from a singularly shaped promontory behind which we were sheltered. It ran out some distance into and across the waters of the bay, and its broadside being thus exposed to the action of the whole body of water driven in from sea when the wind blew on shore, the waves had gradually washed a large hollow through the ridge, at a place about a quarter of a mile from its outer extremity. It was in this hollow or hole that was supposed to consist the resemblance to the nose of one of the tame buffaloes of China, these animals being guided by means of ropes placed in a hole pierced through the nasal cartilage.

CHAPTER XI.

A Chinese farm—Sail for Japan—Yeddo Bay—The Japanese—Their general appearance—Dress—Manners—Nobles—Warriors—Serfs—Boats—Receive supplies—Incidents of stay—Towed out of the harbor by Japanese boats.

WHILE lying here, a party of us boys were one day permitted to take a ramble on shore, in company with the first lieutenant, who was going on a gunning expedition. There was a solitary little farm hut about a mile and a half from our anchorage, and to this our party took its way, determined to "see what we could see."

On beholding us approaching, the inhabitants, consisting of an old man and woman, and several little children, incontinently took to their heels, hurriedly catching up their most valuable articles of wearing apparel, and leaving us in undisputed possession of the premises. Some of us ran after them, to persuade them to return, but the more we called them the faster they ran, and we were obliged to give them up and explore the premises alone.

The hut was built entirely, sides, roof, and all, of rice straw, but on entering we found it (comparatively speaking) very comfortably arranged within. It was divided into two apartments, the outer and larger serving evidently for kitchen,

CHINESE RURAL SCENE.

dining-room, and living-room, the inner containing some mats and pillows, for sleeping, and a few articles of wearing apparel.

It was plain that the people lived a good deal out doors, there being several seats arranged under shade of some little trees in the yard, or rather garden. This garden surrounded the house, and was planted with several kinds of flowers and little shrubs, which latter probably also bore flowers in proper season. The whole was carefully fenced in, the entrance being by a little gate. We found a dog on the premises, who followed us in our peregrinations about the place, evidently viewing us with a good deal of suspicion.

Back of the house was an arrangement looking somewhat like what is called a country bake-oven, although, as the poorer classes of Chinese live almost entirely upon boiled rice, I supposed it was used for something else than baking bread. Outside of the garden, in another little enclosure, were two stacks of rice straw for the "stock," put up precisely like hay-stacks at home.

And beyond this was the rice field, already stripped of its crop. The whole place looked rather desolate, there being no trees, worthy of that name, within sight, nothing but a dreary extent of paddy-fields. We saw no implements of husbandry, except an instrument bearing a distant resemblance to a wooden rake. Iron was evidently a scarce article, as the door was hung on wooden pegs.

The house had no window. Having satisfied our curiosity, and picked a few flowers as mementoes, we departed, leaving

on the ground (there was neither table, nor chair, nor floor) a *mace* or string of *cash*, the copper money of China, as an evidence of our peaceful intentions.

The *cash*, the only coined circulating medium of the Celestial Empire, is a thin circular piece of copper of the value of *one mill*, American currency. They are strung together by means of a small cord put through a square hole in each coin, a string of one hundred, called a *mace*, being of the value of ten cents. There is much cheating practised by the traders on Canton River with these *cash*.

The *mace* are deprived of their just number of *cash*, and inferior *cash*, much thinner than the legitimate ones, put in circulation, which do not pass in Amoy and other ports to the north, being called "twicy," or bad.

On the fifth of July our consort vessel returned from Shanghai, with the commodore, who brought with him an official report of the declaration of war between the United States and Mexico, news which we had been for some time expecting. We immediately proceeded to sea, bound for Japan, our commodore having been intrusted by government with the delivery of a letter from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan, expressing a desire to open negotiations for a treaty of trade.

Fourteen days' sail, attended with no incidents of an unusual nature, brought us to the entrance of Yeddo Bay, situated on the Island of Niphon, the largest of the group composing the Japanese Empire. On our way, we passed through the group called the Loo Choo Islands, the inhabitants of which are equally un-

communicative as the Japanese. We did not visit any of them, as the commodore had determined to lose no time in getting to the Pacific coast of North America, to lend the aid of our vessel in any movements of the United States Government on that coast.

On the day before entering Yeddo Bay, we met two Japanese junks, who gave us, however, a wide berth, and were evidently anxious to avoid us. On the first of August, we sailed into the Bay of Yeddo, sounding as we went, and keeping a bright lookout for shoals, as the depth of water was not very well laid down in the charts. It is a large, noble-looking harbor, almost entirely landlocked, and surrounded by thickly-wooded, beautiful-looking hills.

No sooner were we fairly inside the bay, than we saw a number of boats coming toward us from several parts of the shore. They pulled alongside and boarded us without ceremony, scrambling into the open ports, climbing up by the channels, and crawling in over the bows by the head rigging, apparently choosing any mode of getting aboard that seemed the easiest.

We were yet under weigh when this crowd of Japanese suddenly boarded us, and as more boats were leaving the shore all the time, and all who boarded us made their boats fast to the ship, it became evident that they would soon materially impede our progress to the anchorage, as the numbers on board already hindered all movements about decks.

Accordingly, the commodore, who had at once been addressed by the principal noble in the company, communicated to him his desire to have the ship cleared of the greater por-

tion of the strangers until we should come to anchor. This was instantly done, some of the over-curious boats' crews being severely beaten by the nobles and chiefs, in their haste to get them out of the ship. Cleared of the boats, we quickly ran up to the spot laid down as the anchorage, about one and a half miles from the entrance of the bay, and quite at the head of its lower portion.

Before coming to, the commodore had been earnestly requested by the leading man of the party to take the ship around a bend in the land into the upper bay, where, he was told, there was every facility for landing our guns and ammunition, which proceeding was alluded to as one very natural under the circumstances and every way expected. This proposal was, as may be supposed, respectfully declined.

It is necessary here to say, that our officers held communication with the Japanese officers by means of a Hollandish sailor we had on board. Several of the Japanese understood somewhat of Dutch, and could thus inform us of their desires, and receive in turn the communications of our officers.

When the anchor was down and the sails furled, the strangers were again allowed to come on board, and our decks were soon filled by a crowd of as *curious* mortals as ever lived. They walked about, drinking in with their eyes greedily all the wonders of our ship, many of them carrying little note-books in their hands, in which they made memorandums of what struck their attention most forcibly.

They were very communicative, as far as the language of pantomime, which was the only mode of intercourse between the

JAPANESE, OLD COSTUME.

crew and them would admit. They were evidently greatly surprised at the vastness and solidity of everything on board, and opened their eyes with astonishment at the size of our chain cables, and the dimensions of our rigging. After securing the sails, the day was given over to us, to do as we pleased, and we, who were in turn as much astonished and delighted with all we saw, as the Japanese could be, devoted ourselves to our visitors, groups of sailors taking parties of Japanese round the ship, exhibiting to them the wonders of the lower decks, the store-rooms, etc., while they, in turn, good naturedly allowed the tars to examine their dresses, ornaments, and accoutrements.

During our stay in Yeddo Bay, great numbers visited the ship, our decks being crowded each day with men of all ranks; but no ladies made their appearance. Judging of the people generally, from the specimens which came under our observation, we were forced to admit that they were a far better developed race, both mentally and physically, than we had met with since leaving the United States.

The boatmen, the only ones of the lower classes with whom we came in contact, had not, it must be acknowledged, very intelligent countenances. They looked like slaves, and their cringing and servile obedience to their rather haughty masters told at once their condition to be that of serfs.

But a nobler or more intellectual-looking set of men than were those of the better classes that we saw, it would be difficult to conceive of. There was not one, old or young, whose appearance would not command respect in any society. There was, in particular, nowhere to be seen, high or low,

that sly look of mean cunning or constant deceit which disfigures the Chinaman, and gives to his countenance a brutishness, allied to the most loathsome form of idiocy.

Their frank, open countenances, their marked politeness toward each other, and toward us, strangers, as well as the degree of intelligence evinced in their observations on all they saw on board, prepossessed all hands greatly in their favor, contrasting as they did, strongly, with the dull, inanimate appearance and boorish manners of the Chinese.

There is in their appearance or carriage very little either of the lassitude or cunning which form such distinguishing traits of the East Indian races. In features, although plainly showing, by their high cheek-bones and the oblique position of their eyes, their Mongolian origin, they yet resembled, far more than any other East Indians, the Caucasian race.

In general expression, as well as physical development, those of the higher classes that we saw I thought resembled much the better grades of mountain Swiss.

Their color is a very clear nut-brown. Features tolerably regular; eyes bright, moderately large; nose straight; forehead broad and prominent; and hair black and coarse.

The entire front and crown of the head is smoothly shaven, and the hair of the back and sides of the head drawn upward and forward, and gathered into a tuft on the top.

They wore no hats, although many carried with them straight, broad-brimmed, heavily japanned head coverings, doubtless as protections against the sun, should his rays prove too powerful.

JAPANESE, OLD COSTUME.

The chief articles of their dress appear to be several large loose gowns, worn one over the other, the outer one being of silk or fine cloth, and having embroidered upon its back and breast various fanciful devices, in striking colors, proclaiming, probably, the wearer's rank.

A belt confines their dress at the middle, and serves, beside, to suspend the sword or swords, all the higher grades of the nobles carrying two of these weapons.

Both swords, one short, the other long, have straight blades, which, we noticed, were invariably keen-edged, as though prepared for instant use. They are worn both on the same side, one above the other.

In their broad sleeves, or the bosoms of their gowns, they carried, with a variety of other matter, the square sheets of white paper which served them in lieu of pocket-handkerchiefs. When one of these sheets was used, it was carefully deposited in an empty sleeve, to be thrown overboard at the first opportunity.

The hats, which, as detailed above, are rather carried than worn, are very awkward contrivances, the Japanese seeming to stand as much in need of a reform in the matter of head covering as do the Europeans and Americans.

Fancy a perfectly flat plate or disk of papier-maché about two feet in diameter, over a quarter of an inch thick, and highly japanned. This has a little projection in the centre, on top, looking not unlike a small bell pull, which serves as a handle by which the unwieldy instrument is carried. A narrow receptacle of wickerwork beneath receives the top

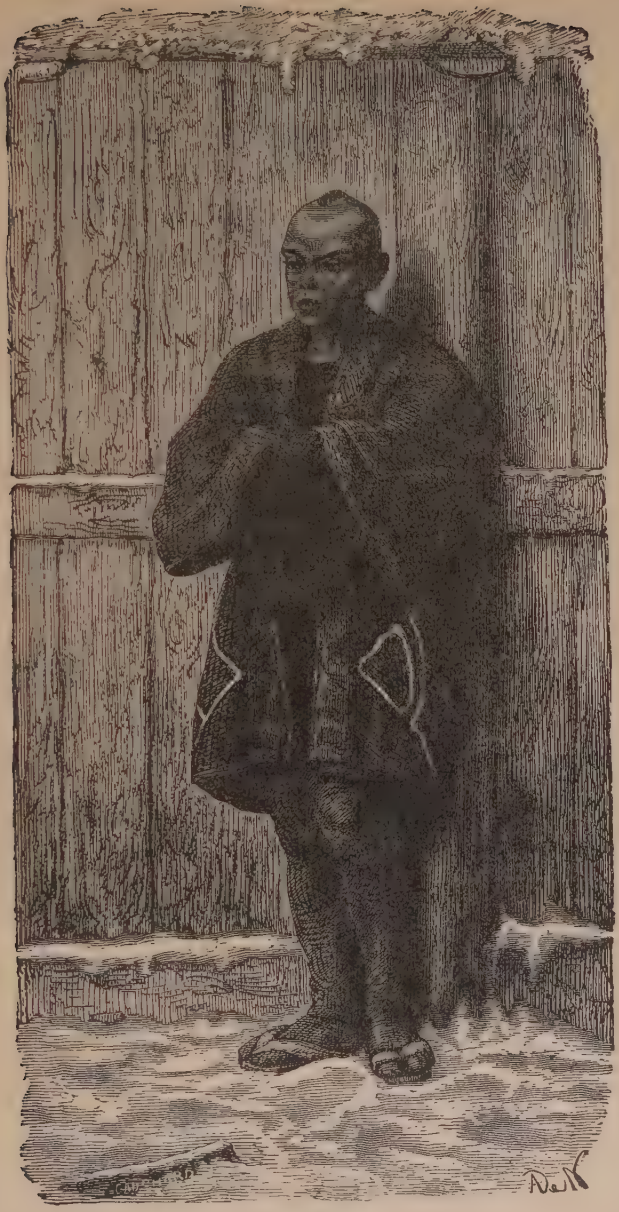
of the head. No wonder, thought I, when I examined this novel contrivance to keep out the rain, that they prefer to go bareheaded.

Their shoes are very rudely constructed, being simply sandals of plaited straw, held on by a thong or latch, which fits between the two larger toes. Their feet are encased in a kind of stockings, made of white cotton cloth, room being left between the toes for the thong of the shoe to catch readily.

On entering any of the cabins, or private apartments of the officers, the sandals were left at the door, their owner walking in in his stocking feet. Thus there were often fifty or sixty pairs of sandals in the little antechamber of the commodore's cabin.

The *fan* seemed to be universally in use with them. From the highest to the lowest, all, walking or sitting, talking, eating, or saluting, had a fan in their hands. It is applied to the most various and different uses. Did the sun shine: the fan performed the office of a parasol; were they eating: morsels of food were presented to friends upon a fan; did one desire to make a memorandum of some object striking his attention: the fan serves as an extempore writing-desk, on which to lay the note-book; was it necessary to drive overboard some over-curious boatman: the fan, now transformed into an instrument of punishment, showers blows upon the back of the offending serf. In short, the fan is evidently used anywhere and everywhere, on and for all occasions.

With it the learned men carried a little basket of fine wickerwork, containing—at least one, the contents of which I



JAPANESE.

had the curiosity to examine, did—a small compass, divided off in an entirely different manner from that used with us, the principal point being, according to Chinese usage, the south, instead of the north, some small slips of white paper, used for memorandums, some Indian ink, two or three pieces of different colored silk, a little sack, which I took to be an amulet, as it much resembled articles of that kind worn by the Chinese, and a scent-bag containing musk, with the smell of which everything in China and Japan is impregnated.

The warriors wore under their outside gown, or even over that and under a species of cloak, a vest of beautifully-made chain or link armor, formed of bright steel. Though weighing only a trifle, the meshes or links of this coat of mail were woven so closely as to be not only spear but bullet proof. It was altogether a highly-finished piece of workmanship, and spoke well for the advancement of this particular art among them.

We found them to be most expert swordsmen, many of the officers and crew trying their skill with foils and single-sticks, in which they proved themselves noways behind the most skilful of our men. The hilts of their swords were beautifully ornamented with gold and silver, and inlaid pearls and precious stones. The scabbards were generally lacquered or japanned. We saw no fire-arms, but I was shown a sample of their powder, which was quite coarse, somewhat like our common blasting powder.

Our visitors generally brought their dinners with them, which consisted of boiled rice put up in little baskets. Of

this they partook very sparingly, handing round morsels on fans to their friends.

Their manner of partaking of food and their moderation seemed to me to betoken a people who eat to live, rather than live to eat. They seemed desirous merely to satisfy the necessities of the body, and in their abstemiousness in this respect they certainly showed themselves far removed from the condition of savages, who desire only to satisfy their physical wants.

Their ceremonies of politeness were very tedious, and although evidently matters of much consequence to them, seemed to us singularly absurd. Two friends would meet upon our quarter-deck: straightway assuming as earnest looks as though intent upon a matter involving life and death, they approach one another, and, one standing straight up, the other makes a low bow, nearly touching his head to the deck; rising, his *vis-a-vis* now repeats the genuflection, a few words are muttered on each side, the bows are repeated, some singular motions are made with the hands, and the ceremony is over. Now the cloud disappears from their countenances, and, turning off, they enter into cheerful and lively conversation. This was between equals.

Between superior and inferior the case was a little different. The latter, on meeting the person with whom he desired to communicate, would assume a countenance of abject humility, and standing before him, wait for him to notice his presence. Should the superior, after perhaps a minute's consideration, deign to do so, the inferior proceeds to the various manipula-

tions, prostrations on the ground, etc., in such cases made and provided, the superior standing still and looking contemptuously down at the poor fellow before him.

When all is finished, the inferior stands respectfully before the object of his late semi-adoration, humbly looking down on the ground, waiting for his serene highness' permission to speak. And, perhaps, after all this bowing and scraping, he only desires to address a sentence or two to him.

MODE OF SALUTATION, OF NOBLE, PROFESSIONAL, AND SERF.

I had read of a universal system of espionage practised among the Japanese, and we perceived evidences of it, even in their social intercourse with us. Where two or three were together, there seemed to be much restraint, no one of them being willing to exhibit to us any of his articles of apparel, or to allow any one to handle his swords, or to receive any of the little memorials, such as small coins, or other articles of little value, which they were eager to obtain of us.

But if we could get a single individual off in some corner where he thought himself unobserved by his companions, he

would eagerly accept of anything we had to give away, and displayed no hesitation in allowing us to examine any article of his that we desired to scrutinize more closely.

But the most singular instance of this general espionage remains to be related. The commodore had dispatched as soon as possible, to the emperor, the letter from the President of the United States, which we were charged to deliver, and had received an answer to the effect that no trade or intercourse could be allowed, and that our speedy departure was judged highly desirable. Accordingly, a day was appointed when we would sail.

On the evening before this day, a deputation of nobles visited the commodore, and returned to him many of the articles which had been presented to various of the Japanese, by members of our crew, articles, many of them, which could have been retained easily, had there not been a general search instituted among all who visited the ship. The authorities evidently desired to wipe out every trace of the visit of the barbarians.

With the emperor's answer had come instructions to the chief men of the Japanese to furnish the vessel with all that we needed in the way of supplies, and accordingly, the commodore having intimated that water was a chief necessary, water-boats of tolerable size were crowded alongside, for three days, by which time we had taken in a large supply of most excellent drinking-water, the best we had met with during the whole cruise.

An intimation having been given that some fresh pro-

visions would be highly desirable, two large junks made their appearance, from the upper harbor, bringing to us a supply of vegetables of various kinds, and several hundred chickens. Among the vegetables were sweet potatoes, egg plants, carrots, and pumpkins. There was also a quantity of small green apples, the first we had seen since leaving home. A bullock or two would have been most welcome, but the Japanese do not kill or eat their cattle—using them only for draught and to milk.

During the entire period of our stay in Yeddo Bay, our ship was guarded by an immense number of boats, which were constantly, night and day, on the alert, with the intention of preventing us from holding any communication with the shore.

These boats were anchored at various distances from the vessel, but forming a *cordon* about us, through which it would have been impossible to pass with any of our boats. Their boats are large and strongly built, and manned with from six to ten oars on each side. They do not use their oars as do the boatmen of most other nations, sitting with their back to the stern, and *pulling* the blade through the water, but stand up facing to the side of the boat, and *scull*, and by this means they propel their little craft with great velocity through the water.

At every motion of the oars, the whole crew give vent to a sharp hissing noise, at the same time putting out their whole strength. The continual hsh, hsh, has a singular effect, sounding at a little distance not unlike the hissing of an immense serpent.

At nightfall our guards hung lanterns upon masts in the stern of each boat, and the broad surface of the bay, dotted with numberless lights, looked like a vast city. This illumination had a beautiful effect on dark nights, and lent an additional touch of romance to the strange situation in which we were placed.

BOAT AND CREW, WITH MASKED GUN.

Having received all the commodore had asked for, in the way of stores, another and more earnest request was made for our immediate departure, and accordingly our sailing day was appointed. We had been given to understand that no recompense could be received for the supplies of water and provisions we had received from the shore, these things being furnished by the emperor. The only service asked in return was to *stay away.*

On the morning of our sailing day, there happened to be but little wind where we lay, under the shelter of the land. But lack of wind was not to be any excuse for our longer stay. At early dawn, between fifteen hundred and two thousand boats gathered under our bows, and the commodore was informed that if we would now lift the anchor, these boats would tow us out.

Accordingly the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and two long hawsers passed over the bows to the waiting boatmen, who, fastening to these, and to each other's craft when the hawsers would no longer reach them, soon towed us to the entrance of the bay, when, taking the breeze, the boats cast off, and, amid waving of fans and hats, we bade good-by to Japan.

We left Japan behind us without any regrets. Although sickness on board had not positively increased during our stay there, we were anxious to get out to sea, where there was hope that some of the emaciated sufferers, whose cots now more than half filled the main-deck, might recover health and strength. Our visit had been a source of great pleasure to all on board, yet the many strange things we had seen had only raised in us an intense desire to see more in detail their every-day life—to visit the people ashore.

So strongly was this excited in many of the old tars that they blamed the commodore for not at once sailing up to the city, which we understood lay in the upper portion of the bay, concealed from our sight by an intervening promontory, and there going ashore, under cover of the guns, and at once forcing them to hold communications.

Two days after leaving the harbor, we met two Japanese fishing boats, which sailed boldly up alongside, and held up some fish for sale. They made fast alongside, and, on receiving a quantity of empty bottles, handed up in return a number of fine fish.

They did not appear at all shy, and evidently were much

rejoiced at the excellent bargain they had made. Glass is a scarce article in Japan, as we are informed in the descriptions of the country given by the Dutch agents who have resided there.

Glass bottles are in special demand, and no doubt it was the anxiety to possess themselves of some treasures of this kind which induced the fishermen to come alongside. They manifested no hesitation or fear whatever, but appeared, on the contrary, very anxious to communicate. It struck us that if the discipline was so strict everywhere else through the island as we found it at Yeddo Bay, they would experience some difficulty in smuggling their bottles on shore.

The fishing-boats were the last we saw of Japan, and we were soon after bowling along under an eight-knot breeze, every hour increasing the distance between ourselves and those *East Indies* of which we had seen so little, and that little the worst side.

There was not a man on board that was not heartily glad to find the old ship once more bound America-ward. It seemed almost like *homeward-bound* (that magic word), and, in fact, we congratulated onrselves already upon the fact that we were *no longer outward-bound*, a species of negative comfort, of which we were glad enough to avail ourselves.

But, although in a few days far enough from the Chinese coast, so long the scene of our discontent, we were carrying with us saddening memorials of it, in the pale cheeks and emaciated forms, the lustrous eyes, and trembling hands of

many of our poor shipmates, who would scarce return home the stalwart, light-hearted fellows they left it.

Our main-deck was still crowded with the cots of the sick, and although, happily, now that we had exchanged the sultry and unwholesome air of China for the free and inspiriting breezes of the wide Pacific, there were no new cases of dysentery, yet the disease hung obstinately upon those unfortunates who had become its victims in days past; and every few days some of the sufferers would drop off, on the very road to recovery, but so weakened, so, as it were, dragged down, as to have no longer in their systems the power to give it new tone. Like the scurvy patient, whose weakened powers succumb to the health-giving breezes of the shore, these poor fellows sank under the efforts of their debilitated systems at recovery. Peace be with them; they rest quietly in their ocean graves, unheeding the storms that blow, the billows that roll above their heads.

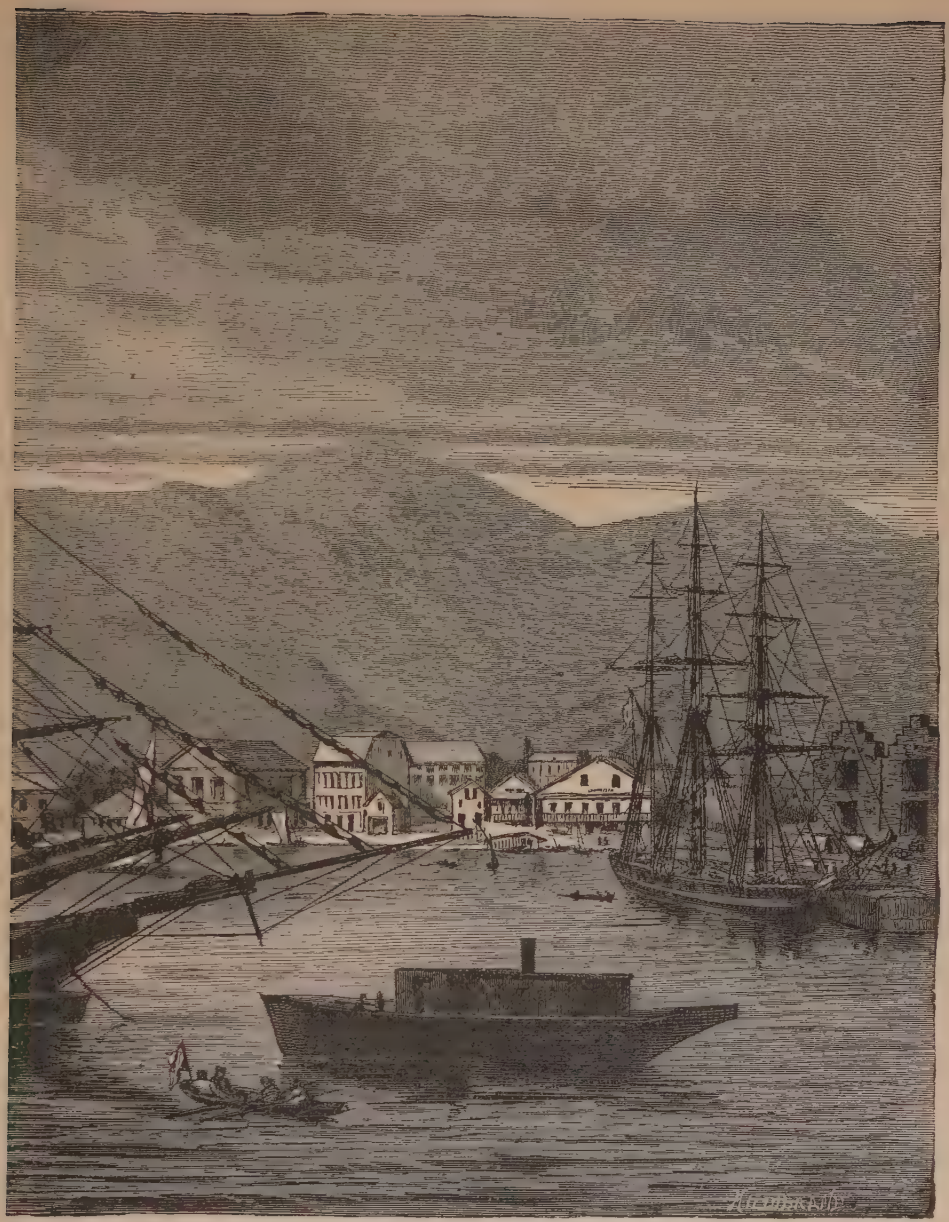
CHAPTER XII.

The Sandwich Islands—Honolulu—The people—The labors of the missionary—Dexterity of the natives in swimming and diving—Leave for the South America coast.

SHORTLY after leaving Japan, I was made happy by attaining a long-cherished desire of mine, to be stationed in one of the tops. I had grown too large (in my own estimation) for a mere errand-boy, and had a great desire to learn something of sailor-craft before we got back to the United States.

What I had been told by an old tar on board the Guardo, that "I had come to a poor place to learn to be a sailor," I found true to the letter. Of all the ships that sail, a vessel of war is the very worst wherein to learn sailorship. So well is this known, that officers of merchant vessels never ship man-of-war sailors, if they know it.

There are on one of these ships so many men, that the necessity for exertion, for learning, does not exist; and there were many boys and men on board of our vessel who positively knew no more about a ship, and the various duties of a sailor, when they left her, after a three years' cruise, than they did when they came on board.



HONOLULU.

This would have been my case, had I not been fortunate enough to be now stationed in the mizzentop, where I applied myself diligently to learn somewhat of the duties which are required of the sailor-boy, such as loosing and furling the lighter sails, tarring and slushing, and lending a hand at reefing, etc. In addition to this, I practised industriously at making the various knots and splices, in the neat performance of which the true sailor takes so much pride, and was soon master of long and short splices, manrope knots, turks-heads, and Matthew Walkers, and the fifty other artistical twists and ties which decorate a fancy ship's rigging.

My life in the top was a very happy one. I was relieved of the drudgery of running of errands, striking the bell, and lounging about the quarter-deck, at the momentary call of the officers. I was *topman*—and what more flattering to a boy than to be ranked among men, even if he is at the "tail of the heap."

I was no longer obliged to stand outside of the social circle, when, in the pleasant dog-watches, the song was sung, or the adventures of other days talked over. I had a rightful place among the sailors, and forthwith, in my pride of heart, at the glorious eminence to which I had arrived, I *patched* my trousers, and rubbed tar on my frocks, that he that ran might read me a sailor. In short, I made a laughing-stock of myself.

Our passage to the Sandwich Islands, where we were next to touch, was made with fine and fair breezes, and over a smooth sea, and as many of our invalids were now recovering, the ship assumed once more an appearance of life and gayety,

to which we had, for some time, been strangers. The consciousness that, if we were not yet on our direct path for home, we were yet gradually nearing that point in our cruise, and had already passed through the severest scenes in it, no doubt aided materially in inspiring the crew with pleasant feelings.

There was, besides, a prospect that all hands would get a run on shore in one of the two or three ports at which we would touch within the next six months, and when "liberty" is ahead, Jack is always full of joyous anticipations.

It was on this passage, and some days before we reached the Sandwich Islands, that we saw the first large school of whales we had met during the cruise. We had occasionally seen a spout, or the gleam of black skin, but always at too great distance from the vessel to enable us to distinguish aught of the form or actions of leviathan.

There was nothing, I think, that most of the boys desired so much to see as a whale. For my part, I was continually on the lookout for a spout, when in the top, and had a standing arrangement with a member of the other watch, that, in case one should make his appearance close to the ship while I was below, I was instantly to be called.

Great was our pleasure, therefore, when one afternoon, while I was in the top, a school of tolerably large sperm whales made their appearance ahead, and came right down toward the vessel. The bows and the lower and topsail yards were soon crowded with gazers, and as the school slowly approached the ship, the utmost silence was kept, that they might not be

frightened and disappear before we had time to inspect them.

I stood in the mizzentop watching their regular spoutings, and wondering at the vast shapes which seemed so easily propelled through the water. A friend and topmate, who was an old whaleman, explained to me the names given the various portions of the whale which we were able to see, as his hump, a triangular projection on his back, looking to a green hand not unlike a dorsal fin, but consisting altogether of blubber, displaying no affinity to a fin; his broad back and square head, the latter giving to the whole animal a singular appearance of incompleteness, as it is indeed merely a great shapeless mass of blubber.

As the school got a little distance astern, they went down, the leader making a beginning by turning flukes in grand style. "Turning flukes" that evolution of the whale is called, in which, on being about to descend to the depths of the sea in search of his food, he first gives his head a slight toss up, then launches himself headforemost into the deep, his broad flukes or tail being the last point visible of him in his perpendicular descent. It is a grand sight, and one too in which whalemen greatly delight, inasmuch as it shows them that they have not gallied or frightened their whale, as, in the latter case, his whaleship would not wait to turn his flukes, but would drop down horizontally out of sight.

In due time we arrived at Honolulu, the capital and principal city of the Sandwich Island group, situated on the Island of Oahu. We sighted the island early one morning, and stand-

ing in, were boarded about three o'clock in the afternoon by a pilot, who brought the ship safely to anchor in the outer harbor, or Bay of Waititi, at five o'clock in the evening.

Before the ship came to anchor, she was boarded by several of the American residents, merchants and missionaries. I had always while at home been a greatly interested reader of the Mission Reports, and it was no small gratification to me now to see some of the men of whose labors in introducing the lights of Christianity and civilization among the savages of the South Sea Islands, I had read and heard so much.

On the next morning after our arrival, we saluted the Hawaian flag, the salute being returned from a fort which has been erected on the shore, fronting the harbor.

There is little striking or beautiful about the Bay of Honolulu. The scenery on shore, although agreeably diversified by hill and dale, has not the abrupt grandeur of many of the islands of the Pacific, and the country was not at that time in a sufficiently high state of cultivation to lend to it the charm which the labors of man effect in beautifying a natural scene.

The bay is commodious and tolerably safe. Besides the outer harbor, where our ship was anchored, there is an inner harbor, formed by a coral reef, which extends directly across the bay, and protects the ships in this smaller cove from any gale which would render the outer bay unsafe. Merchant vessels and whaleships, intending to make any considerable stay here, always go over the reef, and lie in safety inside, either at wharves, or at their anchors at but inconsiderable distances from the shore.

The Sandwich Islands were already at that time the constant resort of whaleships in want of refreshments, as well as of the trading vessels, which in those days plied a good business along the coasts of the Californias, and the North-West coast,

WAIKIKI, NEAR HONOLULU.

going generally in the season as far north as the Russian fort of Peter Palovski.

Although the ship's company were not allowed to go on shore here, the boys were granted a day's run, at which we were no little elated.

On going on shore, a party of us first made the round of the town, taking a look at the fort, the king's palace, situated

in a large pleasure ground, the houses of the missionaries, their chapels and school-houses, as well as examining as far as we could the dwellings of the natives.

Honolulu was at that time (just before the discovery of the gold in California) a straggling, rather poorly-constructed or laid-out town. It contained a number of very respectable-looking houses, but the great body of the town was made up of small huts, and on the outskirts not a few tents were to be seen, reminding me somewhat of a camp-meeting scene in the western woods at home.

The whole place had a listless, impassive look, as though the inhabitants were only taking a rest, preparatory to a start on a journey. Except just down by the waterside, where the sailors by their uncouth gambols along the shore gave some life to the scene, a Sabbath stillness reigned throughout. There were few persons in the streets, not many shops, and but little signs of business; nevertheless, there was at this time a great deal of business done and money made upon the islands, mostly by the American and English residents and by some few Chinese, who were merchandising here in a small way, and cheating, as usual, to the full extent of their ability.

Of the natives, a fair proportion were clothed, although rather lightly, wearing in many instances nothing but a poncho —a square piece of cloth, with a hole cut in the centre, through which the head is put, the corners of the garment reaching about down to one's middle—and, in addition to this, the tappa, or loin cloth. But very many stalked about in nothing but the tappa. The women were universally dressed in long loose gowns,

fitting tightly around the neck, and hanging loose down to the feet, leaving no idea to be formed of the shape.

In the houses, we found the ground or floor covered with mats, many woven very skilfully and in fine colors. On these mats the natives were often seen rolling about in perfect idleness. In one corner of the room there was generally a raised structure of boards, covered also with mats, and which served as beds. Of furniture, there was little, everything seeming to be conducted on the most primitive scale.

In the afternoon, we rode out into the country, hiring horses for that purpose of some natives. We enjoyed the ride —a sailor is always delighted to get on horseback, a horse being something he knows naught at all about—but saw nothing very attractive. Riding out for some eight or nine miles, we saw nothing to disturb the dreary monotony but a few miserable native huts, each surrounded by its little taro patch, and a few of the natives, much more ill-favored individuals than those we had seen in town.

Altogether, I was inclined to think that the islands and their inhabitants, judging from the samples we saw, were yet susceptible of great improvement.

Much fault has been found with the missionaries that not more good has been accomplished, but, on the whole, it is but just to say, that the result of their efforts has been much undervalued; that not sufficient account has been made by their censurers of the obstacles with which they have had to contend, not the least among which have arisen from the irregular conduct of the crews of vessels frequenting the islands,

who disgrace the name of Christians by their actions, and have introduced new vices, and endeavored to foster into life the old ones of the natives.

And finally, it must be acknowledged, that much of the disappointment expressed by visitors to the islands, at the smallness of the results of missionary labors, is owing in a great measure to their having permitted themselves to entertain far too sanguine expectations.

Those who expect to see here a scene of Arcadian simplicity, and innocence, and happiness, find themselves wofully out in their calculations. Such a condition of things would hardly have obtained had the islanders held intercourse with no white men but the missionaries; for a country and a people are not completely regenerated in so short a time. But with the drawbacks of the constant evil examples set them by white men coming from Christian lands, and whose touch has been to the poor natives as a deathly poison, with these hindrances in the way of a constant progress, it is surely sufficient to be able to say that they are no worse than their European and American brethren, taken collectively.

During our stay here we enjoyed greatly the fine fruits which are brought off in bumboats to the ship. Besides the banana, the cocoanut, and the lime, we found here fine watermelons, a fruit we had not before seen since leaving the United States.

Here, I for the first time tasted bread-fruit. The fruit is about as large as a man's head. It has a rough, thick rind, which grows hard with baking. The inside is a soft pulp, in

SANDWICH ISLAND WOMEN.

which are hid a number of pits or seeds. I did not like its taste, which seemed to me a mixture of acid and sweet, but with a sickening flavor that makes it unpalatable. I think the taste for it must be acquired, as, although I have since known many who were very fond of it, cooked or raw, I never knew of one who liked it at first.

There is, however, here another fruit, the taro, which serves the natives in lieu of the potato, and which is one of the most delicious of vegetables. It grows to about the size of a large cocoanut, and is round and hard, cutting precisely like a firm Irish potato. They are boiled and eaten as potatoes, or with milk. In the latter way, I can vouch for their being a delicacy.

I have before mentioned the existence of a coral reef forming the inner harbor. Within the bounds of this reef, and among the surf which is constantly breaking upon it, the natives were amusing themselves from morning till night, showing their dexterity in meeting and overcoming the heavy rollers of the surf, and bidding defiance to sharks and sharp rock. Unfortunate the shark who, tempted by the smell of some savory morsel within the fatal harbor, pokes his nose over the reef. He is set upon, as a great prize, by the native amphibii, and, despite the most strenuous struggles, is generally overcome, dragged out on shore, and roasted.

On seeing a shark about the reef, a native provides himself with a long flat-shaped piece of wood, tolerably sharp at one end. With this in hand, he goes to meet the fish, and taking opportunity when he opens his mouth, pushes the

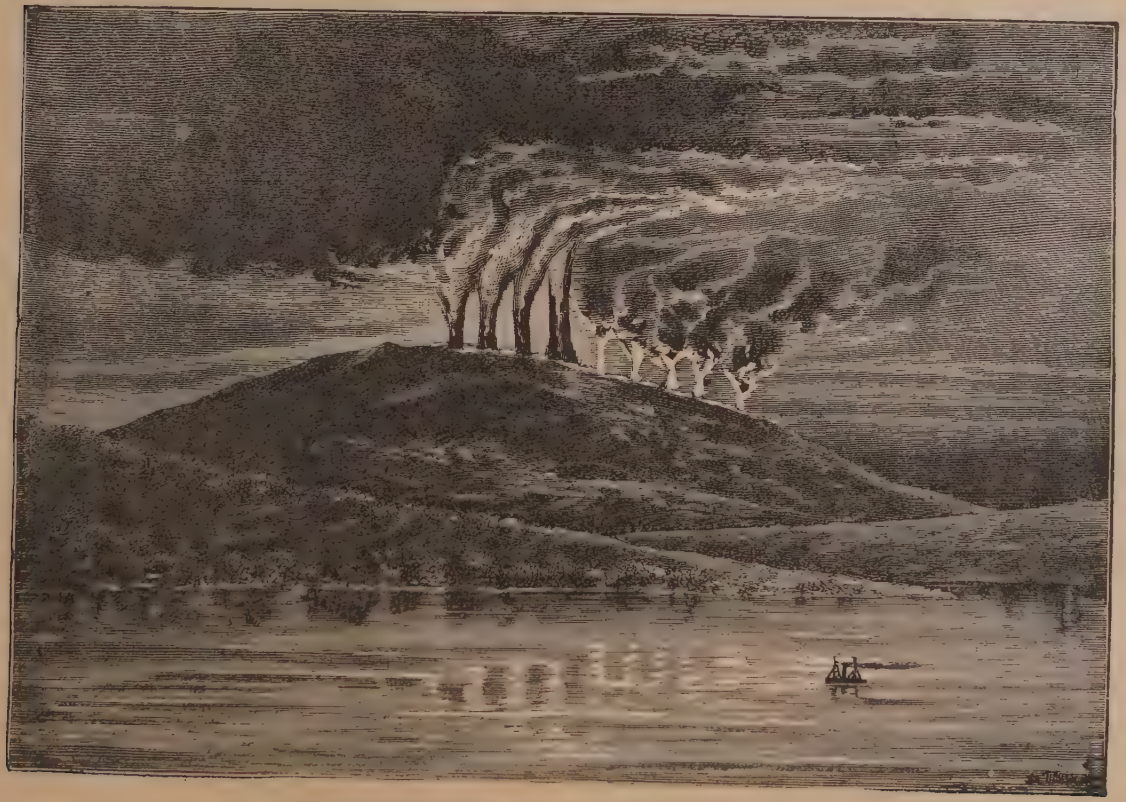
pointed end down his throat. The entire mouth is filled up, and kept distended. The shark struggles for a while, but is unable to get rid of the encumbrance, and is fairly drowned.

The natives are like all the South Sea Islanders, very expert divers. In fact, they seemed quite as much at home in the water as out. There was, one day, a canoe full of Kanakas alongside, desiring to sell some fruit. I noticed one of them in the stern looking for a minute intensely into the water. Suddenly he raised his hands, gave a leap, and darted into the water. He was below the surface nearly a minute, and came up with a small fish held between his teeth. It was this fish he had before been watching.

While lying here, the king, Kamehameha III., paid a visit to the ship. He was received on board with the appropriate ceremonies, the crew manning the yards, and a salute being fired when he came on board, and again as he left the vessel. He was a portly man, of fine presence, and looked quite intelligent.

He had at that time a very beautiful little schooner built for him in the United States, in which he spent a great portion of his time, sailing from island to island, visiting the different parts of his dominions. If report spoke true, he interfered but little with the affairs of government at this period of his reign, allowing his ministers to conduct these, as far as could be, without his aid.

Oahu is the port of most frequent resort for whaling vessels cruising in the North Pacific. Here they spend a portion of their time every year, after the expiration of the regular



VOLCANIC ERUPTION, SANDWICH ISLAND.

whaling season on the north-west coast, refitting their vessels and frolicking on shore. The crews, by their ill conduct, have greatly impeded the success of missionary labors upon the islands, and it is not too much to say that they are justly blamable for most of the vices which, at the time we touched there, infected the natives, and under the deleterious effects of which their entire race is gradually dwindling away.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sail for Valparaiso—The Vale of Paradise—Two Sundays in one week—Liberty—Jack ashore—Lassoing a sailor.

SAILING along pleasantly, with fresh breezes and beautiful weather, we arrived, in seventy days, at Valparaiso, Chili, from which place we were bound either to the coast of California, or if not wanted there, *home.*

"Vale of Paradise"—never was there such a misnomer. Surely some man-of-war's man had the naming of it. By them, indeed, this port is regarded as a species of elysium, for here they enjoy the most unbounded liberty and license—when they get ashore. Many was the yarn I had listened to during the voyage, of "last cruise, when we went ashore at Valparaiso."

All those who had been there before, looked forward to our going there with the most lively pleasure, and we, who had yet to make our first experience of it, of course, felt no little curiosity to view a scene of so much happiness.

We got in on a Saturday, according to our reckoning, but found that ashore they called it Friday. And accordingly, next day was our Sunday, and the next day after was Sunday, ashore; we keeping both days, in order to straighten our reckoning.

This happened by our having gone round the world, sailing east all the while, and thus gaining an entire twenty-four hours by the circumnavigation.

It was laughable to see the puzzled astonishment with which many of the crew regarded this curious conjunction of two Sundays. They could not understand, what is a simple matter to the merest tyro in astronomy at school, that sailing east we gain time, at the rate of one hour for every fifteen degrees of longitude, and that, of course, by cutting through the entire three hundred and sixty degrees into which our globe has been partitioned off by geographers, there would be a necessary gain of twenty-four hours.

"Well," said one of my topmates to me, "I shan't tell of this when I get home, for they would be sure to think I was fibbing."

Which brings to mind a little yarn often alluded to at sea, when witnessing something so strange that one would scarce believe it without actually seeing it.

There was, once upon a time, so the yarn goes, a lad named, of course, Jack, who, returning home to his mother, after an absence of some years at sea, was desired by the old lady to relate to her some of the wonders he had witnessed in his journeying up and down the earth.

Jack commenced by telling her that, as his ship was one day sailing up the Red Sea, they had occasion to cast anchor, and, on weighing again next morning, there came up on the anchor a large chariot wheel, undoubtedly one of those belonging to Pharaoh's host.

"Well," said the old lady, "Jack, that's very fine indeed, but tell us something more."

Said Jack: "When I made a voyage to Jamaica, in the West Indies, we saw a great mountain of brown sugar, and a river of the best of rum running around the foot of it."

"That must have been a grand sight, indeed," said the old lady, "but go ahead, my child, with your stories."

Now, Jack began to feel some conscientious scruples about telling his mother any more lies, and thinking to rectify all mistakes by topping off with a bouncing truth, said:

"And when we were on the voyage home, mother, we saw great troops of fish flying through the air, some of which lit upon the vessel."

The old lady heaved a deep sigh as she said:

"O Jack, Jack, you wicked boy, that you should stay away so long, and then come home to your old mother with a lie in your mouth."

"Why, it's truth, mother," began Jack, fearing that he had gotten himself into a scrape.

"Don't say any more, boy," rejoined she, angrily, "you'll only make it worse. About the chariot wheel being fast to your anchor, I can believe; because the Bible tells us that Pharaoh and his host were drowned in the Red Sea. As for mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, that we know to be true, for it's all brought from there. But *flying fishes*—O Jack, Jack! that you should try to make fun of your old mother."

Before we got to Valparaiso, we had been given to un-

derstand that this was to be our liberty port, and accordingly, on the third day after we got in, one quarter of the crew were sent ashore, with three days' leave and ten dollars in their pockets.

I was of the second party that went, which was fortunate, as my verdancy on the subject of "liberty" was somewhat enlightened before our party went ashore, by the appearance of those of the first party who came off in regular time. Of these, some few had black eyes and otherwise contused faces, evidences of the clearing up of some little matters which had been in abeyance the whole cruise; many were intoxicated, and nearly all looked as though, to use a significant New York phrase, "they had been boarding in the market and sleeping on the benches there." Nothing was said, however, by the officers on their appearance, forty-eight hours more being allowed them, for the sick to get well, the drunk sober, the blind and lame to recover their organs of vision and locomotion.

Well, I went ashore, and taking the advice of an old and steady tar, a good friend of mine, at once separated myself from the great crowd, who went on their way rejoicing—shouting, singing, and kicking up their heels like a parcel of school boys. I spent the forenoon in company with another lad of about my age, in walking through the town, examining the churches, the plaza, and taking a shore view of the harbor. Getting our dinner at a hotel, we again sallied out, to look up our shipmates, hoping to find them a little quieted—the first wild burst over.

It is not a difficult matter to find a sailor in Valparaiso.

He has here his peculiar haunts, where the genus hold out, and into which a landsman thrusts himself at the imminent risk of his neck. So completely have the tars taken possession of the quarters of the town at which they most do congregate, that they have named them—of course, after various parts of the ship. Thus, there is the Foretop, the Maintop, the Mizzentop, the Mainroyal, the Cat-Harpings, and several other places of less note.

Valparaiso is divided into two portions, a lower town, lying upon a level with the harbor in the bottom of the bowl formed by the surrounding hills, and an upper town, built on terraces upon the sides of those hills. The *Tops* are three distinct suburbs, lying on the sides of three different hills, and separated from each other and from the town by deep ravines.

These are the strongholds of Jack Tar. Here he reigns supreme, lord of all he surveys, for the short time he is ashore. Here he has full scope to work out all the various eccentricities which go to make up "a glorious frolic," unmolested by troublesome *vigilante*, or treacherous captain of the port's-man.

On our way up to the Mizzentop, we met "Jolly Jack Brown," as he called himself, a sedate quartermaster on board ship, picking his drunken way down the steep hill, with a little donkey held in his arms, as though it were a child.

He was "nursing it," he said, "but the beast wouldn't keep quiet."

And no wonder—it hadn't been used to being carried about, lying on its back, with its thin legs vainly pawing the air, its tail keeping the flies from Jack's shining face.

He was hunting the commodore, he told us, to make him a present of the donkey as a curiosity, having, as we afterward ascertained, given a dollar for it to a thieving Chileno, who was now following him up, waiting for him to drop the animal, when he would again take possession of it.

Getting farther along, we came upon our shipmates, sitting in the *pulperias* (grog-shops), smoking their cigars and having "glasses round;" some playing cards, others spinning tough yarns of the events of the cruise to some British sailors, whom they had invited to participate with them.

There is no greater gentleman than your true man-of-war's man, when he is ashore. His hand is open—as his mouth. His last dollar goes as easy as his first. Purse-strings! bless you, they are a useless encumbrance. If he drinks, he treats the crowd. Does he light a cigar: every mouth in the company must puff. Has a "cook-shop" hove in sight: "Walk up, boys, and let's take in some ballast; stow your ground tier well, so you'll keep right side up in the squalls;' as though any possible amount of "ballast" would keep upright so crank a boat as he. And so the money goes, and Jack, who was a gentleman for a day, is a nigger for the next six months.

Presently, a party on horseback hove in sight. Horse-riding is one of the standard amusements of Valparaiso, and a large plain, lying above the town and harbor, affords grand scope for all the manœuvres incident to sailor horsemanship. When our presence was discovered, we were at once invited to join the party, and in obedience to the command of one of the number, a Chilian hostler brought horses for us.

Accordingly, we rode up on the plain—and such riding—such *steering* of hard-mouthed beasts, such urging on of obstinate ones, and holding in of refractory ones, such tumbling off, and tumbling on again, was never seen, except in just such a crowd.

"Starboard."

"Port your helm."

"Stern all."

"Hard up, you lubber, or I'll cut you down to the water's edge."

Such exclamations resounded constantly, as a shying horse would dart into the midst of the party, threatening to capsize the half of them. And with such shouting, galloping, and racing, we at length reached the top of the plain.

Here, indeed, was a grand view spread out before us. The town and harbor lay immediately at our feet. Beyond was the bay, in the distance Reef-top-sail Point, so called because, owing to its peculiar situation, there is, at almost all times, an eddy wind just off this point, before which vessels are obliged to shorten sail, on coming into the harbor. It was here, on this plain, that the entire population of Valparaiso were gathered, eager spectators of the most obstinate sea-fight on record, that between Commodore David Porter, in the United States ship Essex, and the British ships Phœbe and Cherub.

The action commenced just outside the harbor, and the vessels drifted out under Reef-top-sail Point, where Commodore Porter dropped anchor, and stood by his guns until his decks were too hot to stand upon, and the ship was a mass of flames.

Standing there, we gave three cheers for the Essex and her commodore, and three more for our ship, lying far below us, upon the smooth waters of the harbor, and then galloped back into town.

We boys had been ordered to return on board at sunset, which we gladly did, well satisfied to have a good night's rest after our day's amusement.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, we were off for another day's jaunt ashore. My yesterday's companion and myself determined this day to see all of Valparaiso that had escaped us on the previous day. We first directed our steps toward the *Almendral*, a large pleasure-ground, lying at the lower end of the town and harbor.

The way leads down along a beautiful hard sand beach, a grand spot for horse-riding. But riding a horse through the streets of the city of Valparaiso at a faster pace than a very moderate walk, is a finable or imprisonable offence, and this particular piece of beach is under the jurisdiction of the city. *Vigilantes* (the mounted police of Chili) are stationed at every corner, in readiness to seize upon all offenders.

These vigilantes are armed (besides a sword big enough for William Wallace, the hero of Scotland) with a lasso, which they manage dexterously to throw around the body of a galloping horseman, dismounting him rather unceremoniously from the back of his Bucephalus.

As we were walking slowly along, looking up at the old-fashioned houses, tiled with what looked to us like long crocks, split down the middle, a loud voice at a distance shouted:

"Is the coast clear, Tom?"

"Yes," was the answer from one a little in advance.

"Stand clear there, boys," was shouted to us, "we'll show the vigilantes a clean pair of heels," and plunging their spurs into their horses' sides, a party of madcap sailors came tearing down the beach at a tremendous pace.

But they had not been altogether unobserved, and as they passed the first corner, at a flying gallop, a slender little line flew in among the crowd, and catching one unfortunate about the body, landed him upon the sand, as nimbly as one lands a fish; and then, with many "*carraillos*" and "*malditos*," a whiskered vigilante rode up to the prostrate tar, drawn sword in hand, and demanded in most guttural Spanish, what business he had that required such haste.

The sight of a Spanish dollar, however, seemed to have a marvellously quieting effect upon his Spanish rage, and upon a proper apology and a promise being rendered, in a mixture of Spanish and English, by our lassoed friend, that he would make haste slowly in future, and the transfer of the aforementioned dollar to the pockets of *his excellency*, as Tom persisted in calling him, he was released, and allowed to depart in peace.

The Almendral is a great resort for "liberty men," as here they can sit down or walk about among the trees and take a little quiet comfort, and as, moreover, at the lower end of the pleasure-ground, there are a number of public-houses, with skittle and bowling alleys, card tables and everything fitted for "a real day's sport."

After seeing all that was to be seen, we two hired a carriage, and took a long drive into the country, finding, however, nothing remarkable in the way of scenery, and returned in time to take a late dinner, with a bowl of good chocolate, at the "Golden Lion," paid another visit to the cathedral and the plaza, peeped into the calaboose, and returned on board, fully satisfied with our so long desired "liberty." Satisfied—at least I was, and I believe every reasoning being of the crew thought with me—that Valparaiso was a humbug, that "liberty" was a humbug, and that a man-of-war, considered as a standpoint, whence to see somewhat of the world, was the most egregious humbug of all.

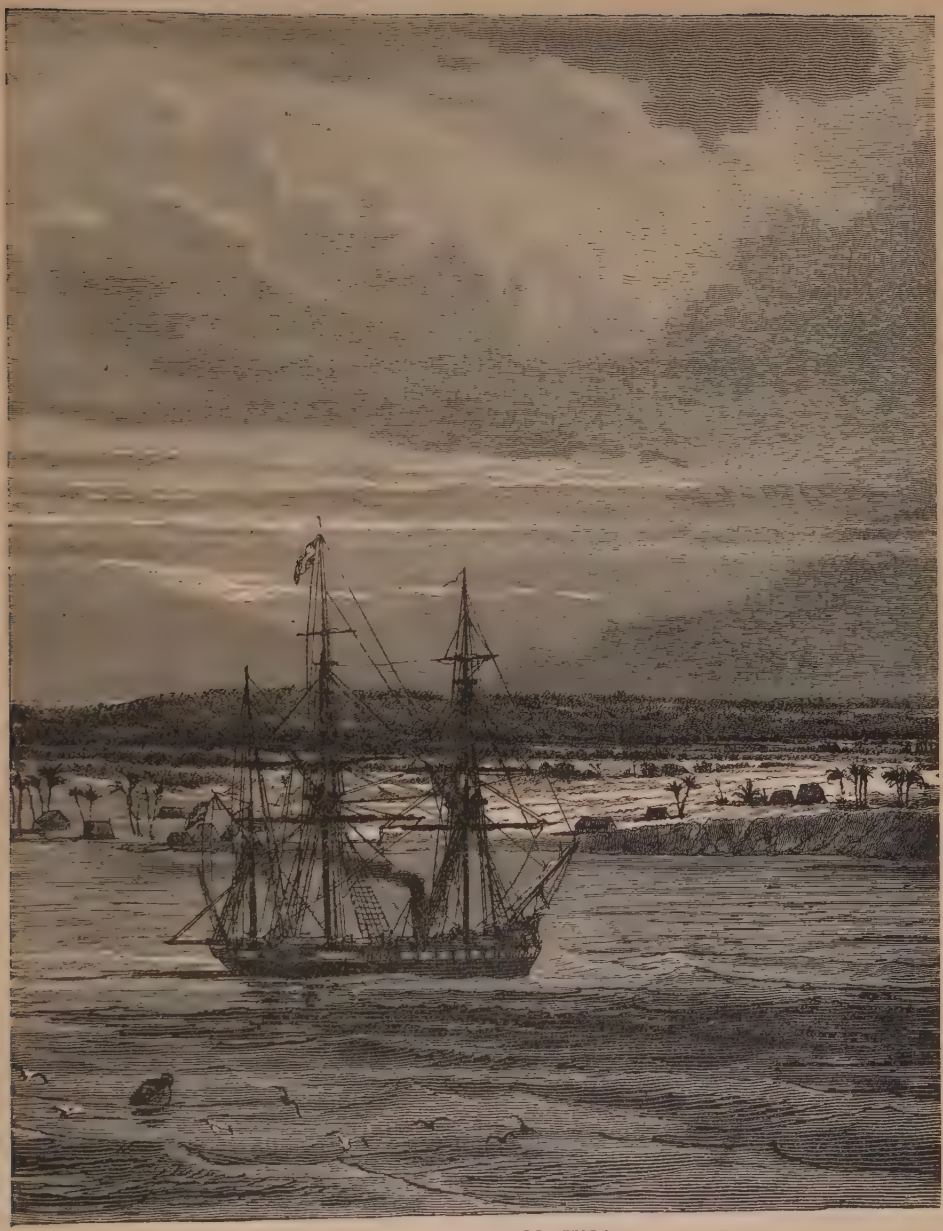
Let us take a sober look at the matter. Here was a ship which had gone quite round the world (for Valparaiso is in very nearly the same longitude as New York), had visited various ports in the Brazils, the East Indies, China and the Sandwich Islands, and now, when nearly two years from home, the crew was for the first time allowed to set foot on shore. Having passed by with a distant view, the places which we were most anxious to examine closely, all hands were at last permitted to set foot on a foreign shore, and saw—what? Speaking from my own experience: First, I saw a lot of drunken sailors. Next, a number of very fierce-looking fellows, with long swords, and villainous countenances, whose principal duty (so far as I could ever discover) was to keep said sailors within proper bounds. Thirdly, I had seen a few trees, a little grass, a number of grog-shops and ten-pin alleys, the cathedral, the calaboose, and the plaza. And, fourthly, I had seen, ay,

and felt too, an innumerable host of fleas. Were not these sights rather dearly paid for by a two years' cruise at sea, deprived of every comfort, outside the pale of all civilized society, living on stinking beef and pork, and worse than stinking water? Truly, I had "paid too dear for my whistle."

Seriously, on rehearsing all that I had seen during my first "liberty," the only circumstance that I could recall to mind with positive pleasure, was the fact that I had stood where once the entire people of a city were congregated, as in a vast circus, witnesses to two companies of Christian, civilized men killing and maiming each other, one calm summer afternoon, on the broad arena of the lower bay.

It was something even to view the scene, where obstinate bravery was so nearly victorious over superior numbers.

But it is always so. The sailor sees nothing of the world really worth seeing. Seaports, devoted entirely to the shipping interest, as the vast majority of such places are, generally contain but little that is of real interest to the traveller. And the sailor who, if on board a naval vessel, comes ashore on a two or three days' spree, or if in a merchant ship, takes a ramble over the place when his hard day's work is finished, has neither time nor money, nor even inclination to hunt up *the lions*. What did Tom Starboard or Jack Halyard learn, pray, of the general customs and manners of the people of Chili, during their three days' visit to the shore? They experienced the presence of a mounted police; they had informed themselves of the localities of the various grog-shops; they had perhaps made the acquaintance of sundry other per-



VOLCANO OF MAUNA.

sons and places—not to be mentioned to ears polite; and the sum total of their real information concerning the country consisted in this, that the people speak a barbarous species of Spanish, and that their houses are infested with unaccountable quantities of very large fleas.

And it will be so. While you belong to a ship, you will see nothing. And if one tears himself loose from the restraints and influence of ship life, and undertakes to explore the country and gratify a laudable curiosity, or a prompting to adventure, he finds that he has not the powers of observation, the knowledge of other phases of life, with which to compare that which he is now witnessing, which are indispensable to the traveller.

We had on board a young fellow, Tom Bruce by name, a very intelligent, shrewd man, too, in his way, who some years before had run away from a whaleship in Acapulco, on the Pacific coast of Mexico, and made his way overland, by way of the City of Mexico, to Vera Cruz. I looked upon him with the greatest interest, took him for a second Mungo Park, a salt-sea version of Humboldt, and gave him no peace until he had imparted to me the whole story of his journey.

And what think you was the information I gained from him concerning the country and the inhabitants? Why, that the women were pretty, the men ugly, the people generally hospitable but poor, the liquor bad, and the country unhealthy. What the country produced, how the people lived, what handicrafts were practised among them, and to what degree of perfection they were carried; what were the prevailing species of

woods; in what differed the vegetation or the general face of the country from that at home—all things which an intelligent traveller would notice, on even the most hasty tour through a strange land—he, in his long and tedious journey of many hundreds of miles, on foot, had never thought of noting. The events of his trip were jotted down in his mind, in the formula of a sort of land-log, as, "such a day, fine weather; a smooth road; we made so many miles headway; met numbers of people; got dinner at one o'clock," and so on—and, will it be believed, he had not even asked the names of the places he passed through, and could not when he got to Vera Cruz have pointed out his route on the chart.

Yet, as before said, this man was intelligent enough; but he had lost, in the monotony of sea life, those powers of comparison and observation, without which one need not go travelling.

LIMA.

CHAPTER XIV.

Departure from Valparaiso—Callao—California—Monterey—San Pedro—San Francisco—Prizes.

WHEN all the crew were once more on board and sober, we got under weigh, and in twelve days ran down the coast to Callao. This is the seaport of Lima, which latter city is situated nine miles from the sea.

Here I would dearly liked to have gone on shore, as Lima is a place really worth seeing, and quite accessible from the seaport. Its splendid churches and palaces, its many reminiscences of the days of Pizarro and the Incas, and the various ancient customs still in vogue among some classes of the Peruvians, make it a place of absorbing interest.

But the business of the ship did not admit of our taking a jaunt ashore here, and so Rolla's Bridge was not crossed by me, nor was I permitted to see the beautiful Peruvian ladies, in their queer headdresses, concealing all of the face except one eye.

Peru is a country where it never rains; but the nightly dew is equally powerful with the most violent rain, so far as moistening the earth is concerned. It is a dense mist, lasting all night, and wetting through everything that is exposed to

it. The night watches, passed amid such weather, are of course very unpleasant. The customary naps on watch must be foregone, as the decks are drenched, and on such nights I always found the top to be the most comfortable place. Here, snugly ensconced under lee of a stout tarpaulin, we sang songs and spun yarns, and kept up a running fire of jokes, amid which the outside discomforts were forgotten.

While in Callao, we witnessed some preparations for a ceremony which takes place annually on the Friday preceding Easter, called "Hanging Judas." On this day, all the Peruvian shipping, as well as the castle, and I believe all the public buildings in the town, are dressed in mourning. The vessels hang their yards a-cock-bill, that is, as nearly perpendicular as may be, but in different directions; thus, by the intentional disarray, expressing their sorrow.

Early in the morning, an effigy representing the traitor who sold his Master is hung upon one of the battlements of the castle, amid considerable ceremony, and in view of a large concourse of people, gathered together for the occasion. Flags are at half-mast all day, and everything betokens an occasion of mourning. At sunset, amid firing of cannon, the effigy is taken down and consigned to the tender mercies of an expectant mob, who kick it about and abuse it in every imaginable way, not leaving it until the poor man of straw is pretty effectually used up; all of which, evincing, as it does, a high state of moral sentiment among the rabble, is considered very edifying by the authorities of Church and State.

We remained but a few days in Callao; just long enough to

allow time for *the officers* to pay a visit to Lima, and were then off for the coast of California. The fine, pure breezes of the Pacific had by this time done their work upon our crew, in restoring all, with a very few exceptions, to health, and once more the main-deck was clear of sick-cots, and all was gay and pleasant, where for so long there had reigned sober faces and perhaps sober feelings.

After a pleasant but rather tedious passage, we reached Monterey, then the principal port in all California, San Francisco being as yet a rather unimportant village of some sixty or seventy houses, but which bade fair, so said the only paper then printed in the whole country, to have, in ten or twelve years, quite a population *perhaps*—this was hazarded as an extreme guess—perhaps as high as nine or ten thousand.

The California of those days was a most unproductive, or rather nothing-producing country—a great fertile waste, in which everything would grow, but nothing was made to grow, except, indeed, beef. We spent a long and tedious nine months, principally in Monterey, paying only one visit during the time to San Francisco.

The American troops had already possession of the entire coast when we got there, but there were as yet few alterations or improvements made. The American Government would be but a poor advancer of civilization, I opine, without American people, with American enterprise, to back it up. The hills surrounding San Francisco Bay yet swarmed with cattle; one man named Miller, an American, who lived at Sousolita, a watering-place some seven miles across the bay from what is now called

San Francisco, then Yerba Buena, was the owner of upward of ten thousand head.

A bullock could be bought for a dollar and a half; and if one made a purchase of a saddle and bridle, a horse was given in the bargain. The country, at least the portion adjoining the sea-coast, which was all I was so fortunate as to visit, had a bleak, forlorn aspect, somewhat like a long-neglected garden. There was not a vegetable on the whole coast, nothing eatable but beef, beef, beef—a never-ceasing round of boiled beef, of which we grew so tired that to this day the sight of a soup-bone takes away my appetite. All imported provisions were exorbitantly high; in fact, nothing but beef was at all accessible to any one of a moderate income. Flour sold at twenty-seven dollars per barrel at Monterey, and even at that price, an enterprising Yankee skipper bought up all that was in the market—one little ship-load—to take to the Sandwich Islands, expecting to make a handsome margin on his investment.

The natives, the *Rancheros*, lived, as nearly as ever I could find out, on jerked beef, tortillias (little cakes of very coarse meal, baked on ashes, by dirty-looking Indian hags), and monte, a Spanish game at cards. The few American residents fared but little better, except perhaps in the matter of cleanliness.

In fact, the whole country was so desolate that we, the crew of our ship that is, were permitted to go ashore on several occasions, to ramble over the lonely hills and sterile beach, gathering California shells and soda onions. This last production of California is quite a curiosity. It grew at that time in wild profusion all over the hills about San Francisco Bay, and was

used very generally by sailors in the place of soap. It is, in shape and general appearance, a perfect onion, but on being rubbed in water produces a lather, equal in whiteness and cleansing properties to the best of soap. Our crew gathered great quantities of this vegetable, and it was for a long time almost exclusively used on board for washing clothes.

On our arrival at Monterey, we found that the different vessels composing the United States Squadron on that coast had been doing no insignificant business in the way of capturing prizes, and the crews of several vessels had an amount of prize-money due them fully equal to their regular wages.

The war was pretty much over when we arrived, and we therefore had but little chance to distinguish ourselves in that line. Nevertheless we had the satisfaction of taking a prize under the very noses of the entire squadron, which was at this time gathered in the Bay of Monterey.

A little schooner, called the William, and displaying American colors and papers, had been for some weeks lying quietly in the bay. She pretended to be waiting for a cargo of hides, and little attention was paid to her by the officers of the men-of-war. Our commodore took it into his head to have her hold thoroughly searched, and lo! and behold! snugly stowed away beneath a superincumbent mass of casks and other lumber, were found several cases of arms, the remnants of a full cargo which her captain had succeeded in disposing of to the Mexicans, at various points along the coast. She, of course, became our prize, and nearly fifteen thousand dollars in silver, the proceeds of her voyage, were transferred from her cabin to our treasure-box.

Most of the vessels taken as prizes by the United States naval vessels on this coast, during the war, for selling ammunition and warlike stores of all kinds to the Mexicans, were Americans, fitted out for this purpose in American ports, and sent out here by their owners to furnish arms to those who were fighting their countrymen—a nefarious speculation, to say the least of it.

The Mexicans themselves had but one or two small vessels on the coast, and the English and French seemed to have entered into that business to but very small extent. It was left for our money-loving countrymen to follow the example set in times past by the Dutch, of old, of selling to the enemy the arms wherewith to defend themselves.

Among the vessels belonging to the Mexican fleet on this coast at that time, was one, to which, from the strange vicissitudes of her career (if a vessel may be said to have a career), a good deal of romance attached. This was the Malek Adhel, a fleet little brig. She had been, first, smuggler, on the coast of China, then pirate, next slaver, and finally was bought by the Mexicans, taken into the Mexican Navy, and captured while lying under the guns of the fort at Acapulco, by the boats of the United States sloop of war Warren. She was a very finely built vessel, and it was reported would sail like the wind. Certainly, if sharp bows and square yards, breadth of beam, and tauntness of rig indicate a clipper, she was one.

Her story was a strange one. As it was told to me by one who had been in her when she was a slaver, it ran as follows:

She was built in Baltimore, and had been originally fitted out for an opium smuggler. After running in that trade two years, proving herself the while the fleetest of the fleet, her crew, on a return passage from China, mutinied, and, killing the officers, hoisted the black flag, and boldly steered for the Atlantic, laying under contributions all vessels they met with on their way.

As the vessel, while in the smuggling trade, was well provided with arms, the piratical crew found her ready fitted to their hands. After robbing several Indiamen, and one or two country ships, they got round the Cape of Good Hope, and steered for the coast of Brazil, where they committed various depredations, until, ere long, their actions came to the ears of the authorities, and they found the American and English men-of-war hot in chase.

As those seas were no longer safe for them, the mutineers resolved to take a flying trip through the West India groups, and here the vessel was captured, after a hard fight, and those of the crew left alive were gibbeted in Havana.

The vessel now came into the possession of a slaving captain, who refitted her, thoroughly armed her, and shipping a crew of thirty of the most desperate characters he could pick up in the *pulperias* of Havana, sailed for the coast of Africa. Here, in too much haste to proceed in the usual manner to procure his cargo of slaves, and forgetting the old proverb of "honor among thieves," he lay in wait for and intercepted two homeward-bound slavers, and robbed them of their ill-gotten freight.

Having in this way made up his cargo, he set sail on his return. Several days after meeting with and robbing the slavers, the vessel was chased by a British brig of war. With a roaring breeze, the Malek Adhel held her own for two days, but found it impossible to shake off the Britisher. All manner of devices were tried, but without success. Even the horrible expedient of throwing a portion of his slave cargo overboard, was resorted to, thinking by thus lightening the ship she would sail faster—but all in vain.

Now the monster who commanded her grew desperate, and double shotting his guns, and arming his crew, he put the brig about, and steered down for the British cruiser, determined to decide the fate of the day in the speediest manner. The two brigs fought for three hours, not coming, however, during all the time to a hand-to-hand conflict, as in such case the slaver's captain was aware that the advantage of superior numbers was with the cruiser.

Each tried by skilful gunnery to cripple the other, and finally the captain of the slaver, by a lucky shot, succeeded in destroying the foremast of the British brig. Hauling his wind immediately, he now quickly ran down athwart the bows of his almost helpless enemy, and discharging two raking broadsides at her, which swept her decks fore and aft, he set all sail, and in a few days had his slaves landed on the island of Cuba.

The vessel made two more trips under the command of the wretch who was her captain on the first voyage, and then fell into the hands of Brazilians, who still, however, kept her

in the slave trade, although procuring their cargoes in the more legitimate manner of paying for them on the coast.

On the last of these voyages, she had been closely pursued by an American vessel of war, but had succeeded in throwing her off the scent. She ran into one of the smaller bays not far to the northward of Rio de Janeiro, and there succeeded in landing her slaves.

Scarcely had they gotten on shore, when an American schooner-of-war made her appearance at the mouth of the harbor. At sight of her, the entire crew, officers and men, of the Malek Adhel, seeing escape hopeless to the vessel, put off hastily for the shore, leaving her an empty prize in the hands of the American schooner.

By them, she was condemned as a prize, stripped of her armament, and sold to an American firm, who resold her to the Mexican Government, and she had been for some time already doing duty on the California coast when she once more fell into the hands of the Americans. Of her after history, I know nothing, except that some of our oldest tars prophesied no good for her. There had been too much blood spilled upon her decks to make her a lucky craft, they said.

By a fortunate accident, I was transferred to the United States sloop-of-war Warren, while our ship lay idly at Monterey, and in her made a trip to San Pedro, a bay some two hundred miles farther down the coast. I thus saw more of California than most of our crew. San Pedro Bay is a rather poor harbor, formed by a slight indentation in the land, fronted and partly protected from the sea by two small islands.

It was, at the time of which I write, notable simply as a hide-station, and as the port of a good-sized town, lying some thirty-seven miles in the interior, called, with true Mexican rodomontade, the Puebla de los Angeles, or City of Angels. Several of the angels, in enormous hide-boots and spurs, and fierce-looking mustaches, came down to the vessel to transact business with the captain. To say the best of them, they were rather dirty-looking fellows, with a good deal "of the earth, earthy" about them.

The town which, by an effort of the imagination, was generally supposed to be located at San Pedro, I found to consist of one hide-house, and a man to take care of it.

The most interesting spot in the entire neighborhood, to me, was the island fronting the harbor, to seaward. This was the abode of numberless sea-fowl which had here their nests, thickly studding the ground, and which sometimes, when suddenly disturbed, rose up in vast crowds, almost hiding the light of the sun, and filling the air with their discordant cries.

A boat's crew of us paid a visit to the island, where we found the entire shore covered with nests, nearly all containing eggs or young birds, and so thickly were they clustered together that one could hardly walk between them without treading upon them. The birds were quite tame, and sat still upon their nests or screamed discordantly above our heads, while we walked through their settlement.

We procured a quantity of eggs, taking of course only the freshest looking. The eggs are quite palatable (almost anything was considered palatable in California in those days), but the

birds, mostly sea-gulls, have a strong, fishy taste (arising, probably, from their living almost constantly on fish), which makes them suitable only for strong stomachs.

We remained at San Pedro but a few days, as the harbor is not a safe one, and as soon as our business was finished returned to Monterey. Here, everything was as we left it—the same dull routine of nothing to do, the same everlasting beef.

While lying here this time, and before, at my earnest petition, I was returned to my old ship, from the Warren, I had frequent opportunities to visit the shore, and on one of these occasions rode out to the "Missions," a decayed Jesuit settlement some seven miles distant from Monterey.

Making application to an old fellow, near the water-side, for horses for the party going out, he mounted, rode into a herd, and lassoed the requisite number of beasts for us in a short time. Providing them with saddles and bridles and their riders with one tremendous spur each, we were fitted out for the trip.

Arriving at the Mission, we found a church of respectable dimensions but dilapidated appearance, with a small house adjoining, for the padre, and a cluster of miserable huts, tenanted by a lazy and dirty-looking set of Indians, who sleepily hailed us as Christian brethren, and demanded, in return for the compliment, the wherewithal to procure some *aguardiente.* Drinking this *aguardiente,* the native liquor, and playing cards, seemed to be their only amusements, and so far as we could see, the only objects of their lives. They were a miserable set, and the kind of Christianity inculcated on them by the Jesuit

priests seemed only to have debased them even to a lower standard than that of their roving brethren. During the Spanish occupancy of the land, these mission Indians were used as slaves by the priesthood, who forced them to cultivate their fields, and perform their menial offices, granting them in return the name of Christians—how little deserved it is not necessary to say.

At the time we were on the coast, the country about San Francisco and inland was being settled up by Mormons, to whom this had been proclaimed a second promised land. Immigrant parties of them were arriving constantly, a few by ship, but most of them overland, crossing the Rocky Mountains. The poor people, intent only on reaching as speedily as possible their new Canaan, and possessed in general of but little practical information regarding the perils of the way, started not unfrequently at the most unpropitious season of the year for crossing the mountains, and suffered dreadfully from exposure to the cold among the snow-drifts on the higher ranges, as well as from want of provisions.

While we were lying at Monterey, one of these caravans was caught in the snow in one of the passes, and the history of their sufferings scarcely finds a parallel in any account of shipwreck and suffering at sea.

The party, consisting, if I remember aright, of some sixty persons, men, women, and children, arrived at the highest point on the summit of the range, in the beginning of February. Here, already weakened by previous exposure and suffering, they were overtaken by a severe snow-storm, in which to travel was impos-

sible. They found it necessary, therefore, to pitch their tents in this place, and endeavor to make themselves as comfortable as possible, until the weather should moderate.

Meantime the provisions, already short enough, began to fail, and ere long they were reduced to the necessity of eating their animals. Still the snow continued, and they were now imbedded in an enormous snow-drift, out of which it seemed an almost hopeless attempt for them to make their way, encumbered as the party was with helpless women and children. It required their utmost exertions to keep the flickering torch of life from going entirely out, in the midst of this frozen snow-bank. Soon they found it expedient to build themselves snow houses; and now it truly seemed as though they were never to get away. Already some of the weaker had died, and others were fast failing, when it was proposed that a party of six of the stoutest and most experienced should try to make their way to Suter's Fort, then the most easterly settlement in that part of California, and there obtaining aid and provisions, return to the succor of their unfortunate companions.

This was speedily determined on, and six of the best woodsmen, taking with them a scanty supply of mule meat, departed on their rather desperate mission for relief.

Four of these died on the way, and it was not until entirely exhausted, and upon the point of also giving up, that the two survivors were found by a friendly band of Indians, who brought them to the Fort. Here one of the two died of pure exhaustion. The other, named Foster, by kind attendance

and proper care, was soon sufficiently recovered to accompany a band of hardy backwoodsmen, amply supplied with all the necessaries of life, to the place where he had left his distressed companions.

After a most difficult journey of ten or twelve days, they succeeded in reaching the snow huts in the mountains. Six long weeks had already elapsed since Foster and his five companions had started out for the settlements, to procure help. They found, out of sixty, but two left alive.

It appeared that, not long after the party had started for Suter's Fort, the mule flesh was all consumed, and those still alive saw utter starvation staring them in the face. In this extremity, tortured by the incessant gnawings of hunger, they exhumed out of the snow the frozen bodies of their dead companions, and one after another *these*, *too*, *were eaten.*

But even this desperate resort failed to keep life going, in the ice-cold fastness, and one after another, children, women, and strong men, ceased to struggle with their fate. A few of the women and children had refused to touch the loathsome meal set before them, and of course these were the first to go.

But a few days, and the survivors no longer buried the dead. They had not strength, nor was it necessary, as one after another the corpses were taken to provide sustenance for those who were still obstinately struggling for existence. Hoping against hope, the fast dwindling few still managed to retain their hold on life. They no longer moved about, except as it was necessary to hunt up a fresh corpse, from which to

satisfy the cravings of hunger. They ceased to hold communication with one another, but eyed each other greedily, thinking of the time, perhaps not far off, when one would dine upon the other.

It was not until the number of the living had been reduced to two, that the succoring party reached them. And as Mr. Foster anxiously rushed to the tent where he had left a wife and two children, alive, when he departed on his mission for help, he saw one of these two survivors reclining between the corpses of his two children, of one of which he had devoured all that was available, while of the other only part of the body had been consumed. The soul sickens at the contemplation of such a scene.

The party returned to the settlements, where, it was said, one of the two survivors soon died of horror at the remembrance of the scene through which he had passed. One cannot help thinking that death must have been a relief to one who had so horrible an experience in his memory.

CHAPTER XV.

Homeward-bound—Good-by to California—Valparaiso—Another liberty, and its consequences.

WE were heartily tired of the dull monotony of our California life, ere we were in Monterey three months. To be confined on board ship, in harbor, is wearisome enough at any time, but more especially so in so lifeless a port as Monterey. In places of so great resort for men-of-war as are Rio de Janeiro or Valparaiso, various little incidents keep the mind excited, and cause time to pass quickly, if not pleasantly. Now, some saluting takes place in the harbor, and the causes for it form a topic for conversation. Again, some great admiral or governor-general comes aboard to review the ship, and what with cleaning and polishing, mustering, being gazed at, and gazing at the strangers in return, a day is passed. And so, with occasionally exercising topgallant and royal yards, and loosing and furling sails, listening to the band, and once in a while an agreeable book, and an after-dinner game at backgammon or checkers, the time does not hang so heavily on one's hands.

During our long stay at Bocca Tigris, in China, although deprived of the pleasure of going ashore, the continual novelty

of the objects on the river, and the daily ramble of several hours through the well-supplied bumboats, inspecting the curiosities, etc., served to keep the mind in a state of healthful activity.

But in Monterey Bay there were none of these things. No bumboats, no foreign people to look at, no strange vessels coming in or going out, nothing to see, or to do, or to think about. And a more tedious life than ours could not therefore well be. I had read through already, before we reached the port, every accessible book in the ship, including a prayer-book. I had matched myself at backgammon, against every player of note on board, and had become tired of continually beating certain ones, and being beaten by others. I had spun a tee-totum, until disgust at the infantile amusement took possession of me.

Every means of amusement had been tried and thrown aside; and, in despair, I was at last reduced to the desperate expedient of having my arms covered with pictures, pricked in with needles dipped in India ink, after the long-approved fashion of old salts. This, between the novelty of the experiment, and the pain attending it, served to while away some tedious hours. But, alas! even this could not last forever; and when there was no longer left any room on my arms, for additional Neptunes, ships, and whales, I was compelled in despair to re-read some of my old acquaintances among the books.

My experience was only that of all the crew, not excepting even the officers, and heartily glad were we, therefore,

when it began to be whispered about, that our sailing-day was not far distant. Great was the rejoicing amid which we got the ship ready for sea, and more willing hands never bent sails or sent aloft topgallant yards.

The boatswain's hoarse summons to "all hands up anchor for the United States," was received with three deafening cheers, attesting the heartiness of our joy. The capstan bars flew round; the anchors were quickly at the bows; the topsails sheeted home and hoisted; and as the ship's head swung to the breeze, we manned the rigging, and gave three times three cheers, which were cordially returned by the crews of some half dozen men-of-war, then in port.

And so we left California behind us—with an inward vow (which *I* have kept) never to return thither.

For home—for home—this was what tingled in every ear, wreathed every face with smiles, warmed every heart, and changed the entire life, on board. Homeward-bound is the magic word which causes the most obstinate to relent, the fiercest spirits to soften. Under its happy influence, old feuds are forgotten, and friends and shipmates who have been estranged, or perhaps at bitter enmity all the cruise, now edge toward each other, and, almost before they know it, are shaking hands and laying out plans together for the future.

Discipline, before so strict, is now greatly relaxed, and many little misdemeanors are overlooked, many little liberties granted, which make the rough life a comparative pleasure. The bonds of restraint, which have hitherto kept every man in his own part of the ship, and among his own class, are to a great ex-

tent broken down, and, in the dog-watches, topmen are seen clambering over the stays, from top to top, making social visits, while, on fine nights, half the watch below stays on deck to yarn it, and sing songs, and talk about home.

These are really halcyon days, when everything looks bright, and the pleasures to come cast a pleasant, sunshiny gleam over all the hardships of the present, while the troubles and suffering left behind serve only to give a keener relish to the enjoyment of the day.

"Well, boys," said an old quartermaster, "it's plain the girls at home have got hold of the tow-rope now—and just see how they are dragging the old ship along."

She was going along, with as fine a breeze roaring through her rigging and distending the sails, as the most eager of us all could have desired. We were blessed with favoring winds all the way, not being detained by the usual calm on crossing the line, and arrived at Valparaiso in forty-six days from Monterey.

Here, all hands were given another run on shore, a privilege of which we were not sorry to avail ourselves. As homeward-bounders, we were looked up to, ashore, and among the crews of the other men-of-war, in the harbor, as fortunate beings, as much to be envied as though we had come into the possession of great wealth. And, sooth to say, we looked down with infinite pity upon the poor fellows who were doomed to pass another year or two upon *the station*, and presumed not a little upon our superior fortune.

The ship's company was divided in four shore parties,

each division being allowed three days' liberty. It is usual to make the division in such cases by watches, or quarter-watches, but, in this case, it was made from a good-behavior book, kept by the captain and commander, those whose names stood highest on this being permitted to go first on shore, while those whose previous misconduct had placed them lowest, were reserved for the last party. Among this last party were, of course, included all the worst drunkards and wild fellows. But it so happened, as is too often the case at sea, that those whose characters for sobriety and general orderliness of behavior stood lowest on the captain's book, were at the same time the smartest men in the ship, the very best seamen. Among them were included nearly all the foretopmen, some forecastlemen, and a number of maintopmen. These the commander called his *hoo-hoo gang*, and their turn on shore came last.

Having no liberty-men to follow them, these fellows determined upon having a grand spree, and agreed not to come off to the ship until they were fairly driven on board. Accordingly, when their allotted three days were out, but a very few came off, the balance now stowing themselves away in the Tops, their regular haunts, where with plenty of everything which a sailor's heart desires, they awaited the turn of events.

Such action was scarcely provided for on board, and one day's grace was given them, in which to render themselves up. Scarcely a man availed himself of this, those who still remained having organized themselves into a band, determined to resist any attempts at a forcible capture, and to return on board voluntarily when they had their spree out.

The second day after the expiration of their liberty, notice was given the *vigilantes*, ashore, that five dollars reward would be paid for every man of the crew rendered on board.

Several who had carelessly strayed out of the Tops were brought aboard in the course of the day, the reward for their capture coming, of course, as it always does in such cases, out of their own pockets.

The third day came, and now the reward for each man taken was raised to ten dollars. This set the entire police force of Valparaiso agog, as it was known that there were still nearly one hundred men ashore, and if they could only capture the entire party, they would clear a neat little sum.

By this time, our tars had had their spree out, and were willing to return on board—but not as captives, and, worse yet, with the prospect of paying for their own capture. But the *vigilantes* were unwilling to allow their prey to escape so easily, and refused to let them pass out of the Tops, except as prisoners.

"Well," said one of the party, when this news was brought into the Tops by a few of their number who had been holding a parley with the police, "if they want us, let them come and get us—and let us get ready for them, boys, for we must get aboard to-day, somehow."

All hands now armed, some having shovels, some hammers, others old chairs, billets of wood, table legs, in short, anything that came first to hand, and the entire party moved in a solid body down to Mizzentop, that part of their stronghold nearest the Mole.

While consulting what was next to be done, they were near being surprised by a considerable party of dismounted *vigilantes*, who, having skirted around the base of the hills, were now advancing upon their rear. At the same time, another force appeared in front, and the party seemed about to be surrounded.

"Stick together, boys, and we'll drive these fellows before us down to the Mole; and if we reach that, we are safe," said one of the leaders.

No sooner said than done. Without giving the party approaching their rear, time to catch up, the tars charged upon the company of *vigilantes* in front, and, throwing some down the steep side of the Mizzentop hill, knocking down others, and driving the balance before them, they fought their way gallantly down through the narrow street leading to the Mole, and reached the plaza at its extremity, without serious injury being done to any one of them.

On reaching the plaza, they were stopped by a multitude of the people, who had congregated there to witness the capture of Jack. Forcing their way through these, and still keeping the *vigilantes* at bay, they finally made their way to the water stairs; but here, alas! there was no boat to receive them.

This was an emergency which had not been foreseen by our tars, who now saw themselves caught in a trap—the water at their backs, the police in front and flank.

But they did not give up. They asserted their privilege to render themselves on board without the aid of *vigilantes*,

while these latter demanded the right to deliver them to their officers.

"Come and take us," was again the cry, and the police and the multitude closed in upon the little band, charging upon them with swords and lances. Our fellows, who had intrenched themselves behind some spiles, defended themselves desperately with stones, of which there was a plentiful supply at hand, and not a few Chileno skulls bore witness to the accuracy of their aims.

All this passed in plain view of us who were on board, impatient and excited witnesses of our shipmates' defence. As ever and anon a Chilian would fall victim to some well-aimed missile, a little subdued shout would go up from the crowd congregated upon the forecastle, while a low murmur attended a similar misfortune to one of our fellows.

But now the battle grew fiercer. The police, pressed on by the multitude behind, charged desperately, and succeeded in dislodging a part of the sailors, who were driven by main force off the wharf and into the water. Some few of these were fortunate enough to be picked up by several merchant vessels' crews, which chanced to be there, but these rapidly pulled away from the scene of action, fearful of getting their boats stove by some of the rocks which now began to fly. Those still remaining in the water clung to spiles and floating timber, and were there helpless and at the mercy of the police, who stood above them, throwing pieces of rock upon their heads. The little band on shore still defended themselves as best they could, and maintained their position behind the timbers.

But a few minutes more, and our boats were at the stairs, and, making a last mad rush at their assailants, our tars, picking up their wounded, ran hastily down the stairs, the boats shoved off, and all was over. Those in the water had of course been picked up first. The boats arrived none too soon to save our men. Many of them were wounded, and several were so badly hurt as to be confined to the sick-bay the greater portion of the passage to Rio de Janeiro.

To what extent the police force of Valparaiso was injured in the melee we never learned, as we sailed the succeeding morning for Rio, which port was to be our last, this side of home.

Sailing once more past Reeftopsail point, we made the best of our way with a strong and favoring breeze toward Cape Horn. Our cruise was now fast drawing to a close, and every one that knew how was busied about some kind of fancy work, with which to make a show on shore, or perhaps for the next voyage or cruise. Some spent weeks in making a nice suit to go ashore in, and frocks with beautifully embroidered collars and bosoms, of blue silk, blue jackets with velvet collars and cuffs, and *two* rows of pearl buttons on each side, threatened to become the fashion, while there were not wanting tars whose extravagant fancy was not satisfied with less than a complete row of pearl buttons down the outside seam of their mustering trousers.

Others—these were the utilitarians—giving little heed to fancily-embroidered clothes, were busied about braided hammock lashings, and clews, and bag-lanyards, while a few, remembering

the young folks at home, were expending all their sailor craft in fitting up skip-ropes, or arranging the rigging for some miniature vessel, destined to grace the parlor mantel, and form a reminiscence of the days spent in the service.

All this work was, however, put a stop to by our approach to the cold weather of the southern latitudes. For ten or twelve days after leaving Valparaiso, we held our course to the south-south-west, in order the more surely to strike the south-westerly winds, which would then, having made a good southing, be entirely fair for us. In two weeks after leaving the coast of Chili, we were in the long, powerful swell of the South Pacific, and bearing along gallantly under a press of canvas, for the Horn.

While yet steering south, we one day saw a large school of whales, the largest school we had seen during the cruise. They were standing to the north, forging ahead slowly through the water, their vast heads dividing the waves, their smooth, black backs gleaming over the surface as they made their way against the wind and sea. They would have been no inconsiderable prize to some outward-bound sperm-whaler; to us they were simply objects of curiosity. I watched them as long as I could see the bushy spray of their spout, and determined within my own mind that if life was spared me I would experience myself some of the hardships and dangers associated with whaling.

It being the latter part of November when we sailed from Valparaiso, we were off the Horn in December, the height of summer in those latitudes. We, therefore, confidently expected

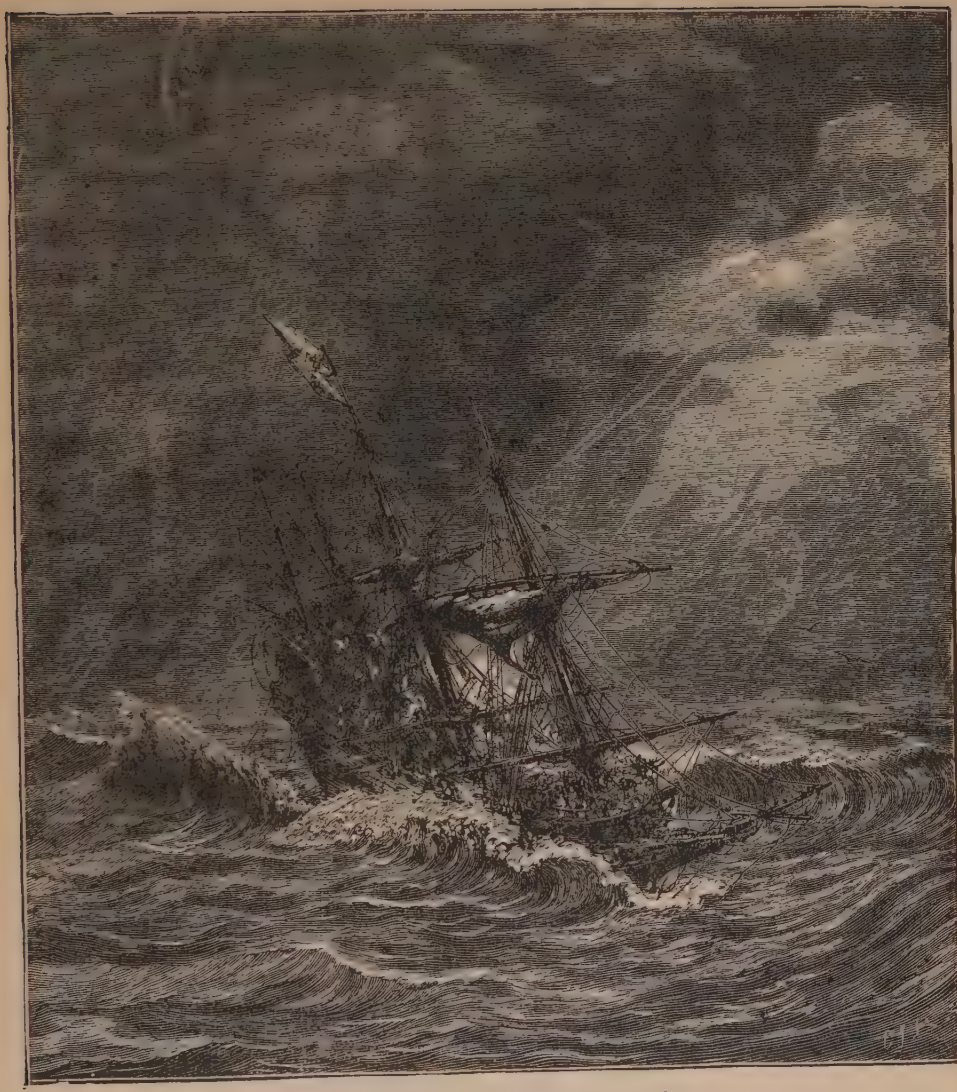
that we should have fine weather and fair winds, in neither of which expectations were we deceived.

By summer off the Horn is not to be understood such weather as is called by that name in the United States. The wind is sharp and biting, and the nights are generally uncomfortably cold. The days are much like fine March days in the latitude of New York, and pea-jackets and mittens are at all times welcome. Yet this weather is infinitely preferable to the bitter cold, stormy winter of the same latitude. The difference between the two seasons here is said to be even greater than in the more temperate climes.

The most important advantage gained by doubling the Horn in the summer season, is in the length of the days. When we were off the cape, the sun rose at a little after two o'clock A. M., and did not again disappear below the horizon until ten o'clock at night. Having at the same time a brilliant full moon, with the long twilights of the high latitudes, we were able to read, on deck, at any time of the night.

In stormy weather, this long continuance of daylight greatly facilitates the working of the ship, and eases the labors of the sailor. In the winter season the days are from four to six hours long, and for the balance of the twenty-four hours the storm wind is to be met and overcome in the dark.

It seemed very strange to us to turn into our hammocks at broad daylight, and for some days I persisted in remaining upon deck, until at least the sun sank out of sight. These daylight night-watches were very pleasant. Although broad light, it was *supposed* to be night, and all the etiquette observed in



A SQUALL OFF CAPE HORN.

day-time was dismissed. All work, of course, was suspended, and the watch on deck, with a goodly portion of the watch below, congregated on the quarter-deck and in the waist, and sitting close together to keep warm, played at various nautical games,

CAPE HORN.

such as the Priest of the Parish, and Doubling Cape Horn, the merry jest and song going the rounds in the mean time, until, in the pleasing excitement of the hour, we forgot cold feet and hands and other minor discomforts.

When directly south of Cape Horn, although not in sight

of land, being too far to the southward, our breeze died away, and we lay for three days becalmed, surrounded all this time by albatrosses and cape pigeons, the only inhabitants of the lonely waste about the Horn.

In a calm, these birds approach very near to the vessel, eagerly picking up any scraps of meat or other eatable that may be thrown overboard. Taking advantage of their greediness, we caught several dozen albatrosses, by means of a hook baited with a piece of pork, and allowed to float astern. The hook and bait are kept at the surface of the water by means of a broomstick or other light piece of wood, to which the line is made fast. The albatross no sooner gets his eye upon it than he gulps it down.

Then begins in general some exciting sport. They have great power of resistance in their feet and wings, and use it to the utmost, making it quite an undertaking to haul one in. To this purpose, you watch the pitching of the vessel. As her bows go down and her stern rises high in mid-air, the captive bird is dragged along by the resistless power of the wave. When the stern begins to settle, the slack line is quickly pulled in, and again belayed as she rises aft. And so by degrees he is dragged up under the stern, and pulled in on deck, amid a great fluttering of wings, and an ugly snapping of his heavy sharp bill, which tells plainly that his ire is roused by this treatment.

Once on deck and he is safe—so far as getting away is concerned. No real sea-bird can take wing off the flat deck of a vessel, and the albatross is a particularly awkward and heavy

bird in rising on the wing, often, when the sea is calm, being obliged to paddle along the surface for two or three ships' lengths, flapping his wings all the while, before getting a fair start. But when he once gets under way, there is not a grander sight than to watch him sailing along, for half an hour at a time, without the least exertion of his immense wings, now skimming along the glassy surface, now rising grandly skyward, and anon darting down like a flash, into the wave, and bringing up in his beak an unfortunate fish, or piece of blubber, or refuse from the ship.

Standing on deck, a captive, the albatross has a noble, proud look, which often makes him friends among his captors. He casts his eye around him with an air of lofty scorn, as though disdaining to beg his life at the hands of man. He is not, either, above cherishing a desire for revenge for the indignities he has suffered, as the quick, sharp snap of his powerful beak, when anything is presented near it, sufficiently attests.

But, like his conqueror, man, his better qualities only come to light when adversity overtakes him. Place him in his element, and give him prosperity (plenty of unromantic fat pork), and he becomes at once selfish, and greedy, and mean, and uses the power of his beak and wings to oppress the weaker among his brethren, and rob them of the products of their skill or daring.

I have often watched a wary old albatross, who had felt the hook, and learned to view a piece of pork with a certain degree of distrust, as he would lay off at ease, while a little inexperienced fellow would confidently swim up and get the

prize. But, alas! before he had time to swallow it, the large one is upon him, and wrests it from his very throat.

ALBATROSS.

The sailors take advantage of this greedy disposition to make themselves a bit of sport. They take a stout cord, two

or three feet long, and fasten solidly to each end a lump of pork, then throw this contrivance to the birds. No sooner does it strike the water than it is pounced upon by a *gony* (as they are called by seamen). He swallows one piece, but ere he has time to gulp down the whole mess, another bird has taken down the remaining piece of pork, and the two are linked together by the head.

Now comes a tussle and tugging, each one of course desiring to go his own way, until generally the weaker of the two, after a desperate struggle, gives up his share—only, however, to be seized by another, when the same scene is re-enacted, until at last some lucky fellow manages to get off with the entire booty.

We captured a "gony," on the last day of the calm, who measured from tip to tip of his wings, thirteen feet six inches. They are not unfrequently found to spread fifteen feet.

Our calm was succeeded by a strong breeze from south-south-west, with which behind us, we wallowed through the vast billows off the Horn, at a rate which filled every heart with pleasure. A few weeks brought us again into pleasant weather, and once more we had exchanged winter for summer, the sombre albatross for the gay tropic bird, the bright and many-colored dolphin for the lonely cape pigeon.

Then came the scraping, and scrubbing, the tarring, painting, and trimming up, which was to give to our ship an appearance in accordance with the gay harbor of Rio, which we were now fast nearing.

At length, Cape Frio hove in sight, and the vast Sugar Loaf,

looming up against the sky, was hailed as an old acquaintance, whom we were glad enough once more to look upon.

And as the dear old craft bore nobly into the harbor of Rio, there were few hearts on board, I opine, that did not send up a fervent and deep-felt thanksgiving to the Giver of all good, who in His mercy had brought us safely through so many dangers, so many trials and hardships, thus far on our way home. And when, on the first Sabbath in port, the white Bethel flag at the peak called all hands *to church*, an unusual stillness and respectful attention to the services of the occasion, proclaimed the deep feeling of gratitude which reigned throughout the ship.

Sailors are rough fellows, and have their full share of the weaknesses incident to our common humanity; but, careless and light-hearted—and often positively wicked—as is your real tar, no man has a warmer or more easily touched heart than he; no one is more susceptible to the deeper and better feelings of our nature; and, as his life is one of so constant vicissitude, as he is so unceasingly held as it were in the hollow of His hand, who rules the storm-wind and the billow, so are there in the experiences of his soul depths of gratitude and upheavings of the spirit toward its Creator and Preserver, to which the landsman, pursuing the more even tenor of his way, is perhaps a stranger. Rough and plain spoken as he is, there is no tenderer heart than Jack's. There is no kinder nurse in sickness, no less selfish companion in the every-day pursuits of life, no more open-handed and free-hearted giver to the poor and needy, than he of the bronzed cheek and tarry frock.

CHAPTER XVI.

Leave Rio de Janeiro—The last passage—Norfolk—Paid off.

WHILE assisting the quartermaster in trimming the after windsail one day, during our stay at Rio, he pointed out to me a little heavily sparred, black schooner, lying in the inner harbor, among other shipping, which he declared to be a veritable slaver. My curiosity was greatly excited, and I gave my friend no rest until he permitted me to take a long look through the spyglass at the suspicious craft.

As may be supposed, I found her to differ but little from other vessels of her rig and build. Her spars were disproportionately heavy and taunt, and she was coppered high up above the water-line, both peculiarities likely to aid her in getting through the water, but otherwise she had, to my disappointment, nothing about her which might not be seen on the most commonplace coaster or pilot-boat.

"But," said I to my friend, "how dares she show herself in here if she is really a slaver?"

"All her slaving gear, decks, irons, and galley were taken out of her in the port where she landed her slaves, and she probably came in here with a false set of papers certifying her to be a trader of some kind. She will procure here her stores

for the next trip, return to her last port for deck, etc., and then start again for the coast of Africa. And thus, although everybody in the port knows her real business, none of the men-of-war can touch her, because they can't prove it. But sometimes they catch them, nevertheless, by following them out, tracing them to the refitting port, and then lying in wait for the vessel outside. But they have got up to that trick nowadays, and manage to circumvent the cruisers, by sending out spying boats, who make report whether or not the coast is entirely clear."

While we were yet speaking, a mizzentopman, one of my watchmates, came up, and took a look at the object of my curiosity.

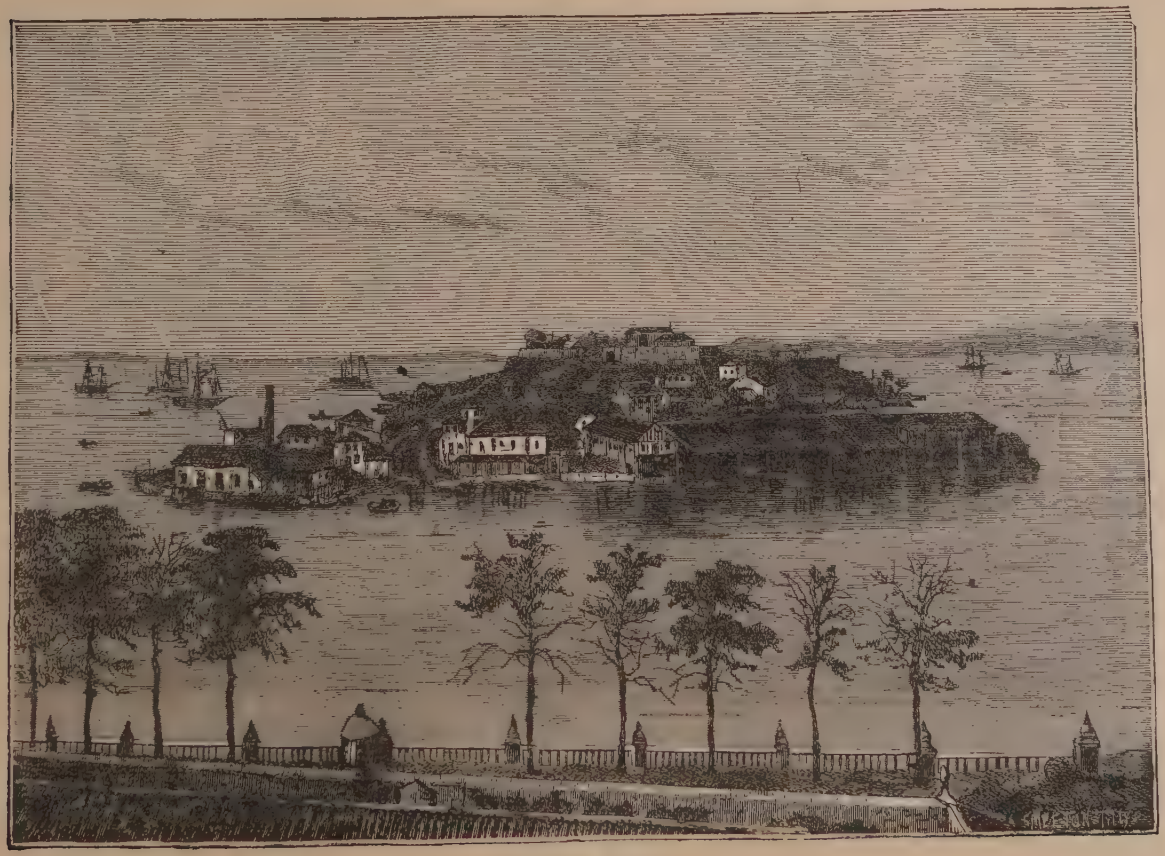
"Ain't she a beauty, Jack," said the quartermaster, admiringly.

"Yes, and many a beauty like her I've seen sawed in two on the beach in St. Helena. That's the only thorough cure for a craft that's once got into the habit of going to the west coast."

"Do they saw them in two, then when they catch them?" inquired I.

"Yes, and old Jemmy Squarefoot himself could not put them together again. I've seen some of the finest craft that ever sailed, spoiled in that way, and rotting on Jamestown beach."

I had long been desirous to know what was done with slavers and their crews, when they fell into the hands of the English cruisers, and as Jack Matthews had been some years on *the coast* (as the west coast of Africa is called), in one of



BAY OF RIO.

the British cruisers, and had assisted at the capture of many slavers, I did not let slip the occasion to get him to promise me a yarn on that subject when we were once more at sea.

"The first quarter-watch we have aloft, Jack," said I.

"Yes, if you put me in mind of it," answered he good-naturedly.

Our stay at Rio was short. To replenish our supply of water, and take in a few stores, was the work of but little more than a week, and then we were off for *home*, indeed. The few days spent this time in Rio harbor passed very pleasantly. The one thought which seemed uppermost in every mind—that we were now homeward-bound—was in itself sufficient to lift us above the common every-day disagreeableness of man-of-war life. But in addition to this rather imaginary lightener of labor, we experienced at this portion of the cruise many pleasures of which outward-bounders are left in ignorance.

Among these, not the least was the deference paid to us by the crews of the men-of-war in port, which had but lately arrived from the States. We were looked up to, not only as privileged mortals, in that we were now upon the eve of concluding happily a not unimportant episode in our lives, but also as the heroes (self-constituted, to be sure) of a somewhat eventful voyage around the world.

As there was but little to do on board, and these were the days of unusual privileges, little parties were permitted to spend a portion of each day on board one or other of the American men-of-war in harbor, a species of liberty of which we were glad to take advantage. Many of our men had ship-

mates on board of the other vessels, and those who had none soon made acquaintances, so that these visits formed a very pleasant variety in our life.

On these occasions I always found that our crew would consort principally with those of the other vessels who were stationed in the same part of the ship as they. Thus, our foretopmen were sure to be found, when on a visit, among the foretopmen of the other ship, the forecastlemen took their stand about the bows, while the maintopmen were seen congregating in the waist. And not unfrequently, when one found an old shipmate, on learning that he was stationed in a different part of the ship, there would be an expression of disappointment, and often a positive estrangement. The spell seemed to some degree broken. So much are we the creatures of habit, that a friend in altered circumstances seems a friend no longer.

On going for the first time on board a strange ship among several hundred men, with not one of whom I was acquainted, I felt somewhat ill at ease, fearing that I should not be so fortunate as to make some friends. But my uneasiness was needless. I was not five minutes on board, was still standing in the gangway of the frigate, looking at the arrangement of the upper deck, somewhat different from ours, when I was accosted by a boy of about my own age, who said:

"To what part of the ship do you belong?"

"To the mizzentop," I answered.

"That's all right, come along with me," said he, slipping his arm through mine, and ere half an hour was past, I was

sitting in the midst of a crowd of topmates, as much at home as though we had made a cruise together.

Of course on such occasions, numberless questions were asked concerning the ports we had visited, to some of which they, too, were bound. Tough yarns were spun by our fellows of scrapes ashore, and of various events of the cruise, while we in turn got the latest news from the States, what changes had taken place afloat and ashore, during our long absence, together with advice as to the best course to be pursued after we should be paid off and discharged.

Visitors are always entertained with the best on board. The stranger has the place of honor at the mess; he is served first, and with the choicest portions of the rough fare, and no possible mark of attention is omitted. And if there is anything he particularly fancies, yea, even to the half of Jack's possessions, it is his.

Thus, on the first visit I made, when, of course, I was thrown among entire strangers, I was shown some new books. I looked them over with great interest, and chanced to say that I would like to read a certain one. No more was said at the time, but when I was about to return on board, in the evening, a package was put in my hand by a stranger, who vanished before I could ask him what it was. On opening it when I got on board our ship, I found the identical book I had desired to read. To refuse a gift of this kind, or even to express any sense of obligation in accepting it, would cause pain to the donor, and to offer pay for it would be an unpardonable offence.

There is no more liberal-hearted fellow than a man-of-war's-man. His greatest delight is to divide his little stock of worldly goods with some ill-furnished acquaintance, and he would give away his last shirt and to an utter stranger, and feel happy as a king in doing so. Numberless were the souvenirs of friendship exchanged between our crew and those of other vessels, while we lay in Rio. A party of mizzentopmen of one of the frigates, sent aboard to me one day, before we sailed, and when I had already taken leave of them, probably never to see them more, a complete suit of winter clothing, to wear when we should get into cold weather on the American coast. And I am sure that nothing gave the donors greater pleasure than the knowledge that I would not have a chance to thank them—that, in fact, I scarcely knew whom to thank. Many of our crew were favored in the same way, and scarcely one but was able to show some article of use or ornament, the gift of one of our new-made friends. In like manner, as we were about to leave the Tropics, we distributed our white frocks and trousers, and light hats among the crews of the other vessels, and few that had any curiosities to give away, but parted with them here.

Having taken in our stores, bid good-by to friends, and fired one last salute, we weighed anchor and stood out to sea, taking our last look at the Sugarloaf and Cape Frio, with feelings much more pleasurable than were entertained when we took leave of these objects somewhat over two years and a half before, a period when we were just launching out on the cruise which was now nearing its completion.

The passage home was a real pleasure-trip. No more general quarters, or exercising at the guns, no more black-listing, or other punishment, no work of any kind, except what was actually necessary. Nothing to do, but talk of home, and lay plans for the future, which now loomed out so brightly ahead.

How impatient we grew at any slackening of the breeze, or signs of its hauling ahead! How each hour's progress was counted, even before it was made! How attentively each one kept his reckoning, and from the daily progress made hazarded guesses at the probable duration of the passage! I still look back to those last few days spent upon the old ship, with unalloyed pleasure. The feeling of hopeful suspense, the being about to turn a long-expected and bright future into a joyful present, seems, after all, the happiest of which humanity is capable.

I had not forgotten the yarn promised me by Jack Matthews, and after the chafing gear was all on, and the first few days of bustle, succeeding the departure from port, had passed, I took occasion of a quiet afternoon, when the quarter-watch were gathered together in the top to call upon my friend for the fulfilment of his promise.

"Don't get that old fellow yarning again; he'll bring on a head-wind with his tough stories that nobody believes," said the captain of the top.

"Never mind, Harry; more days, more dollars, you know," answered another.

"I've got more money coming to me now than I know what to do with. I'll have to hire somebody to take care of

me when we are paid off. A light craft like myself would make but poor headway, with such a cargo in as I shall have to carry away from the purser."

"Get spliced, Harry," sung out one of the youngsters from to leeward, which elicited a burst of laughter, as, if Harry's own tale was to be believed, he had at least half a dozen wives then living in as many different places, having made it a point of duty to "get married and settle down," as he called it, at the expiration of every cruise for the last fifteen years.

"But this ain't the yarn," I ventured to say.

"Well, if you'll promise not to believe a word he says, Charley, I'll make him tell it," said Harry, who pretended to absolute authority in the top.

"You'd better believe me, than look for proof," suggested Jack himself, as we gathered around him to hear the yarn.

"And, now," asked he, "what shall I tell you?"

"We want to hear what is done with the crews of slavers that are captured."

So, taking in, as a preliminary, a huge quid of tobacco, Jack began:

"You know, boys, I was two years in one of the little ten-gun brigs which Johnny Bull keeps on the west coast to catch slavers. In that time we took more than twenty prizes, and our prize money, when we got home, amounted to upward of five hundred dollars each.

"The vessels, if the slave cargo is already on board, are generally taken to Sierra Leone; while, if they are yet empty, they are sent to St. Helena. Most of our prizes were taken

to the latter place, as our cruising ground was just between there and Ascension and the coast. Many a hard chase we used to have after the slippery fellows, for they all sail like the wind, and don't spare the canvas when a cruiser is in their wake. A stern chase is a long chase, and mostly an unsuccessful one; and if once one of them got a fair start, it was but little use to follow him up.

"Our chief game was to lay in wait for a vessel that our captain knew, from information received, would be at a certain point at an appointed time. Taking him then, just as he came out from under the land, they would have to heave to for us in short order.

"Not unfrequently, too, we would come by chance, during the night, or in a fog, and in light winds, upon one of them, and when daylight appeared, or the fog cleared off, the poor wretch would find himself under our guns, with no alternative but to back his topsail, and receive our boat. If it was calm and smooth, we would bring the two vessels close together, and then transfer the crew to our brig, while a prize crew took possession of the capture, and set sail for St. Helena.

"The officers and crew of a captured slaver are permitted to retain nothing but a change of clothing; all other property is forfeited to the captors, excepting, however, any provisions which the captain may desire to bring on board for himself and crew. A thorough search is made, as each man steps on board, to make sure that he has no money or other valuables concealed, as the most ingenious devices are sometimes practised

by the old hands at the business, in their desire to retain their property.

"I remember one captain, whom we captured four times in the course of two years, and who had no end of expedients to smuggle his property on board. He got to be quite an old acquaintance of ours, and as he met his ill-fortune with unflinching good humor, he was quite a favorite, fore and aft.

"He would come on board, cigar in his mouth, and shake the first lieutenant by the hand, declaring in his broken English:

"'Pon honor, ver glad to see my friends again.'

"He always had a quantity of provisions to bring aboard with him, and as he divided with our fellows with no niggard hand, we were ready enough to help him get them in, and find a place for them.

"For the first three times that we took him, we could find no money in his craft, which was somewhat strange, as if the slave cargo is not yet in, there is generally some specie in the lazarette. Our first lieutenant was puzzled how to account for the deficiency, but Captain Xavier declared that he was such an unlucky bird that his owners would not trust him with specie.

"At last a bright idea struck the skipper. Said he:

"'If we catch that rascally Spaniard again, I'll find his money, or I'm mistaken.'

"It must have been his very next voyage, when, a thick fog clearing away one forenoon, we found to our gratification an unmistakable clipper, lying not half a quarter of a mile under

our lee. On running down alongside, we were hailed by our *nonchalant* friend, Captain Xavier, who by this time considered it evidently rather a good joke to be caught by his friends in this way.

"After transferring his crew to our vessel, we gave the schooner a thorough overhauling, but found no specie.

"'It's no use,' said her good-natured captain; 'there's no money there—the bank was closed when I sailed.'

"Meantime the usual bountiful supply of provisions had been passed on board, and among other things several crocks of butter. Upon these, Captain Xavier seemed to keep a particularly sharp eye, urging us to handle them tenderly, and not break the jars. They were set apart upon the deck, where he took the first opportunity to lash them, that they might not roll over with the motion of the vessel.

"This over-carefulness aroused the suspicions of our skipper, who asked what was in the jars.

"'Butter,' said our friend; 'I can't bear to eat dry bread, and consider a supply of good butter indispensable.'

"'Well, we are just out; suppose you let the steward have a jar for the cabin.'

"The captain protested that it was not fit for cabin use; that it was rancid; that—in fact, that he did not want to part with it.

"But, 'Steward, Captain Xavier says you may have a jar of butter for the cabin; so, come and take it away immediately,' was the unceremonious answer.

"The crock was no sooner in the cabin, than its contents

were emptied—and, lo and behold! in the bottom were found fifty Spanish doubloons. We had the captain's secret. Among his plentiful supply of provisions, he had shrewdly managed to stow away all the cash, and until the present voyage had succeeded in retaining it. He was not half so pleasant a man after he had been deprived of the balance of his butter crocks, in each of which was found a moiety of gold.

"Upon the arrival of the slaver's crew on board the cruiser, they are mustered, to ascertain if any of them are Britons. Of course no one is so foolish as to own to it if he is, as the law condemns all Englishmen found in that pursuit, to be hung. This is, however, not carried into effect, but when, as sometimes occurs, the Englishman is detected, notwithstanding his disguise, he is compelled to serve a period of two or three years in the cruisers on the coast, a punishment hard enough to bear in all faith.

"The crew are now taken to St. Helena, and there set ashore. The British Government pays for nine days' board and lodging for each individual, and at the expiration of that period they are left to shift for themselves, to get a ship as best they may, or to remain upon the island—where, however, they are quite likely to starve, for provisions are, at all times, extravagantly high there, almost everything having to be imported from the cape, or the neighboring African coast.

"As St. Helena is only a chance place of call for outward or homeward-bound Indiamen, but few vessels stopping there are in want of men, and often from fifty to one hundred of the slavers' men are gradually collected upon the isl-

and, unable to get away. In such cases, as they are reckless characters, and might make trouble, they are sent away to the South American coast, in vessels chartered by the Government.

"While we were yet on the station, there were one hundred of as hard cases as ever lived sent away in this manner. We heard afterward that they played curious pranks on their passage to Rio de Janeiro.

"It appears that a captain of a trading bark had agreed to take them at a certain sum per head, and as he was desirous to make as good a speculation as might be out of the trip, he had furnished for them but very poor provisions, probably thinking that anything was good enough for a parcel of sailors. He plainly had no conception of what a rough set he would have to deal with.

"They had the entire between decks to themselves, and amused themselves tolerably well for the first two or three days out. By that time, however, they had arrived at the conviction that the captain was not feeding them half well enough. They sent a committee to him, to inform him that, as passengers, they wanted a better quality of provisions. To this demand the captain rashly gave an uncivil answer, calling them a parcel of rogues and gallows-birds. This roused their ire, and resolving that they had been treated in a very ungentlemanly manner, and that none but gentlemen ought to occupy the position of commanders of vessels, they very unceremoniously deposed the officers of the bark, took charge of her themselves, took possession of the captain's reserved

store of provisions, and navigated and worked the vessel until within a day's sail of Rio. There they very quietly returned her to the control of her lawful captain, threatening him at the same time with a bloody revenge, if he took steps in law against them. Being a prudent man, he said nothing, glad enough, probably, to get rid of his passengers on such easy terms."

"But, Jack, what do they do with the vessels that are captured?"

"They beach them, and saw them in two parts. If they were sold, as prizes usually are, their former owners would be sure by some means to get them back into their possession, and thus but little injury would be accomplished to the business of slaving, as it is calculated that one safe voyage in five will pay all expenses, and yield a small profit, allowing for the entire loss of the other four vessels and their outfits.

"The vessels used for carrying slaves are, of course, the finest models in existence. No expense is spared in their construction and fitting out. It is, therefore, quite an object to prevent a vessel, once caught, from getting back into the same trade. The only sure means to effect this object, is to so completely destroy her, that she can never again be put together. They are therefore dismasted and stripped of all removable rigging and iron work. Then the spars are sawed in two, and the vessel is divided in the middle, the remains being sold for firewood, or such other purposes as they may be required for on the island. In no case is a portion allowed to be removed from the land."

So ended Jack's yarn.

I took great interest in listening to the plans of my many particular friends, my topmates, and those to whom congeniality of thought and feelings had drawn me with a closer bond. Many thought to go *home.* Back to the homes of their early childhood, whence they had first launched their bark upon the great ocean of life; back to father and mother, sisters and brothers, from whom they had been separated by long years of self-imposed exile. And as in the fulness of anticipated joy their hearts opened, and they spoke of the pleasures of the meeting with the loved ones, of the cheerful fireside, with the so long vacant seat now filled, of the walks among the trees where they played in childhood, of the renewing of old friendships, the living over again the old times, I could not help wondering how those who seemed capable of so keen enjoyment of home pleasures could have strayed away so many years.

My plans, too, were laid. I had started out to see the world—and had failed in accomplishing my desire; and I would try again. I would sail in merchant vessels, and having a choice of voyages, would visit such countries as seemed to me most desirable; and when I had seen all I wanted, *then* would I go home.

Ever since I had been stationed in the top, I had been fitting myself to be a merchant sailor. By dint of inquiry among the old merchant seamen on board, with whom I was always a great favorite, I had familiarized myself with all the details of life on board such vessels, as much as it was pos-

sible to do so from mere hearsay. I had taken great pains to make myself perfect in all those duties which could be learned as well on board a man-of-war, as in the merchant ship. I had learned to furl a royal, to reeve an earing, could bend a sail or send aloft a yard, do various jobs about rigging, and was, altogether, a very tolerable *theoretical* sailor—so I flattered myself.

As I had made no secret of my intention to try the merchant service, several of my own particular friends, among the old tars, offered to take me a voyage with them, in order to induct me regularly into this new department of sailor-craft. But I thought to try it alone, being desirous to conceal the fact of my having been in a man-of-war—something which, as has been before mentioned, is not by any means considered a recommendation in the merchant service.

Never did days seem so long, as when, on being about to cross the equinoctial line for the sixth and last time during our cruise, we were for nearly a week becalmed.

"Blow, Saint Antonio, blow!" muttered the commodore, as he paced the poop. And,

"Blow, good Devil, and you shall have the cook," sang the boatswain, as with impatient strides he walked athwart the forecastle.

At last, the so much desired breeze came, and the studding sails were run up to the yard-arms, with a jerk which threatened to carry away the halyards. Every available stitch of canvas was put on her, and when she was once more bounding through the water before a good eight-knot breeze,

we all drew a long breath, as though relieved of some great load.

We left Rio in the middle of January, and of course expected to encounter some cold weather on the coast of America. Great preparations were made, old flannels patched up, peajackets mended, and a general refit of woollen clothing had.

We had been so long in warm weather, had found even off the Horn so little of what might be called cold, that most of the crew looked forward with some concern to a possible encounter with one of the March gales on the coast. It was, therefore, with no little pleasure that we received the news that Norfolk, Virginia, was to be our port, for at that distance south the cold was not to be dreaded.

A few weeks of fair wind brought us into cooler weather; and the daily increasing rarity of the atmosphere, being an evidence of our gradual approach to port, was carefully marked.

At last, we struck the Gulf; and passing it, after two days beating about with a head-wind, made the low beach of Cape Henry. Lying off and on that night, we got a pilot next morning, and the succeeding evening found us anchored safely in Linnhaven Bay.

Now began a scene of utter confusion. All discipline was at an end. No more quarters or muster; no more cleaning or dressing. No more scrubbing decks, and even no more cooking.

Our credit ashore was unlimited, and who was going to eat "ship grub," when boat loads of delicacies from shore were

brought off at every meal-time. Norfolk is celebrated among man-of-war's men solely on account of the abundance and cheapness of oysters. The colored women, who bring off on board all kinds of victuals for the sailors, do not fail to have, among other matters, a plentiful supply of these shell-fish, prepared in all the known modes; and on these the tars "bowse out their kites," as they call it, at a great rate.

I said, our credit on shore was unlimited. And to the praise of our crew and of sailors in general, be it said, that in no case was this credit abused, although chances to do so were not wanting. I never saw our captain of the top more troubled, during a three years' cruise, than he was on the day he was paid off, at being unable to find an old black woman to whom he owed a dollar, for provisions brought off while we were yet on board. He hunted for her for more than an hour, and when at last he found her, it was hard to tell which was the happiest, the old woman at getting her money, or Harry at having been enabled to pay her.

Two days after anchoring in the bay, we were towed up through the shipping, at anchor in the upper harbor, to the Navy Yard, where, hauling to the wharf at but little distance from that monster man-of-war, the Pennsylvania, the work of stripping ship was begun.

It was while being towed through the fleet of small shipping, which at this time densely crowded the harbor of Norfolk, that I, for the first time, got a distinct idea of the vastness of the structure which had been my home for nearly three years. This was the only time, in the entire cruise,

that we passed sufficiently near to a merchant vessel, to allow us to make an estimate of the size of our craft, by comparing her with others. Our enormous hull loomed up among the little craft against whose sides we rubbed as we glided between their narrow tiers, like a leviathan among little fishes. A tolerably large schooner's maintopmast passed under our mainyard without touching, and the men on our foreyard, ready to bear off should we be like to come in contact, were on a level with the royalyards of a large bark which we passed. Custom had caused us to forget, in a short time after coming on board, this great difference in sizes, and it was thought no more to run to the royal masthead, on board our seventy-four, than it would be to go to the same place on board a diminutive merchant bark.

Our ship's company being so large, it was judged expedient to pay us off in two parties. Accordingly, one half of the crew was sent ashore on the next day after we hauled to the Navy Yard wharf, while the balance, among whom I found myself, were kept on board to *strip ship*—that is, to take down the lightest of the top-hamper, send down the top-gallantmasts, and topmasts, and topsail and lower yards. The rest of this labor is left to the dockyard men. Stripping ship is pleasant work, inasmuch as it proclaims the conclusion of the cruise. Everything is sent down by the run, and "a sharp knife and a clear conscience" is the word.

At last—at last—the long-wished-for day came, on which we were to leave the ship. When, on the evening previous, as I took a last walk about the now deserted decks, a final

look up aloft, where now everything was dismantled, I felt—I must confess it—as though I were about to depart from my home. The moment to which I had looked forward so long, and with so much eagerness, was come; but the gladness which I had anticipated I would feel at this consummation so devoutly wished for, was not there.

All the pleasures of the voyage came rushing athwart my memory. The remembrance even of the many deprivations and positive sufferings of our long cruise, seemed to loom up before me with a pleasant sort of indistinctness, and I regarded the old craft, the scene of many, to me eventful, passages in my life, with a feeling of affection which I had never before experienced.

I was not alone. Old tars and young lads, all were walking about, taking their leave of the various familiar objects and places about decks. Here was a powder-boy, holding up to the light, for the last time, his bright priming-wires. There, a gray-beard seaman was brushing the dust off his cutlass, and placing it carefully in the rack, overhead. Some ascended to the tops, where so many pleasant hours had been spent, during the past three years, and sat down sorrowfully in the old places, to have "another yarn;" while yet others fidgeted about decks, evidently feeling themselves sadly out of place, and more than half wishing the good old craft was yet off the Horn.

The next morning, the final leave-taking came, and we gathered bags and hammocks, and went ashore—*free* at last. Then first came the full realization of the fact that I was

once more my own master, and with the feeling, I half involuntarily straightened myself, and threw back my shoulders, as though to fling off the long-borne yoke. I felt as though no consideration in the world could induce me to ship in the Navy again. I had had a surfeit of bondage.

The Merchant Vessel:

A SAILOR-BOY'S VOYAGES

TO SEE THE WORLD

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ORIGINAL PREFACE.

IN the present volume, it has been the aim of the writer to draw an intelligible picture of the merchant seaman's life. Were the merchant service such as youth are most apt to imagine it, it would undoubtedly have great charms for one of an adventurous turn of mind. Could the merchant sailor always have his choice of voyages—could he obtain a situation when he wished, and to go whither it pleased him—were he not continually at the mercy of tyrannical officers and grasping shoresmen—and finally, but not by any means of least importance, were his average income sufficient to meet even his most moderate wants, such a life, with all its hardships, would form a not unpleasing experience. But the direct reverse is the fact. His chief anxiety when he is discharged from one ship is to engage himself on board another. In most cases he is forced to accept the first chance that offers. He has no control at all over his own movements, but is the merest creature of chance. He may plan out for himself an easy and pleasant round of voyages, but it is impossible to put his plans into execution.

The writer has not hesitated to show the shadows as well as the lights of this phase of sea-life. And, truly, these shadows are not few.

Of the "yarns" recounted in this volume, it may be well to say, that they are told as nearly as possible in the language of the original relators, and that there is no doubt whatever in the mind of the writer of their entire truth. He has given them place here, not only because *yarning* is one of the chief amusements of sailors during their leisure hours, but from the fact that they present phases of sea-life which happily did not fall to his experience.

PREFACE TO NEW EDITION.

LAST year Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. amazed, and I must say alarmed, me by insisting on republishing, in a very pretty form, an old book of mine, written in 1854, and published in 1855—"Man-of-War Life: A Boy's Experiences in the United States Navy." This year they wish to add to that volume a second, in which, about the same time, and when I was still fresh from the sea, I recounted my own life in various merchant ships under several flags.

As I glance over the pages of the book, which I have not looked at in many years, I see that it has at least one point of interest—it recounts adventures and a mode of life scarcely to be found now anywhere. There are, to be sure, still sailing ships; and no doubt the work and discipline in these ships are much the same that they were when I sailed, thirty-five years ago. But the main business of the sea is now done by steamships. Some out-of-the-way corners of the world, which it was my good fortune and my delight to visit, are now "settled and civilized;" and while there are still many tolerably remote spots, the stove-pipe hat is now found everywhere, and the area of romance and adventure is greatly limited. I will not say that the world has become commonplace, for that is not true. But I do think some of the bloom has been rubbed off the peach.

This book contains not only the record of my own experiences in the merchant service, but also here and there a forecastle yarn spun by an old shipmate. I dare say they are all true; for, as a saying of the sea goes, "that's what they said; and you wouldn't suppose a lot of sailor men would lie about such a matter as that?"

When I was a boy at sea the Spanish pillar dollar was still the coin of most universal currency, and the Spanish language was that most certain to be understood in the remotest spots. The American flag was to be found literally on every sea, and the American ship was the tautest, the best fitted, the best sailer, and made the most successful voyages. The American shipmaster was by far the most intelligent of his class, as he probably still is; but he had also the air, as he had the habit, of success; and he delighted in nothing so much as in a "trading voyage," in which he was not only master, but supercargo, and with a "roving commission" went out to Africa, or the Indian Ocean, or the "West Coast," to barter American goods and Yankee notions for the produce of the country. Such a captain had not only seamanship, but brains and a commercial education. He, and his crew also, looked down upon the "lime-juicers," as they called English ships and sailors as rather a stupid and semi-brutal lot. They laughed at the "parleyvoos," or Frenchmen, as better shoemakers than sailors. They despised the "Dagoes," or Spaniards, as fellows who always lost in the race.

In those days we Yankees counted ourselves the best men that sailed the seas.

Well, all that has changed. The pillar dollar and the Spanish as the universal language went out long ago. But it is not so long since we abandoned the sea. Perhaps some day we shall take possession again. I should be glad to see the day.

The book is here reprinted without change. I dare say I could write a better book now, but it would not be the same—it would not have the merit this one has, of being a true picture of the life here described. The publishers have, with great liberality, undertaken to add many illustrations, which I hope will lend interest to the text.

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CHAPTER I.

Jack ashore—Victimized by the land sharks—Off for Boston—A pleasure trip—Boston—Sailors' Home—Ships and shipping offices.

THE tailors, boarding-house keepers, and itinerant venders of jewelry, in port, have a busy time during the week in which a man-of-war's crew is discharged and paid off. Jack cannot see to the end of a hundred dollars, and therefore pays royally for everything he wants, and very many things he don't want, never stooping so low as to *bargain* with a tradesman—and getting cheated on all hands, of course, by the land sharks. Pinchbeck watches, and plated jewelry, and ill-fitting shore clothes, soon transform the neat, trim man-of-war's-man, looking as though he had just stepped out of a bandbox, into an awkward, ungainly fellow as one would be likely to meet with in a day's walk.

But never mind; the clothes may not fit, but they cost the money—the watch may be gilt, but its price was a golden one—and "what's the odds, so long as you're happy," said a jolly topmate, as he introduced himself to my notice, in a suit of clothes big enough for the largest man in all Ohio, a "long-faced hat," a watch in each vest-pocket, rings on every finger, *including* the thumbs, and a breastpin almost large enough for a din-

ner-plate. "You know," said he, with the air of one having some experience in such matters, "one must be in the fashion. Now nobody would take me for an old salt; they won't say, 'Go away, sailor, you smell of tar.'"

I thought *perhaps* they wouldn't, but respectfully declined investing in a similar manner, to Jack's evident disgust. Not all, however, of our crew sported their two watches, or dressed *in style.* I am sorry to say that not a few commenced a spree on the first day ashore, from which they only waked up to find themselves outward bound, and the landlord prepared to ship them, and pocket no inconsiderable share of their advance money. There were yet others, and these were principally the old merchant sailors, who were off, as soon as they received their pay, to one of the northern seaports, with the intention of shipping for some foreign port, Liverpool, London, Havre, or "up the straits," as the Mediterranean is called, where, being old cruising grounds to them, they thought to have their spree out to greater advantage than in the United States.

I fear but few of the many who had talked so loudly of going *home* had the strength of purpose to carry their resolution into effect. Many were doubtless persuaded off by their shipmates, and went "one more voyage"—which is like the toper's "one more glass," something that upsets all plans for reform. Others intended only to take a little preliminary spree, but spent too large a proportion of their savings in that, and then abandoned all idea of seeing home till after another good voyage.

As for myself, it had been determined that the company

which I had joined should go to Boston, from whence I intended to make my first trip in a merchant vessel. Our party consisted of five: two seamen, old sea-dogs, one of them a captain of the mizzentop, two ordinary seamen, and myself, a boy. The three last mentioned were steady temperance lads, but the old tars were confirmed topers, who were conscious that they could not resist the temptation to spreeing, and had made us youngsters promise, while yet on board ship, that we would *see to them.*

Fearing the utter impossibility of keeping straight all the way from Norfolk to Boston, the luminous idea struck Harry Hill, the captain of the top, to charter the cabin of a little coasting schooner, about to proceed to Boston.

"And then," said he, "if old Tommy Martin and I get on our beam-ends, you boys can put us into our berths, and there will be no bloody land sharks to pick our pockets."

This proposition was accordingly carried into effect. We paid fifty dollars for the use of the cabin, the captain to "eat us," he agreeing, also, to start away the same day we were paid off, which clause of the contract I insisted on, fearing, were we detained any time in Norfolk, that my topmates would get on an interminable spree. I had determined on carrying them soberly to the Sailors' Home, in Boston, and there, placing them under good influences, try to make them lay aside a portion of their earnings.

Accordingly, we paid our board bill—three days, at the rate of two dollars and a half per day, for sleeping in a garret, furnishing our own bedding, and eating an occasional meal in

the house—but homeward-bound sailors don't dispute bills—and took ourselves and baggage down to the schooner. On getting on board, I found in the cabin lockers sundry jugs, labelled "brandy," "rum," and "wine," which our two old tars had smuggled off on the day before, unknown to the sober portion of the party. The wine, Harry Hill said he had gotten expressly for us, as such a glorious time as we might now have should not be entirely thrown away. Procuring some oysters, on our way down the bay, we were soon outside, making good headway toward Boston.

Our two old topmates saw but little of the daylight while the liquor lasted, but as a good deal of it leaked out, they had abundant time to get sober before we arrived in port. For myself, being my first trip on so small a vessel, I enjoyed myself very much. By the time we reached Boston I had learned to steer, which necessary accomplishment no one has a chance of acquiring on board a man-of-war, where only the most experienced of the seamen are permitted to take the wheel.

Arrived at the wharf in Boston, we took a coach (Harry Hill insisting upon going *on deck* with the driver, having had a surfeit of the cabin coming from Norfolk), and drove up to the Sailors' Home, in Purchase Street, in a style calculated to let folks know that we were *homeward-bounders*. Sailors' homes, almost everybody knows, have been established in nearly every large seaport in the Union, for the purpose of providing seamen, while on shore, with boarding-houses conducted on honest principles, and mostly by religious people, and where they will be removed as far as may be from the temptations of the

land. That in Purchase Street, Boston, always enjoyed a high reputation, being a very large and commodiously arranged building, where everything was quiet and scrupulously neat, and where no efforts were spared by the kind-hearted "landlord," Mr. Chaney, and his excellent lady, to make the tars comfortable, and to aid them in their efforts at keeping on the right track.

Entering our names, and the name of our last ship, on the register, we were shown to nice airy rooms, where matters looked more like comfort than anything I had seen for the last three years. The regulations of the house were suspended in each room, and from these I gathered, among other matters, that there was in the building a reading-room and a smoking-room, for the use of all the boarders, that prayers were held in the former apartment every morning, before breakfast, which all in the house were invited to attend, and that on Sabbath divine service was held in a chapel opposite the Home.

That night I enjoyed a glorious rest. For three long years a narrow hammock, hung on a crowded deck, had been my only sleeping-place—aside from a still harder deck plank—and to find myself once more in a good bed, with nice clean sheets and pillows, and surrounded by all the comforts of home—comforts, by the way, which we don't know how to value till we are obliged to do without them—was a most unmistakable pleasure. I had taken Harry Hill as my room-mate.

"Now, my boy," said he, as he "turned in," "there will be no calling of all hands to-morrow, no turning out in the

cold to scrub decks, no getting down on your marrow-bones, with holy-stones and sand. So you can take just as much comfort as you please. I'm only afraid I'll sleep so sound I shan't enjoy it at all—so if you wake up along in the mid-watch, give me a call, that I may freshen my reckoning."

But there was no mid-watch in my dreams that night.

The loud ringing of a bell called us down to prayers, in the morning. I found a very good attendance in the reading-room. It was the first time I had attended family worship since leaving home, and strange feelings crept over me as I listened to the Word being read and the prayer offered. And as the gray-haired minister who conducted the worship asked God's blessing on those there assembled, and on their friends, wherever they might be, my heart was full, at the thought of the loved ones at home, perhaps then, also, offering up their morning service to the Lord.

But could I go home? What had I to tell, what had I to show, after my long absence? No! I was determined to see a little more of the world before I showed my face there.

After breakfast our party sallied out to take a look about the wharves, and pick out a ship, as none of us intended to stay ashore above a week or two. The spring-time is always a busy season with shipping, and we found at the wharves ships, barks, brigs, and schooners, loading for many different parts of the world. After rambling around the wharves awhile, we entered a *shipping office.* It is to these places that the owners and masters of vessels, when in want of a crew, take

their "articles," the obligations which each one on board must sign, before sailing, and which contain an abstract of the general laws of the merchant-marine, and whatever particular specifications are deemed necessary for the voyage the ship is to perform. These articles are spread out on desks, about the office, that seamen may examine them and pick themselves out a voyage.

Ships were plenty at this time, and we entered an office where two East Indiamen, a China ship, a Baltic ship, and a vessel going round Cape Horn had their articles exposed — besides several small craft going to different parts of the West Indies, and a bark bound to a southern port, and thence to "some port or ports in Europe, at the discretion of the captain."

"Here you are, now," said one of my old friends; "you want to see somewhat of the world; here you have your pick, and can take a trip almost anywhere you want to."

As we stood there, two tars came in. They had evidently been down to look at some of the vessels.

"Well, Jack," said one, "which shall it be, Russia or China?"

"What do you say to Bombay, Tom?" asked the other.

"Well, I'm agreed."

And they signed the articles of a vessel bound to "Bombay, and such other ports in the East Indies or China as the captain may determine, the voyage not to exceed two years."

It seemed strange to me to see men disposing so care-

lessly of their future for the next year or two; choosing at hap-hazard between the frosts of the Baltic Sea and burning sun of the Indies; the hardships of a Russian voyage and the sickness incident to a trip to China. But I soon found this was a mere matter of habit, and before I was much older, learned, myself, to start to the uttermost ends of the earth at five minutes' notice, and perhaps merely to oblige an old shipmate, or even from a less reasonable caprice.

I desired much to go to the East Indies, but thought best to make a short European voyage first, in order to be inducted regularly into the life, and ways, and duties of a merchant vessel, before going on a long trip in a fancy Indiaman. So I one day shipped myself in a bark going to New Orleans, thence to Liverpool or Havre. The rest of our party of five all sailed before me. Two went to Russia, one to Buenos Ayres, and the other to Curaçoa, in the West Indies. When they were all gone I felt really lonesome; but as the day drew near on which I too was to leave, to embark in a line of duty entirely new to me, and in which I knew not what success I should have, I must confess my heart sank within me.

However, the hour came at last. The shipping agent sends word to the places of residence of the various members of the crew, of the precise day and hour of sailing, which is generally determined on some days beforehand. The crew of a merchant vessel do not go on board until just as the ship is about to cast off from the wharf. And on returning home, they barely make fast the ship, and then leave her. As crews are picked up at hap-hazard, the different individuals are, in

general, strangers to each other, and it is some days before all hands become acquainted and sociable. If now, in addition to being strangers, one half of them are drunk on their arrival in the forecastle, and consequently unfit for duty, and ready for a quarrel with the officers (and this was precisely the case on this occasion), it need not to be said that going out to sea, under such circumstances, is not the most pleasant incident in one's life.

CHAPTER II.

Sail for New Orleans—Going to sea with a drunken crew—A merchantman's forecastle—"Man the windlass"—Choosing watches—Some points of difference between the merchant service and the navy, with a short digression into the philosophy of sailorcraft.

OUR crew numbered ten before the mast, of whom two, myself and another, were boys, the rest being able seamen. We came on board at nine A.M., but early as it was, six of the men, taking time by the forelock, were already tipsy, and, of course, as cross as bears. They were brought on board by the boarding-house keepers, and stowed away in the forecastle, that they might, by means of a nap, recover their sober senses. Meantime four of us cast off the lines, loosed the sails, and sheeting home the foretopsail, dropped down the harbor a little way, and then came to anchor, the captain determining to wait till the morrow, and go to sea with a sober crew.

Our *forecastle* was a dirty little hole, into which scarcely a glimmer of daylight could penetrate. Being just in the bow of the vessel, its shape was triangular; the space clear of the berths being about six feet in length by five wide at the base, divided in the middle by a large stanchion, which formed, on deck, the pall-bit of the windlass. Into this little space, ten of us, drunk

and sober together, were crowded, when evening set in, it being yet too cold to stay out on deck.

After coming to an anchor, the first labor was to clear up this place, which was to be our residence for some time. The forecastle, being untenanted in harbor, is generally used by the mates or ship-keepers as a place of deposit for old rigging, and we found our *bunks* full of all manner of odds and ends of rigging. Throwing this stuff upon deck, we arranged our bedding, lashed and cleated our chests, to prevent their fetching away, and then, having taken supper, turned in, to keep warm. I slept but little all night, feeling altogether out of place among a lot of drunken men, who were turning uneasily in their bunks, cursing and swearing, as they shivered in the cold.

Morning dawned at last, and with the earliest ray of light the second mate rapped overhead with a hand-spike, calling all hands to up anchor. How different, thought I, from the shrill pipes of the boatswain and his mates, which I had been so long accustomed to. We turned out and sat on our chests, waiting for the call to "man the windlass." Several of the drunkards of the previous day were grumbling about sore heads, and ransacked the forecastle through for some liquor. One at last bethought him to look into his chest, and took thence a large jug, at which all except myself took a long pull. It was passed to me too, but my refusal to participate seemed, nevertheless, to please every one.

Presently, "Man the windlass, there," from the mate, called us on deck.

"Go aloft two hands, and loose the topsails and topgallant-

sails," sung out the captain, as we mustered on the topgallant forecastle. I jumped aloft at the fore, let fall the topsail, topgallantsail, and foresail, and overhauled the rigging, there being but little wind. We then hove short on the anchor, sheeted home the foretopsail—a few heaves, and—"The anchor's away, sir," sung out the mate.

"Heave him up, and come this way two hands—brace up the foreyard."

To me, who had been accustomed to seeing two or three hundred men pulling on a brace or halyards, it seemed very strange to see two men called to brace up a yard, or to see five or six men run up a topsail halyards, to a cheery *yo heave yoh*, one man running up aloft to the fly block, and then riding down on the fall. On board a vessel of war no singing out at ropes is allowed, the *call* of the boatswain's mate giving the signal, to which all pull together. The merchant sailor, on the contrary, delights in making a noise when pulling on ropes, and getting up anchor or hoisting topsails, with a good crew, is always enlivened by various cheering songs, which serve the purpose of keeping all hands in good humor and lightening the work. Our crew were yet too much stupefied with hard drinking to be able to raise a song, and the anchor was catted and the topsails sheeted home, with nothing livelier than the never-failing "*yoho*, pull, boys." We stood out past Boston Light-House, with a light but fair breeze, and were soon in the open Bay, with the highland of Cape Cod ahead. The anchors were got on the bows, a portion of the chain cable run down into the chain-locker, the decks swept, and then "get your breakfasts."

Each one took his pot to the "galley," getting it filled with coffee (sweetened with molasses), while I, being *the boy*, took the meat and the lobscouse down into the forecastle, and got the bread-barge supplied with bread. *Lobscouse* is the sea name for a species of hash or stew, made of potatoes, bread, onions, and chopped salt beef. It is a savory mess for hungry tars, and forms a standard dish for breakfast on board all *good* ships. The *scouse*, the beef, and bread, being duly arranged on the forecastle deck, each one helped himself to what he pleased, sitting on his chest, with the pot of coffee and his tin pan beside him. The old topers took a final swig at their jug, and it being emptied, declared it a "dead marine," and tossed it into the chain-locker. Then breakfast began, amid a little cheerful conversation, every one appearing glad at the thought that we were fairly underweigh. Presently "one bell" was struck, and the man at the wheel was relieved, to get his breakfast. At two bells we were again "turned to," and got to work to put on chafing gear, lash water-casks, and get all fast about decks, ready for sea. In this duty the day was spent, and by evening Cape Cod Light was well astern.

After supper, all hands were called aft, and the mates choose watches for the voyage. All hands are ranged along the quarter-deck, and the mate and second mate choose alternately such men as they like best. It is generally thought preferable to be in the mate's watch, as the second mate's is also the captain's, and has, therefore, two heads, and often a consequent double allowance of work. Watches are not chosen until the *close* of the first day out, in order that the qualifications

of different individuals of the crew may be tested. Each mate has thus a chance to settle in his mind what men he fancies, while the men have likewise an opportunity of judging as to the relative qualifications of the mates. I had taken a fancy to the chief mate, who was a smart, lively Yankee, and had done my best all day, in order to attract his favorable notice, with the object of being chosen by him. The seamen were of course picked first. When only an ordinary seaman and myself were left to choose from, the mates conferred together, and finally, to my great satisfaction, the mate said:

"Here, my lad, come over to my side—"

"Can you steer?" he asked me.

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Charles, sir."

"Well, Charles, you may go and take the wheel till eight bells, as we have the first *eight hours in*."

I had said that I could steer, but I now took the helm with no little misgiving. I had done my best, while on board the schooner, from Norfolk to Boston, to make myself familiar with the mystery of guiding a vessel on her course, but the little experience gained there did not suffice to give me any degree of expertness in the art. Fortunately for me the breeze was light and steady, and the ship steered well, and so I steered my first trick without being found fault with.

With a freshening breeze, by twelve o'clock the Highland light was out of sight, and the next morning we were fairly out at sea, and the regular routine of sea-life began. Our crew

had by this time all gotten sober, and with clearer heads there came merrier faces, the mutinous and loafing wretch of the day before being now transformed into a smart, lively, and willing tar, able and ready for any duty—to "hand, reef, or steer, or heave the lead." Taking altogether, we found ourselves to be about as good a crew—liquor aside—as could be gotten together, for a vessel like ours. And when we got acquainted, got to know each one's calibre and capacities, we jogged along very happily together.

I found some very great differences between life "in the Service," and in a merchant vessel. In the first place, our work here was infinitely harder. With only five men in a watch, each individual must put out his whole strength, in tightening a brace, swigging home a sheet, or pulling up a halyard. As a consequence of this, by the time we were fairly out of the Bay, my hands were full of blisters and cracks, a thing which had not probably happened to any one on board a naval vessel once in three years. And the hard straining at ropes, and often at the wheel, when the wind blew fresh, made me for a while sore all over, as though I had been beaten with a stick.

Next, there is very great difference between the *treatment* in the navy and that in the merchant service. The captain of a man-of-war has a power almost of life and death over the sailors under his command. An act of overt disobedience would be a piece of unheard-of insanity; not even a muttered growl, or an angry look is tolerated. Mutiny, that dread word to the man-of-war's-man, is supposed to lurk under all such expressions of dislike. The *cat* is ever in the foreground, a warning to all.

"You may think what you please, *so long as you don't think aloud*," this is about the amount of the Blue Jacket's liberty of speech—and liberty of action, he has none. He eats, drinks, sleeps, and works, only at the beck and nod of his superior. To be sure, this takes away from him all sense of responsibility. Others do his thinking; a plan of his life, with specifications annexed is ever hanging above the desk of the captain's clerk. He has not to provide for the morrow—and even if it is not at all provided for, the responsibility is not with him.

Here is taught, to its fullest perfection, that great secret of all disciplined organizations, *obey orders*—"obey orders, if you break owners," as Jack has significantly rendered it. Instant, unhesitating, unthinking obedience to the order that is given—this is the one great rule, which is impressed upon the mind of the sailor, until it becomes to him a second nature, and he rushes carelessly but consciously, in the face of death, or on to certain destruction, at the word of his commanding officer, leaving all responsibility of the result with him.

"Jump!" shouted a captain to a cabin-boy who, in a fit of foolish bravado, had crawled out to the end of the mainroyal yard, and now clung there, between sky and water, unable to get in, afraid to move for fear of falling. "Jump! you scoundrel, instantly!" and the boy unhesitatingly leaped from the dizzy height into the blue wave beneath—and was saved. A landsman would have argued the point—or at least have taken time to turn over in his mind the expediency of obeying the order, and he would have lost his hold, and been dashed to pieces on deck.

Now it is true, and this little story exemplifies it, that this kind of discipline is necessary on board ship, and particularly on board a naval vessel, where a great number of *bodies* are placed under command of one mind—but what kind of *men* does it make of these bodies? Plainly, it takes away all the more valuable part of the individual, his mind; or rather, it accustoms him to lay it aside as useless, and depend upon another for that which God has given to all. It is this, to a great extent, which makes the man-of-war's-man unfit for any other phase of life than that to which he has been bred. And it is this, too, which makes him so very generally dissolute when on shore, and almost entirely incapacitates him for taking care of himself. His car of life requires a vigilant conductor, to keep it from running off the track.

But in the merchant service this point of discipline, although perfectly well understood, and enforced, in emergencies, where only it is necessary, does not enter into the daily life. The seaman there, assumes interests, and feels consequent responsibilities, to which Blue Jacket is a stranger. He keeps a sharp look-out to see all secure aloft—because, should anything give way, it would occasion him an unwelcome addition to labors already sufficiently heavy. The work being divided among but few hands, each one feels interested in devising means to make it as light as possible. In short, the safety and the comfort of all depend upon the thoughtfulness of each. In this respect the merchant service is infinitely preferable to the Navy as a school for training. And, as a consequence, the merchant sailor is valued, while the veteran man-of-war's-man is almost despised.

Begging the reader to have patience with this rather prosy digression into the philosophy of sailorcraft, we will go on. There is no one thing in which the merchant seaman is so far above Uncle Sam's man than in this, that he does his duty without the fear of punishment before his eyes. No one who has not experienced both states can imagine the degradation of the one or the honest elevation of the other. Hard and disagreeable his work is, without doubt, but he knows his duty and his rights, and says, mentally, to his superior, "Thus far and no farther can you go with me." And among every good crew there exists an *esprit de corps*, which makes them do their duty willingly, but present a front as of one man to the officer who attempts to exact more.

It must not be imagined, however, from this, that the life of a merchant sailor, aside from its hardships, is necessarily a pleasant one. The captain and mates have always at their command an infinity of means of annoyance, which they may practise without transgressing any law. There are various little privileges of which a crew may be deprived, numberless little unnecessary jobs, which may be given them to do, which will put additional burdens on a life already full enough of hardships.

CHAPTER III.

Watch-and-watch—Reefing topsails—Catching a sucker—The Berry's Keys, and the Deputy U. S. Consul thereof—Turtle eggs—Mobile Bay—Our crew leave.

ON board a good ship—and the one I was now in was to be reckoned in most things among that number—the crew have watch-and-watch—that is to say, the regular alternation of watches continues during the entire twenty-four hours, day as well as night. On board many vessels only the *forenoon* watch below is granted, all hands being kept up in the afternoon, in order to get more work done. But I have always found that a watch-and-watch crew would do more, and do it with a heartier good-will, than one that was kept up.

The starboard watch, being the second mate's, having had eight hours on deck the preceding night, had the forenoon watch below, and all turned in and slept till seven bells, when they were called up and got their dinners, prepared to relieve us at twelve. The afternoon watch being ours, was spent in arranging our chests in the forecastle, and mending or reading.

On board a merchant vessel, unlike a naval vessel, the watch on deck is always kept busy. In the first part of a voyage there is generally a sufficiency of work which it is

actually necessary to have done, but in the latter part of a long voyage it is often difficult to find work, and in such cases various unnecessary jobs are resorted to, such as plaiting *sinnet* for gaskets, twisting spun yarn, making sword mats, etc. Anything to keep the hands busy—"keep them at work to keep mischief out of their heads," as the saying is at sea.

We sailed on with a fair breeze, until we had crossed the Gulf, and were about abreast of Charleston, when a heavy head-wind from the south-east forced us to reef down. The vessel having ballast only in her hold, and none too much of that, was inclined to be crank, and we could not therefore carry on sail, or make much way against a head-wind. We reefed, of course, one topsail at a time, and everything was done to make the work go as easily as possible. The yard is laid just so as to keep the topsail continually *lifting*—that is, fluttering in the wind, neither full nor aback. And it is the special duty of the helmsman, for the time being, to keep the sail in precisely that condition. Reeftackles being hauled out and buntlines tightened, all hands go aloft, the first one up going out to the lee earing—the weather earing being the second mate's place—and the balance stretching out along the yard, the greater number, of course, to windward. "Light up the sail, light up to windward," is now shouted, and catching hold of the reef *points*, each one drags the slack sail in the required direction. Presently the second mate has his *earing* or corner secured, and "haul out to leeward," is the cry. Those at the leeside haul out until the reef-band is tightly stretched along the yard, when "knot away" is shouted, and the points are fastened tightly around the yard. Reefing is lively work—everything is done with a rush, and there is generally a race down

LEVÉE OF A SOUTHERN CITY.

the rigging, some sliding down backstays, others catching on the halyards, and adding their weight to the pull of those on deck, who are hoisting the reefed sail.

We were thirty-five days from Boston to Mobile. Our original destination was New Orleans, but the owners had changed their minds after the crew was shipped, and concluded to send the vessel to Mobile Bay. This leaked out before we were many days at sea, and the articles of agreement being thus broken, our crew, with the waywardness of true sailors, at once determined to avail themselves of the privilege thereby afforded them, of leaving the vessel on her arrival in port. The sailor is essentially a bird of passage. His is a wandering, vagabond existence, and so strong is his distaste for anything resembling a steady pursuit, that it is a very rare thing to find a man making two voyages in one ship. No matter how unexceptionable the vessel, or how kindly he has been treated, there is no persuading him to stay.

"No, we had better not stay," once said a crew, in my hearing, whom a captain was persuading to go with him again.

"But why not? you have a first-rate ship, and you were never better treated anywhere."

"That's all true, sir," said an old salt, with a little embarrassment, giving his trousers a hitch at the same time, "but then, you know, if we go with you another voyage, we'd be getting too well acquainted."

And this, although no reason at all, seemingly met the ideas of every individual of the crew. Whatever may be the true principle involved, certain it is, that I never knew a man really worth having that would go in the same vessel two voyages together.

The twentieth day out found us on the Bahama Banks, becalmed and anchored in eight fathoms water, but out of sight of any land. We had beaten with a stiff breeze past the Hole-in-the-wall, on Abaco, a place widely known in days, or rather nights, past, as the scene of many wrecks, vessels being led astray here by false lights, displayed by the wreckers who frequent these waters and earn their bread by the misfortunes of their fellow-men. Abaco has a large revolving light, visible at from ten to fifteen miles' distance, from a ship's deck, which is of great benefit to vessels passing in or out of the Gulf of Mexico, who take this channel. It is said that the wreckers, knowing that vessels make a practice of steering safely around the land, by it, at night, used to extinguish it on stormy nights, and exhibit a false light at some distance farther up the coast, so situating it, that captains using it as a guide would not fail to find themselves upon a leeshore, but only when too late to save their vessels. To counterfeit the revolutions of the light, which is only visible for fifteen seconds in every minute, it is said that they fastened a large, bright light to the tail of a horse, and then drove the animal around in a large circle, making a revolution once a minute, when, of course, his body would conceal the light for a large portion of the time, producing, at a distance, the precise effect of a revolving light—an ingenious device, worthy of a better cause.

The third day after passing Abaco we anchored on the Banks, as the Bahamas are familiarly called. The water is here beautifully clear, the bottom, at a depth of from fifty to eighty feet, being clearly visible. I could not look enough at the beauteous conch shells strewed along on the bottom, near our vessel, where the depth was not quite fifty feet, or at the fish, swimming about among great

lumps of sponge growing on the rocks. The steward soon had a hook and line over the side, but caught only a good-sized *sucker*, which, in turn, as he was being hauled up, caught the side of the vessel, and clinging, by means of the flat plate of air-exhausters with which these fish are furnished, and from which they take their name, his captor, after pulling as hard as he could, was fain to make fast his end, until it should suit the fish to let go of his own accord, which did not occur for several hours.

We had a hearty laugh at the steward's fishing adventure, which was cut short, however, by the mate, who, for lack of something else to do, had gone into the hold to have a look at the water-casks, and now came upon deck with the information that a six-gallon keg would contain every drop of fresh water on board. This was bad news. We found, on examination, that it happened in this wise: The water-casks put on board in Boston were in poor order, having lain on the wharf too long, and all but two had leaked dry ere we were two weeks out. Two full casks were, however, left, which was abundant to carry us into Mobile Bay. Now the ship was infested with a horde of rats, and these had, unknown to us, gnawed holes in both these casks, near the bottom. The consequence was, that we lost nearly every drop of drinking water. The captain determined to run into the nearest Key and obtain a supply sufficient to last us to port.

Accordingly, that evening, a light breeze springing up, we got underweigh, and the next afternoon anchored in one of the Berry Keys. Scarcely was our anchor on the bottom, before a canoe shot out from a little jungle near the shore, in the stern of which sat a portly "gemman ob color," whose appearance was certainly

calculated to excite attention. He was, as he informed the skipper as soon as he got within hail, the Deputy United States Consul for Berry's Keys, and, in virtue of his office, had rigged himself out in an old blue dress coat with two rows of resplendent eagle buttons. But in the purchase of this piece of finery, he had evidently exhausted his exchequer, for with the addition of a broad palmetto hat, probably of home manufacture, and a rag about his middle, *the coat completed his costume.*

"'Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen,'" said the mate slyly, as his sable excellency came on board. Bestowing a look of supreme contempt upon us "common sailors," he at once marched up to the captain, and inquired, with an air of authority, of our ports of departure and destination, and hinted his desire to see the ship's papers.

"You'd rather see some good rum, old fellow," said the skipper rather irreverently, "now, wouldn't you?"

The exhibition of a shining set of ivory, and an almost indefinite extension of white about the eyes, were sufficient evidences of the favor with which this remark was received.

The appearance of the steward, with a junk-bottle of the article in question, caused the Deputy United States Consul to declare himself at our service for anything in his line, which proved to be a very short line, however, as it included only an abundance of fresh water and a few fresh fish. Accordingly, we lowered a boat, and placing in it a cask, pulled ashore, preceded by our friend, who, depositing his coat-tails carefully on a board provided for that purpose, sat in the bottom of his canoe and paddled to the beach. Here we found little but a wilderness

SCENE IN THE BAHAMAS.

of tangled brush, in the midst of which was discernible the residence of the Deputy United States Consul. His lady, possessing, perhaps, a yet scantier wardrobe than her liege lord, declined showing herself, even to the mate, who had expressed a strong desire to make her acquaintance. So we were obliged to fill our water-cask, "uncheered," so said he, "by the smiles of beauty," and returned on board, with rather a poor opinion of this one of Berry's Keys. Our Consul was monarch of all he surveyed, and told us that he had done duty there for the United States Government for fifteen years, making only a semi-annual trip to New Providence, to relieve the tedium of his rather monotonous life.

Besides the fish and water before mentioned, we were fortunate enough to obtain a quantity of turtle eggs, that genuine West Indian luxury, which, however, I did not like, although cooked in the most approved style. I fancied a fishy taste about them, somewhat as though one had been cutting butter with a fish knife, and therefore left the delicacy to my more fortunate or less particular shipmates.

Departing thence, we were yet an entire week detained upon the Banks, anchoring and weighing anchor, making and furling sail, the tedious monotony of the long calm relieved by the occasional sight of a wrecking schooner, looking up her prey, or of a passing vessel, drifting in sight and out of sight again on the far horizon.

The long-expected "slant" at last came, and a few days' sailing carried us into Mobile Bay. Here we found ourselves forming one of quite a considerable fleet of vessels waiting for freights to

rise, or cotton to come down, in order to take in their cargoes. The city of Mobile is situated at some distance (nearly thirty miles) up the Mobile River, the termination of the Alabama and Tombigbee, and is accessible only to ships of light draught, on account of *Dog River bar*, which obstructs the navigation. The Bay is, however, perfectly safe, having a good shelter, and the best of holding ground, and vessels often lie here ten and even twelve months, waiting for good freights.

Our crew had determined upon leaving, but at the request of the mate had consented to remain long enough to unbend the sails, send down the topgallant and royal yards, and paint the vessel inside. This done, the captain came down to pay off.

This being my first voyage, and not being yet so strongly imbued with the vagabonding spirit, I had determined to accept the advice of the mate, who said, "*Stay*, and we'll have some fine times after all hands are gone." I was partly persuaded to do this by the crew, who, while evidently desiring me to go with them, would not conceal from me that Mobile was a poor place to get a ship, and that a boy would, of course, have a poorer chance than a man.

We were heartily sorry to part, for although we had been but a short time shipmates, all hands had worked so thoroughly together, that we felt already toward one another as brothers. Before leaving, there was a general turn out of chests in the forecastle, and a division of funds, "in order that all might start fair"—those who had most money dividing eagerly with their poorer shipmates. I was happy in contributing a share to the general stock, and so we bade good-by, with a hearty wring of the hand,

VIEW ON SHORE OF GULF OF MEXICO.

which I may as well say gratified me greatly, as evidence that I had been able to get the real good-will of these single-hearted fellows. On getting up to the city they sent me down a fiddle, wherewith to relieve the tiresomeness of our stay—a gift of which I could, unluckily, make no use, having none of that kind of music in my soul.

There were now left only the two mates, the cook, one seaman, and myself. There being so few on board, of course all discipline was considerably relaxed; with the exception of washing decks daily, and an occasional setting up of backstays, there was little done. The fine breeze almost always blowing in the Bay makes boat-sailing a favorite amusement. We soon rigged a sail, and thereafter every favorable day was spent in the boat, fishing, or racing, or making picnics ashore, in company with the boats' crews and officers of other vessels. These were fine times, and I enjoyed them hugely. In fact, my experience so far in a merchant ship had pleased me very much. The work, to be sure, was exceedingly hard at sea. My hands, after we were three weeks out, resembled more the claws of some animal than any portion of humanity: the fingers swollen and bent, the palms horny and hard, and the joints cracked open and bleeding. And many a night when I got to my snug *bunk*, every bone in my body ached with the exertion of turning the huge wheel or swigging home some sheet or halyard. "But what's the odds, so long as you're happy," thought I, and in the continual novelty I found sufficient to repay me for the hardship.

CHAPTER IV.

Taking in cargo—Screwing cotton—The gangs and their chants—Departure for Liverpool—Discipline on board.

OUR boat-sailing and fishing lasted nearly a month; when one day, returning on board from a race, a letter from the captain informed us that the ship was "taken up."

"Where for?" was, of course, a question eagerly put.

"For Liverpool," was the answer, "and the cotton to come down next week."

All was now bustle and preparation. Numberless matters were to be attended to before the ship was really ready to take in cotton—the ballast was to be squared, *dunnage* prepared, the water-casks, provisions, and sails to be lugged on deck, out of the way of cargo, the nicely painted decks covered with planks, on which to roll cotton, topgallant and royal yards crossed, and tackles prepared for hoisting in our freight. We had scarcely gotten all things in proper trim, before a lighter-load of cotton came down, and with it a stevedore and several gangs of the *screw men*, whose business it is to load cotton-ships. Screwing cotton is a regular business, requiring, besides immense strength, considerable experience in the handling of bales and the management of the jack-screws.

LOADING A COTTON STEAMER ON A SOUTHERN RIVER.

Several other ships had "taken up" cargo at the same time we did, and the Bay soon began to wear an appearance of life—lighters and steamboats bringing down cotton, and the cheerful songs of the screw gangs resounding over the water, as the bales were driven tightly into the hold. Freights had suddenly risen, and the ships now loading were getting five eighths of a penny per pound. It was therefore an object to get into the ship as many pounds as she could be made to hold. The huge, unwieldy bales, brought to Mobile from the plantations up the country, are first compressed in the cotton presses, on shore, which at once diminishes their size by half, squeezing the soft fibre together, till a bale is as solid and almost as hard as a lump of iron. In this condition they are brought on board and stowed in the hold, where the stevedore makes a point of getting three bales into a space in which two could be barely put by hand. It is for this purpose the jack-screws are used. A ground tier is laid first; upon this, beginning aft and forward, two bales are placed with their inner corners projecting out, and joining, leaving a triangular space vacant within. A hickory post is now placed against the nearest beam, and with this for a fulcrum, the screw is applied to the two bales at the point where the corners join, and little by little they come together, are straightened up, and fill up the triangular space. So great is the force applied, that not unfrequently the ship's decks are raised off the stanchions which support them, and the seams are torn violently asunder.

Five hands compose a *gang*, four to work the screws, and one to do the headwork—for no little shrewd management is

necessary to work in the variously sized bales. When a lighter-load of cotton comes alongside, all hands turn to and hoist it in. It is piled on deck until wanted below. As soon as the lighter is empty, the gangs go down to the work of stowing it. Two bales being placed and the screws applied, the severe labor begins. The gang, with their shirts off, and handkerchiefs tied about their heads, take hold the handles of the screws, the foreman begins the song, and at the end of every two lines the worm of the screw is forced to make one revolution, thus gaining perhaps two inches. Singing, or *chanting*, as it is called, is an invariable accompaniment to working in cotton, and many of the screw-gangs have an endless collection of songs, rough and uncouth, both in words and melody, but answering well the purposes of making all pull together, and enlivening the heavy toil. The foreman is the *chanty-man*, who sings the song, the gang only joining in the chorus, which comes in at the end of every line, and at the end of which again comes the pull at the screw handles. One song generally suffices to bring home the screw, when a new set is got upon the bale, and a fresh song is commenced.

The *chants*, as may be supposed, have more rhyme than reason in them. The tunes are generally plaintive and monotonous, as are most of the capstan tunes of sailors, but resounding over the still waters of the Bay, they had a fine effect. There was one, in which figured that mythical personage, "Old Stormy," the rising and falling cadences of which, as they swept over the Bay on the breeze, I was never tired of listening to. It may amuse some of my readers to give here

LOADING COTTON.

a few stanzas of this and some other of these *chants*. "Stormy" is supposed to have died, and the first song begins:

Old Stormy, he is dead and gone,
Chorus—Carry him along, boys, carry him along,
Oh! carry him to his long home,
Chorus—Carry him to the burying-ground.
Oh! ye who dig Old Stormy's grave,
Chorus—Carry him along, boys, carry him along,
Dig it deep and bury him safe,
Chorus—Carry him to the burying-ground.
Lower him down with a golden chain,
Chorus—Carry him along, boys, carry him along,
Then he'll never rise again,
Chorus—Carry him to the burying-ground.
Grand Chorus—Way-oh-way-oh-way—storm along,
Way—you rolling crew, storm along stormy.

And so on *ad infinitum*, or, more properly speaking, till the screw is run out.

There was another in praise of *Dollars*, commencing thus:

Oh, we work for a Yankee Dollar,
Chorus—Hurrah, see—man—do,
Yankee dollar, bully dollar,
Chorus—Hurrah, see—man—dollar.
Silver dollar, pretty dollar,
Chorus—Hurrah, see—man—do,
I want your silver dollars,
Chorus—Oh, Captain, pay me dollar.

Another, encouraging the gang:

Lift him up and carry him along,
Fire, maringo, fire away.
Put him down where he belongs,
Fire, maringo, fire away.
Ease him down and let him lay,
Fire, maringo, fire away.
Screw him in, and there he'll stay,
Fire, maringo, fire away.
Stow him in his hole below,
Fire, maringo, fire away.
Say he must, and then he'll go,
Fire, maringo, fire away.

Yet another, calling to their minds the peculiarities of many spots with which they have become familiar in their voyagings:

Were you ever in Quebec,
Chorus—Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,
Stowing timber on the deck,
Chorus—My bonnie highland laddie, oh.
Were you ever in Dundee,
Chorus—Bonnie laddie, highland laddie.
There some pretty ships you'll see,
Chorus—My bonnie highland laddie, oh.
Were you ever in Merrimashee,
Chorus—Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,
Where you make fast to a tree,
Chorus—My bonnie highland laddie, oh.
Were you ever in Mobile Bay,
Chorus—Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,
Screwing cotton by the day,
Chorus—My bonnie highland laddie, oh.

These samples, which might be continued to an almost indefinite extent, will give the reader an idea of what capstan and cotton songs, or *chants*, are. The tunes are the best portion, of course, in all such rude performances. But these are only to be heard on board ship.

The men who yearly resort to Mobile Bay to screw cotton are, as may be imagined, a rough set. They are mostly English and Irish sailors, who, leaving their vessels here, remain until they have saved a hundred or two dollars, then ship for Liverpool, London, or whatever port may be their favorite, there to spree it all away, and return to work out another supply. Screwing cotton is, I think, fairly entitled to be called the most exhausting labor that is done on shipboard. Cooped up in the dark and confined hold of a vessel, the gangs tug from morning till night at the screws, the perspiration running off them like water, every muscle strained to its utmost. But the men who follow it prefer it to going to sea. They have better pay, better living, and, above all, are not liable to be called out at any minute in the night, to fight the storm, or, worse yet, to work the ship against a head-wind. Their pay is two dollars per day, and their provisions furnished. They sleep upon the cotton-bales in the hold, but few of them bringing beds aboard with them. Those we had on board drank more liquor and chewed more tobacco than any set of men I ever saw elsewhere, the severe labor seeming to require an additional stimulus. Altogether, I thought theirs a rough life, not at all to be envied them.

Four weeks sufficed to load our bark, and the last key-

bale was scarce down the hatchway, when "Loose the topsails and heave short on the cable," was the word, and we proceeded to get underweigh for Liverpool. Our new crew had come on board several days previously, and proved to be much better than the average to be obtained in cotton ports, places where sailors are generally scarce, and the rough screw-gangs mostly fill their places.

The first thing to be done, in preparing for sea, in a merchant vessel, is to put on the hatches (the coverings for the holes in the deck, where cargo is put down), and tightly caulk and batten them, a tarpaulin being nailed over all, for greater security from the ingress of water. This done, and several bales which we were to carry upon deck placed upon the hatchways, we sailed out of harbor with a fair wind, spreading our studding sails to the breeze.

That evening watches were again chosen, and I found myself, to my great pleasure, once more in the mate's watch. As the ship was in excellent order, alow and aloft, and as, too, there was some expectation of our meeting with stormy weather during the latter part of our passage, *watch-and-watch* was given us from the first. With this, good living, and kind officers, we had cause to congratulate ourselves upon having a *good ship*, and after the first few days of hurrying work was over, all went pleasantly.

Our mates were strict disciplinarians, and although we were allowed our regular watches below, no one was permitted to be idle on deck. No sooner did the watch come up from below, than each one had his *job* given him, and not an idle

moment was spent during the four hours of watch. Here were two, drawing and knotting rope-yarns. There one, going aloft, marling-spike in hand, to mend some defective piece of rigging, put on new chafing-gear, or seize up ratlines. Yonder another, twisting foxes, or thrumming a paunch-mat. In short, each one must be doing something. This is the rule of the merchant service—one that is carried out, whether there is any *necessary* work on hand or not—and I have not unfrequently plaited sinnet, or made spunyarn for an entire passage, which would scarcely ever be used, and was only made "to keep the men busy."

I have often remarked that at sea all kinds of labor, except that which is actually necessary, is irksome—and there is no greater, as there is no more unusual luxury to the merchant sailor, than to pass a watch on deck without being occupied. This is a piece of good fortune which only happens during a storm, when the violent motion of the vessel precludes the possibility of setting men at any of the usual employments, and when also wise officers are desirous of husbanding the energies of the crew for the performance of the more necessary duties of shortening sail and working ship. It sounds odd to a landsman to wish for a storm, but give Jack a tight and good *sea-boat*, and experienced officers, and he sees no more comfortable times than in a good steady gale. On such an occasion, with the good ship hove-to under a close-reefed maintopsail, or a storm-mizzen, the helm lashed down hard alee, and everything snug, alow and aloft, the watch gathers together under the topgallant forecastle, or on the forehatch, spinning long yarns of past gales,

or sprees on shore, and the four hours slip away before one knows it.

It was on such an occasion, during this voyage to Liverpool, that being one day snugly ensconced on some cotton-bales lying upon the forehatchway, old Anton gave us the following experience of a trip in a slaver. Anton was a Spanish sailor, one of the olden kind, "first on the yard and last at the mess," a fellow who had literally been *everywhere*, and had lived a long life of most singular vicissitudes and romantic adventures. The yarn, however, we will reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

Old Anton's yarn, A cruise in a Slaver.

"WELL, boys," said Anton, "settle yourselves down here, and I'll spin you that yarn, as the mate seems quiet, and there's no fear of making sail this watch, judging from present appearances.

"I was in Havana, where I had left the ship Isidore, of Barcelona, in order to take a little longer cruise on shore than the captain seemed willing to allow us. I had gotten nearly to the bottom of my pocket—it don't take long to do that anywhere in Cuba—and was looking out for a ship, when happening one evening into a little cigar-shop, on the Mole, a gentleman who had just purchased a box of cigars asked me if I did not want to ship. I said yes, of course.

"'Well, there's a brig in the harbor, bound to Teneriffe, for wine, which wants a hand or two. I'm the supercargo, and if you'll say you'll go, I'll pay you your advance, go with you to your boarding-house, and take you on board with me. We sail to-night.'

"I had nothing to keep me in Havana, and embraced the proposal. In less than an hour I was on board, chest and hammock, and we slipped our moorings and ran out past the Moro

Castle, with a fine breeze. We were six hands in the forecastle, two Portuguese, three Spaniards, and an American. I had the mid-watch on deck. On turning out at seven bells the next morning, I went on deck, to take a daylight look at the craft in which I had shipped, as, it being a dark night when I came on board, I had been able to see but little of her. I found her a remarkably sharp, clipper-built vessel, evidently calculated to sail at a great rate, and a glance at the long, tapering spars, and the immense spread of her topsails, convinced me that she had never been built for a wine drogher.

"The captain was an Englishman, the mate a Scotchman—which rather surprised me, as the vessel showed Spanish colors. They carried a press of canvas from the first, and paid more attention to the steering than is usual among that class of vessels. Altogether, I felt as though, if she were a wine drogher, she had gotten strangely out of place—but, of course, I never suspected what was her true business. But the third day out told the whole story. On coming on deck that morning, I found, to my great surprise, some sixteen or seventeen men besides our regular crew congregated on the topgallant forecastle and about the foremast; among them I recognized several Havana acquaintances, who seemed somewhat surprised to see me there. From them I got an inkling of what was in the wind; but the whole matter was explained to me after breakfast.

"'Send Anton to the wheel,' was the word passed to the forecastle, and I proceeded aft. Arrived there, the captain and supercargo laid before me the real purpose of the voyage—declared themselves sorry to have gotten me on board under

PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

false pretences, but made the want of hands their excuse, and then told me that I would now have to go the voyage, and would receive the same pay as the regularly shipped hands.

"It appeared that we were bound to the east coast of Africa, up the Mozambique Channel, for a cargo of slaves. We, the crew, were to receive one hundred dollars advance, and two dollars per man for every slave landed, which, as she had irons and cooking apparatus for eight hundred, bade fair to bring in no inconsiderable sum. The one hundred dollars advance were counted out to me, in Spanish doubloons, when my trick at the wheel was out.

"Everything now took a different turn, as regarded discipline on board. The officers assumed a sterner manner, and kept the crew at regular man-of-war rules. None of the dilatoriness of the merchantman was allowed. Sail was made and taken in expeditiously, and we—there were enough of us—could handle the craft like a top. She was a beauty to sail, and steered like a boat, and altogether was the likeliest vessel I ever set foot on.

"But I did not feel at home on her. There was a reckless spirit among the crew, which did not please me, who was then yet a young man, and the imperiousness of the officers suited me still less. We had been but a few days out, when on occasion of a slight misunderstanding between two of the hands, the captain suddenly made his appearance in our midst, pistol in hand, and gave the turbulently disposed to understand that he was master of all there.

"'No fighting, no quarrelling, no knives, I won't have it,'

said he, 'and the first one that gives me a word of insolence, I'll shoot him as I would a dog.'

"The crew cowered beneath his glance—and he had the victory. But not until he had carried his threat into execution did the unquiet spirits he had shipped entirely give up. The occasion was not long in coming. We had dowsed our topgallantsails to a squall, off the Cape, and when it was over, a hand had gone aloft to loose the main. In letting fall the sail he neglected to overhaul the gear, and was half way down the main rigging, when the skipper ordered him aloft to do so. He replied surlily, that he was no errand boy to run aloft, and was still coming down, when, quick as a flash, the captain drew a pistol from his bosom, fired, and the man fell dead upon the deck.

"'Sheet home that sail,' shouted the mate to the rest. When it was hoisted, all hands were called aft.

"'I want you to know that I am master here, and will stand no nonsense. Not a whimper, not a surly look, from one of you. If any of you don't feel perfectly satisfied at the fate of that dog, I've another ball, and the will to let him have it. I ask no extraordinary service, but when I say go, you must, if I shoot every mother's son of you. Now go forward, and a couple of you throw that carcass overboard.'

"This was the address of the skipper, and I tell you, boys, there's very little comfort in sailing with a man who cares as little about life as he did, or as the general run of slaving captains do. You don't know what minute you're going to lose the number of your mess.

"Well, we rounded the Cape, ran up the Mozambique, and made Delagoa Bay, where was the factory to which we were consigned. A few days before making the land, we laid our slave deck, rigged the irons, and fixed up the cooking apparatus. The officers were now at the masthead continually, keeping a lookout for sails, as men-of-war are often cruising in those latitudes. We made Delagoa Bay without an accident, ran up the river, which here empties its waters into the sea, and anchored. It took two days and nights to get the negroes on board, when word being brought by a lookout stationed in the offing, that the coast was clear, we spread every sail to the breeze, and soon left the coast behind us. We had now some disagreeable work to do. Eight hundred slaves were to be taken care of, and watched, and all our force was needed to do the work thoroughly. Two men, well armed, kept guard night and day, at each hatchway, which we were obliged to keep open, to prevent the miserable creatures in the hold from being entirely suffocated. The slaves were fed once a day, some of the most quiet of them being cast loose at such times, and employed to serve out the miserable pittance of boiled rice, or beans, and water, on which they subsisted. Twice daily, small portions of them were brought upon deck, to get a swallow of the fresh air, being carefully guarded meanwhile. But the hold, boys, oh, it was horrible. The stench was enough to knock one down. And the constant moaning, and the pitiful looks of the poor wretches, as they reclined, one on the top of the other's legs (so closely they were stowed), haunted me for many a day afterward.

"We had rounded the Cape once more, and were nearly abreast of St. Helena, when one morning the second mate, at the masthead, sung out *sail-ho!* We had, some days before this, lashed our topsail-sheets to the yard-arms, and racked the topsail halyards, to prevent the possibility of shortening sail, should we want to, and now clapped on every additional rag that could help along the least, as just here was the most dangerous spot in all the passage, being a portion of the Atlantic very much frequented by English cruisers.

"The sail we had sighted had evidently also seen us and altered his course for us, as, although we had hauled upon a wind as soon as we saw him, he still continued in sight, and, in fact, rather gained upon us. The captain walked the deck uneasily, every few minutes hailing the masthead, to know if there was any alteration in his appearance.

"'He holds a better breeze than we do, and we'll have to try him upon another tack.'

"We did try him upon every tack—now going straight before the wind, now with it abeam, and again close-hauled. Still he gained upon us slowly, but surely, and by dark his topsails were visible off deck. A thorough trial had convinced the captain, that with the wind about two points free was our best chance, and accordingly we swept along under a terrible press of canvas, the very best helmsmen only being allowed to take the wheel, and the captain continually looking into the compass, to see that she was kept straight. The wind was fresh, and the little craft staggered like a drunken man, under the crowd of sail which was forcing her along.

VIEW OF ST. HELENA.

Everything was new and good, and now, if ever, was the time to try what virtue there was in hemp. Therefore, 'what she can't carry let her drag,' was the word.

"All night we flew on, the wind roaring fiercely through the rigging, while the timbers groaned in melancholy cadence. We made good headway, and strong hopes were entertained that by daylight we should have left the foe behind. Hopes which were, however, to be disappointed, for as soon as the sun rose above the horizon, we saw the same topsails, no nearer, but no farther off either. All day, all night, and all next day, this tedious chase continued, we straining every nerve to escape, but seeming bound to the accursed vessel astern, whose position we could not change the least. The captain had been getting more and more impatient at being thrown so far out of his direct track, and had we been thoroughly armed, would, no doubt, have turned upon our pursuer, and then and there decided the fate of the vessel, by force of arms.

"As it was, a bright idea struck him. We had sighted, on the last evening, two other vessels, probably whale ships, from their rigs, sailing leisurely along under short canvas. The presence of these it was determined to bring in to our advantage. A large cask was fitted with some iron in the bottom, and a mast secured in the top head. To the head of this mast was made fast a large lantern, with reflectors, which would throw out a bright light, visible at a great distance. The night proved exceedingly dark, which was favorable to the success of our plan. About ten o'clock, every light in the ship was carefully extinguished, even the binnacle light, which illuminates the face of the compass, being shaded. The

lantern being then lighted, and securely closed, to keep the water from it, the cask and mast were carefully lowered over the side, when it nicely balanced. Having watched it a while to see that it was perfectly safe, we quickly dowsed all the light sails, securing them, however, only temporarily, ready to be cast loose at a moment's warning, then double-reefed the topsails, whaler fashion, and putting her about, on the other tack, steered boldly down upon our pursuer.

"Sailing toward him, it took us but a short time to reach him. He was coming at a fearful rate; every stitch of canvas set, and the water rushing and roaring about his bows like a young Niagara. As she pitched, the great waves would make a clean breach over her head, and we could hear them, as we got closer, sweeping fore and aft, and pouring out at the stern ports. She was one of the little ten-gun brigs, of which Britishers are so fond, and which they have expressively named 'bathing machines,' on account of their wetness.

"As the two vessels neared each other, all hands were ordered to keep perfect silence and to stow themselves away out of sight, but ready for any emergency. It was an anxious time, boys, as we lay under the guns of our enemy, nearing her, until she was not more than half pistol-shot off. The brig had yawed a little off her regular course as we approached her, with the evident intention of speaking us. We favored the movement by making two or three broad sheers toward her. Our skipper leaned carelessly against the mainshrouds, speaking-trumpet in hand, ready to answer his hail. The hatches had been carefully closed over the poor darkies, in order that no chance cry or groan should awaken the suspicions

of the enemy. On, on, we came, until just as the bows of the two ships were in line.

"'Ship a-hoy!' was hailed from the brig. It was so dark that they could not distinguish even the rig of our vessel.

"'Hillo!'

"'Did you pass a vessel in the early part of the night, going along under a press of canvas?'

"'Ya-as!' was answered, with an unmistakable Yankee drawl, by our skipper. 'Yonder's her light, a little on your starboard bow, I reckon,' added he.

"'Yes, I know, we've been in chase of her for three days, and, blast her, we're too much for her—we're gaining on her rapidly—she's a slaver.'

"'Du tell—a slaver! well, captain, she's an almighty small craft. Reckon you'll have to look sharp to catch her.'

"By this time she was already beyond speaking-distance, the last words we heard being, 'infernal lazy Yankee,' in answer, probably, to our skipper's last speech, and under the supposition that ours was one of the Yankee whale ships.

"All this passed much quicker, boys, than I can tell it to you. When we could no longer hear the rush of her bows through the water, we let our craft go a good rapful, and standing on for half an hour longer, silently set every stitch of canvas she could possibly bear, and putting her square before it, let her rip for the Brazils.

"Our scheme succeeded to admiration. When the sun rose, the British brig was nowhere to be seen, and I needn't say, that if carrying on sail would keep us clear of him, that was not wanting.

You talk about packet ships, lads, but if you want your hair to stand on end, take a slaver in a chase, or when she has just escaped one. The little craft was fairly driven through the waves. There was no living forward. Every sea she took came bodily over the bows, and went out at the stern ports. She quivered like an aspen under the pressure of her enormous top-sails, and the tall masts leaned away to leeward, as though every minute ready to go over the side.

"Already before we sighted the Britisher, our cargo had begun to die off, and now every morning watch we were obliged to go below, and, unlinking the dead from the living, drag the emaciated corpses upon deck, and toss them over to leeward. It's horrid work, this burying dead by the wholesale. Not all the money in the world would hire me to take another turn at it.

"As we neared the Brazilian coast, a sharper lookout than common was kept by the officers, who took regular turns at the masthead. Two days before we made the land, a sail hove in sight. We stood toward it, and soon made it out to be a little schooner-boat, sent out to warn us of danger, and direct us to a part of the coast that was clear. Taking on board one of the owners, who had come out in this boat, we altered our course a little, and on the second morning thereafter made the land, and ran safely into a little inlet a few miles south of Porto Seguro. Dropping anchor close in shore, we were directly surrounded by boats, and in five hours after coming in had landed six hundred and eighty-five negroes, all that were left out of eight hundred and two, one hundred and seventeen having died on the passage. No sooner was the last slave out of the brig than we were called

SCENE OF PLANTATION IN BRAZIL.

aft, paid off, and the choice given us to have our passage paid to Rio, or to be paid two dollars and a half per day, to take the vessel around there, as soon as the slave gear was taken out of her.

"For my part, I had had enough of slaving, and went ashore, with one thousand three hundred and seventy dollars, in doubloons, in my belt, determined never to be caught in a vessel out of Havana again."

Seven bells struck as old Anton finished his yarn, and we started aft to pump ship, which being done, and eight bells struck, we were glad to turn into our warm bunks.

CHAPTER VI.

A gale off Cape Clear—Nearly ashore—Liverpool—What a sailor sees of it.

WE had a tedious passage, and were already forty-eight days out, when we sighted Cape Clear. It had been blowing quite heavily for several days, but the wind being only a little forward of the beam, we had made good progress, even under the short canvas we dared to show to it. For a cotton-loaded ship is generally crank, and will not bear much carrying on sail.

Our bark was stiffer than common, on account of having an unusual quantity of ballast in, under the cotton. And to this fortunate circumstance we, in all probability, now owed our lives and the safety of the ship.

We had been going along all day under close-reefed topsails and reefed foresail, but as the wind freshened toward night, and as, besides, the old man had not had an observation for some days, it was judged advisable to take in the foretopsail and foresail, and lie to all night. Before doing so, we got a cast of the deep sea lead, and found bottom in about one hundred fathoms, which the skipper thought would give us a good offing.

The foresail was furled first, and we were just coming down

off the foretopsail yard after having snugly stowed that sail, when, casting a look around at the scud flying wildly past at the mercy of the gale, one of the seamen, an unusually sharp-sighted fellow, descried a light upon the lee bow.

The mate was aloft instantly, to convince himself that we were not deceived. Sure enough, there was the light, Cape Clear Light, as we all knew it to be, plainly visible, at a distance of not more than twelve or thirteen miles, dead under our lee, too.

We had now the choice before us, either to turn about before the wind, and run around the southern point of Ireland, with a prospect of having to beat all the way back again, perhaps a two weeks' piece of work, or to carry on sail, and force her past the point, when we would have a fair wind into Liverpool, and be safely moored in the docks in thirty-six hours.

The captain and mate consulted for a few minutes, when orders were given to loose the foretopsail and turn a reef out, shake a reef out of the maintopsail, set the reefed mainsail, and foresail, and the storm mizzen.

"She *must* weather that light, boys," said the old man, coming forward to give us a pull at the foretopsail sheets, "she must weather it, if we give her whole topsails."

We put the sail on her, and as she filled, and gathered headway through the sea, it seemed as though every stick must go out of her, so heavily did everything appear strained. The vessel lay fairly over on her side, and the gale scarcely allowed her to lift her head at all. Her motion was that of a continual sending plunge, as though going deeper and deeper all the time.

The vast billows rolled under her, and as she slid down into the trough of the seas, it seemed sometimes as though she were never to stop.

The light, when we made it, was about four points on the lee bow—that is to say, it bore from us in a direction about forty-five degrees from the course the vessel was lying. It was, at the same time, full twelve miles off, and it was certain, that with the drift we would inevitably make, in so crank a vessel, if we weathered it at all, it would be rather close sailing.

The best helmsman was sent to the wheel, and all hands remained upon deck during the dogwatch, keeping the bearings of the light, and endeavoring to see if we altered its place any. Our progress, owing to the exceedingly heavy sea, was but slow, and seemed nearly as much to leeward as ahead. After an hour's sailing the light was a little farther aft, perhaps a point, but it was also much nearer, showing that we were drifting very fast down upon it.

At eight bells we turned a reef out of the foresail, and out of the foretopsail, and under the additional impetus given her by this increase of sail, she trembled in every beam and timber, and in the forecastle the groaning and creeking of the poor hull, as she was tossed from sea to sea, made an unearthly din, which rendered sleeping, and even talking, out of the question. It seemed as though the good ship knew her danger and feared it.

No one thought of turning in. The excitement was too great — and even had it not been so, the ship was thrown about so violently as to make lying down in a bunk almost

a matter of impossibility. We who had the watch below laid down on the chests, to leeward, and talked over the chances, occasionally hearing from the deck how matters were going on.

At ten o'clock the light was still two points before the beam, and now its glare seemed fearfully plain, almost casting a shadow upon our deck. The gale seemed increasing in fury, the scud flew wildly across the moon, now obscuring, now revealing her disk; and the storm-wind shrieked through the strained cordage, while ever, as the vessel rose upon a billow, the light looked down upon us, cold and clear, a silent monitor of the danger which darkness hid from our sight.

Eleven o'clock came, and the light, which looked as though it was suspended over our heads, seeming occasionally to be almost within reach, as a passing cloud reflected its glare, was still forward of the beam.

Even the captain and mate now seemed doubtful of the result; and we of the forecastle silently went down and lashed up our chests, ready to go ashore. It was curious to observe the various ways in which our position affected different individuals of the crew. Two or three, before lashing up their chests, took out and put on their best clothing, looking strangely out of place, in their white shirts and gay blue jackets, amid so wild a scene. One old tar went about the forecastle, picking up pots and pans and other articles, which had been thrown down by the violent motion of the ship, placing everything snugly in the lockers, and making our rough home tidy — perhaps preparing thus for the long Sabbath which seemed about to dawn, thought I. Some looked themselves out pieces

of heavy plank, to which they might lash themselves, to encounter the coming struggle with the breakers; while one or two sat apart, communing with themselves or with their God.

Twelve o'clock came. The light was now almost abeam, but we seemed to be drifting upon it too fast for escape.

"Unless the wind favors us, lads, another half hour will find us in the breakers," said the skipper, who had come forward, perhaps, to take a last look at his crew.

"Well, sir, we've done all that in us lay—and the rest is with God," said an old tar, resignedly. "It's a windy night, and if the old craft once gets into the breakers, a very few minutes will make an end of all."

Now the wind favors us a little.

"Luff! *luff!* LUFF! you may!" shouts the captain, cheerily, as a fresh blast strikes us from abeam.

"There she points her head to windward—full sails—keep full—well, there's two whole points gained, and another half point will clear us."

Hope once more revived in our bosoms. The wind was evidently hauling, being probably influenced by the land, which could not now have been more than half a mile distant.

We could distinguish the dull, deafening roar of the surf as it broke upon the crags which surround the little islet upon which stands the lighthouse. We could already feel the tremendous sweep of the sea toward the rocks. We were on the edge of the fatal ground-swell, from which, if we once got in it, no power on earth could bring us out again. It was in our utmost need that this unexpected favoring slant occurred.

Twenty minutes more would have carried us into the undertow, and then not all the breezes in the world could have saved our gallant ship or her crew. But

> "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
> That looks out for the life of poor Jack."

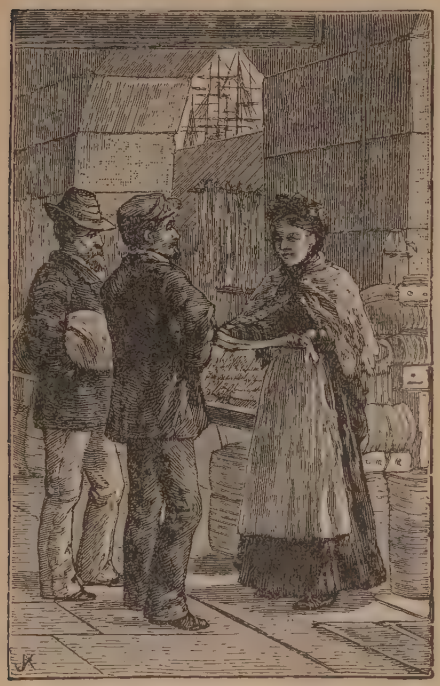
The wind continued hauling, and also moderated fast, as we drew more under the land, until by half-past two we were steering our course up channel, with whole topsails set. The sun rose next morning bright and clear, the gale of the preceding night had calmed down to a gentle breeze, the sea had died away, and we were rolling along quietly before the wind, with the "Ould Head of Kinsale" on our larboard bow.*

On the evening of the next day we came to anchor in the Mersey, the river upon which Liverpool lies. The tide runs very rapidly here, and it became necessary to steer our vessel, even as she was lying at anchor, to keep her from sheering about and breaking her ground. And I could truly say that the very worst trick at the wheel I had, the whole of that voyage, was while the old craft was safely moored in the Mersey.

The next morning at high tide we hauled into the docks. These docks, which are the boast of Liverpool, are enormous

* A gale of wind, *on soundings*—that is, near the land, where the water is from twenty to forty fathoms deep—raises very quickly an extremely disagreeable chop-sea, much worse than would have happened on the broad ocean. But, on the other hand, in a very few hours after the gale has moderated, the worst sea on soundings will smooth down, while upon the wide Atlantic the heavy ground-swell remains for days. Any one who has ever smoothed the water in a tub by laying his flat hands upon it, will know how to account for this.

basins, capable, some of them, of holding several hundred vessels, and constructed of solid masonry. As an evidence of the triumph of human skill and enterprise, over the obstacles presented by nature, these massive works cannot be too highly praised. Without them, Liverpool would be a third-rate shipping port. With them, it is one of the principal commercial emporiums of the world.



ON THE LIVERPOOL WHARVES.

The docks are rendered necessary here, by the fact that the extraordinary rise and fall of the tide (twenty-seven feet being the mean height) would make it impossible for vessels to lie at wharves, as they do in all the large American seaports. It becomes necessary, to facilitate the labor of loading and unloading, to secure the vessels in such a manner that the tides shall not affect them. This is done by the docks. These are fitted with immense floodgates, of massive strength, which are opened only at high tide, when the water is at its highest. At this time, all vessels going out haul out, and, next, vessels inward bound haul

in, the gates are closed, and the ships ride securely in a large artificial basin, the surface of which is, at low tide, nearly thirty feet above the surface of the river.

Of course, where a number of vessels are crowded together in a dock from which there can be no exit, except at certain stated intervals, it becomes imperiously necessary to take all proper precautions against accidents by fire. Accordingly, the use of fire or light of any kind is strictly prohibited within the dock walls. Officers, who search the ship thoroughly, take into their temporary possession all matches and other inflammable material. It is a finable offence to be caught smoking on board ship, and to do away with the necessity of cooking, all hands are boarded ashore at the expense of the vessel.

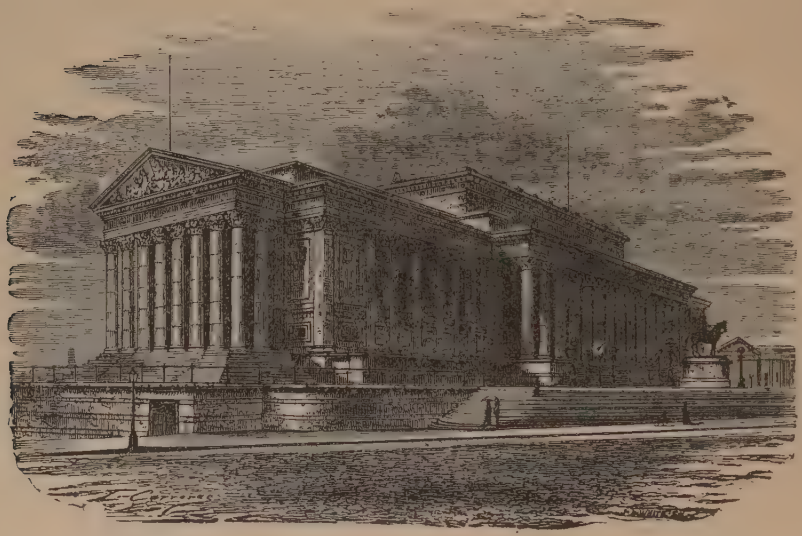
Watchmen are at all times, day and night, prowling about to detect any breaches of the rules regarding fire or light, and a heavy fine to the ship, and imprisonment to the individual, is the consequence of detection.

The day after our arrival, a gang of stevedores came on board to unload the cotton. To show how tightly it had been screwed in at Mobile Bay, it is only necessary to say that it took fifteen men and two tackles an entire hour to break out six bales in the tier next the main hatchway.

While the cotton was going out, we, the crew, were engaged in painting the vessel outside, and refitting sundry portions of her rigging, which required it.

I do not know what impressions Liverpool may make upon the landsman traveller. A sailor, in describing it, would most probably say that the places most worthy of a visit, or

the lions, are the docks, Nelson's Monument, the Royal Exchange, and the New Sailors' Home—that its chief places of amusement are the singing-houses and the donkey races, and that the great bulk of the inhabitants is about equally divided into three classes, policemen, tailors, and fishwomen.



ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

This is, of course, what might be styled rather a salt-water view of England's great commercial emporium—yet, what but a one-sided view does the common sailor get of any strange place he may visit. He has no opportunity for seeing anything more than just that portion of the *out*side which happens to be turned toward him.

Jack works hard all day, and after supper goes to a singing-house, where he may sit at one of a number of tables, with a shipmate or two, smoke his penn'orth of 'backy, drink his pot of 'alf-and-alf, and listen to some good, bad, and indifferent singing. These free concert rooms, as they are called,

ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE.

are the principal charms of Liverpool to sailors. Here they congregate during the long winter evenings, enjoying themselves, quietly, soberly, and at but little expense.

The tailors' shops are the places of resort next in importance to singing-houses. No sooner has your ship entered the dock gates than she is besieged on all sides by an army of

tailors, each anxious to secure the custom of the crew, and willing to propitiate the captain, by the sacrifice of a pea-jacket or overcoat, or, if necessary, of an entire suit.

And, in truth, not a few captains of American merchant vessels find it to their interest to make their tailors the bankers of the crew, thus forcing the men to trade with a certain individual, and to take from him certain amounts of his goods, in order to obtain certain other amounts of cash. Thus, a captain says to his crew who ask him for a little money on Saturday night: "Go to Mr. Snip, I have left your money there."

Off post Tom, Dick, and Harry, to Mr. Snip's establishment, in Church Street, or wherever it may be, where they are informed that Captain —— has left no money for his crew, but simply opened a credit for them, for *clothing—but* if the men want to get a suit of clothes each, Mr. Snip has no objection in the world to putting them into the bill at five dollars more than they will cost, and paying the balance, minus a percentage, over to Tom, Dick, or Harry.

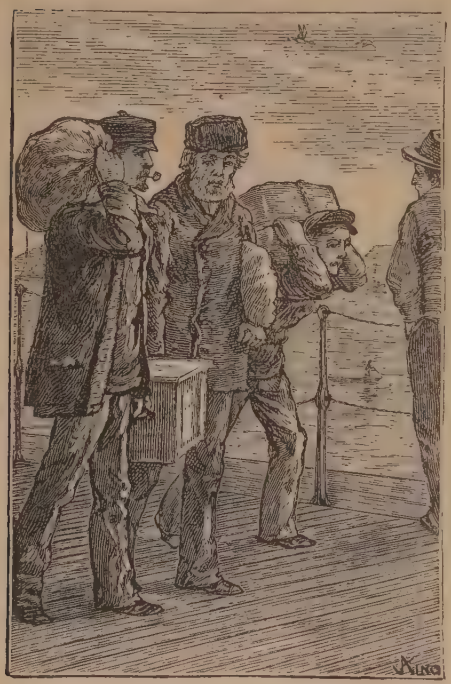
And so Jack Tar is chiselled, and earns himself the name of spendthrift, by paying for an *accommodation*, while the gentlemanly captain, by simply keeping his hands in his pockets, has made a suit of clothes. This is part of a sea-side view of Liverpool.

"Well, but," says the landsman, "I would take neither clothes nor money, rather than be cheated so barefacedly." This is all very good, and resolutions to that effect are made by nearly every American ship's crew that goes into Liver-

pool docks; and broken as often as made. One must have money in Liverpool, and the number of sailors who take money there or, in fact, anywhere else, with them, is very small. And one must have clothes. And Liverpool, with all the cheat and cabbage of captain and tailor, is a place where seamen's clothing can be obtained at fair rates, and of excellent quality. So that Jack, after working himself up to a state of most desperate stubbornness, and swearing fearful oaths that he *will not be cheated*, quietly walks up, and allows himself to be made cabbage of in the most approved style. And then he is called a spendthrift and a vagabond fellow, and the tailor, who pocketed a percentage on his hard-earned five dollars on Saturday night, on Sabbath morning points him out to his children as an object of disgust and contempt. This it is to be a sailor.

CHAPTER VII.

Departure from Liverpool—Passengers—Their mode of life on board ship—Philadelphia—Ship for London—Seamen's protection.



GOING ON BOARD.

AMERICAN vessels generally carry away from Liverpool, as return cargo, railroad iron, cotton prints, crockery, soda, etc., and passengers. This was our cargo. No sooner was our cotton and ballast out, than we began to take in our return cargo of railroad iron and crates of crockery ware. With this, and a great number of water-casks, to supply the passengers with drinking water, the lower hold was filled. The between decks, or steerage, was then fitted up with two rows of hastily constructed berths, and we were ready to take our departure. We were to take one hundred and fifty passengers, who

came on board the morning on which we went out of dock. They were all Irish, and a tolerably rough-looking set, but withal having about them that thoroughgoing Irish characteristic of being ready to lend a helping hand wherever there was work going on.

We lay over night in the river, as the wind was dead ahead to go out. Next morning, when we were about to weigh anchor, the windlass was manned for us by a party of passengers, who made but one demand—viz., to *sing* for them some sailor songs. Accordingly our *chanty*-man was called for.

Said he, "Now, just wait, I'll set all the men and women crying before you know it."

He struck up, to a rather slow and plaintive tune, an old capstan song, which begins as follows:

"We're going away from friends and home,
Chorus—Oh sailors, where are you bound to?
We're going away to hunt for gold,
Chorus—Across the briny ocean.
Father and mother say good-by,
Chorus—Sailors, where are you bound to?
Oh sisters, brothers, don't you cry,
Chorus—Across the briny ocean."

They had come up on deck laughing and talking, but the first two stanzas of this plaintive old song had not been sung, when all the women had their aprons to their eyes, and the men were not long in following suit, the fellows who had manned the windlass dropping the brakes, and sobbing like children. It

was rather cruel sport, I thought, yet I would scarcely have believed that they would have been so easily affected.

We had to pay for our fun by heaving the anchor up ourselves, and were glad to start up a more cheerful tune, to win Paddy back to his usual bright spirits.

For the first week out, it being late in the fall, we experienced rough weather, and our passengers suffered dreadfully with sea-sickness. Living in a crowded and miserably dirty hole, the stench arising from which was enough to make any one sick, half frightened out of their wits at what they supposed to be the imminently dangerous situation of the vessel, it was a wonder that many of them did not die.

For eight or ten days they showed themselves but little on deck, but lay in their berths day and night, muttering prayers for a safe deliverance from the dangers of the sea. But little cooking was done by them, and their meagre allowance was mostly wasted or thrown away. And upon a return of fine weather, men who, when we left port, were stout and hearty, came up, looking as though just arisen from a long sick-bed.

Once cured of their sickness, they grew ravenously hungry, and besieged their scantily furnished cooking range night and day, to get a chance to make themselves a warm mess. Poor souls, many of them lived on hard bread and raw meat the greater part of the passage, and paid dearly enough in the misery they suffered for the riches which they all expected to gain on this side the Atlantic.

The greater portion of them entertained the wildest con-

ceptions of the country they were about to make their home. Few of them had any definite ideas of the relative situations of different States. Some thought the United States to be the name of a very large city in *Ameriky*, and asked if it was as large as Liverpool or London. Others had come on board firmly convinced that our passage could not possibly last more than ten or twelve days. Several asked if, of a truth, there was in *Ameriky* a *'Gold Street;* and judging from the ignorance they displayed, there is no good reason to doubt the truth of the story told of a newly arrived Irishman, who, going up the wharf, saw a silver dollar lying in his path, but, spurning it contemptuously with his foot, refused to pick it up, saying, "I'll wait till I get to Gold Street, and pick up none but the yellow boys."

The accommodation for deck passengers, even on the best packet ships, are of the poorest kind. There are no rooms or divisions, the entire steerage being in one large apartment. There can, therefore, be no privacy at all. The bunks, or berths, are made very large, and from six to ten persons sleep in each, men, women, and children pigging in together.

As accommodations for cooking purposes for one hundred and fifty persons, we had two ranges, capable each of holding not over four small kettles. Many, therefore, never had a mouthful of warm victuals from day to day. All other accommodations are on the same scale.

Low as is the passage price, many find it beyond their means, and scarcely a vessel leaves Liverpool for the United States that has not on board some *stowaways*. Careful search is always made when about to sail, but there are many hiding-

places where they cannot be readily found. With us, one man, who had only means sufficient to pay his own passage, but had his wife to take along, actually put her into a large chest, in which she was brought on board, remaining in this concealment till we were fairly out at sea.

Then the implicit confidence with which these people venture upon a strange land, without means or friends, always seemed to me a matter for surprise. There were some among our passengers that had not actually enough cash to support them the first week after their landing. I overlooked one day five men, two of whom were married, counting over their means, and among the entire party they could muster but twenty-six English shillings, a little over six dollars. But enough of passengers.

We arrived at Philadelphia, after a tedious passage of fifty-four days. The snow was on the ground, and we found the weather bitter cold coming up the Delaware. This was the first time for more than three years that I had seen snow or felt cold like this, and I speedily determined that an Indiaman would be my ship, could one be found in Philadelphia.

As soon as the ship was made fast to the wharf we left her. I was the only one of the crew who came out in her from Boston, and found myself now feeling quite sorrowful at leaving the old craft, in which I had spent nine months, on the whole very pleasantly. Yet, thus goes the sailor's life. He cannot even centre his affections upon a vessel. A vagabond upon the face of the earth, he is continually breaking off all ties which threaten to bind him down to steadier habits.

So, even while I experienced most strongly the feeling of reluctance at leaving the good old craft which had been so long my home, and the officers, whom long acquaintance and brotherhood in many trials and dangers had given a strong hold on my regards, the pressing offer which I received to "stay, and go on another voyage," was unhesitatingly refused by me. It would not be seamanlike, I thought.

We, the crew, having been now some six months together, felt unwilling to part just here, and had agreed therefore to take the same boarding-house. For a few days we enjoyed a degree of comfort to which we had long been strangers. Then came the search for ships, the pressing need, accompanied by a dread of the sufferings which are the inevitable portion of poor Jack, when he gets caught on the American coast, in winter.

Now not a few wished that they could stay ashore, to escape the frozen fingers and toes, the ice and snow, and the keen north-westers, which chill the very marrow in one's bones, on a winter passage, that most terrible ordeal the sailor passes through. But there is no escape. Ship you must, for they are already beginning to sing:

"So get up, Jack, let John sit down,
For you know you're outward bound—
You know you're outward bound."

Coming in one day to dinner, I found that a shipmate of mine had engaged in a little brigantine, bound to London.

"Come, boys," said he; "she wants two more hands; go down and take a look at her, and then sign the articles."

"I wouldn't go into the British Channel in winter for all the gold in California," said an old tar at the head of the table.

"She's a little craft, and you'll not have to keep the blue pigeon going."

"Don't you believe it; you'll cast the lead every bit of the way from the Downs to Gravesend, and perhaps clear to London."

"Well, who cares, it's all in a voyage; and at any rate she's a snug little craft, and her crew will be able to handle her like a top."

Now, I had often heard of the sufferings incidental to a winter passage across the Atlantic, and knew the British Channel to be one of the most trying and uncomfortable spots, for winter navigation, that is to be found within the temperate zone. There was, therefore, adventure in the voyage, some new experiences to make—and as to sufferings, I consoled myself with the reflection that if my shipmates could stand them, I could do as well. I therefore determined within my own mind, if the vessel looked likely or comfortable, at once to ship in her.

Going down to the wharf, I found her to be a diminutive brigantine, of not above one hundred and sixty tons burden, a strange-looking vessel wherein to hazard a winter voyage to Europe. She was to carry four hands before the mast, the captain, mate, and cook—seven, all told. The mate was shovelling snow off the decks as I went on board. Said I to him, "Do you think, sir, she'll ever get to London?"

"I am going there in her, my lad," was the laconic answer; and saying to my shipmate that I would also, I got my Protection, went to the shipping office and signed the articles of the brigantine Belize, "bound from Philadelphia to London, and such port or ports up the Mediterranean as the captain may determine on, and back to a port of discharge, in the United States."

An American vessel bound to a foreign port is obliged to carry a certain proportion (two thirds) of American seamen. Every American seaman, in order to be entitled to the rights and privileges peculiar to that class, must be furnished with a *Protection*, an instrument obtainable at any of the United States Custom Houses, upon bringing forward substantial evidence that the individual is an American, either born or naturalized. Here is the form of a Protection:

The United States of America.

No.——

I ——, Collector of the District and Port of ——, do hereby certify that —— —— an American seaman, aged — years, or thereabouts, of the height of — feet — inches, —— complexion, —— hair, —— eyes, born in ——, has this day produced to me proof in the manner directed by the Act entitled "An Act for the Relief and Protection of American Seamen," and pursuant to said Act, I do hereby certify that the said —— is a citizen of the United States of America.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of office, at —— this — day of ——.

———, Collector.

This Protection, for which the charge of twenty-five cents is made at the Custom House, is placed in the captain's possession, on signing the articles, as he is obliged to exhibit a certain number of them at the Custom House before he can get his clearance. Protections are very often manufactured, much as American citizens are said to be made to order on the eve of an election, and some shipping officers keep quite an assortment on hand, in order that a ship may not be detained for the want of *American* seamen. Thus, in emergencies, they are able to ship men of any nation, merely obliging them to take the names which are on the Protections they happen to have on hand.

An American Protection is of little value to the seaman, except in cases where he is wrecked, or left sick or destitute in a foreign port, when it gives him a claim on the American Consul, who is obliged to provide for him, and send him home if he desires it.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ship for London—The vessel—A winter passage across the Atlantic—Its hardships—The English Channel.

WHEN I announced to my shipmates that I was going in the little brigantine, they looked at me with dismay. It then for the first time leaked out that there was a general impression among them that she never would reach London; that being so small, and old, as well as deeply laden, she was likely to founder in the tremendous gales which sweep the Atlantic in the months of January and February.

This was not pleasant news for me, but, like much ill-tidings, it came *too late.* I had signed the articles, and a seaman's pride would have forbidden me to back out from the danger now, even though she were sure to go down. I took occasion, however, on my next visit to the brig, to mention to her imperturbable mate what was said of the vessel.

Said he, "Are you married?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I have a wife and three little ones, down on the Cape, and *I* am going to London in the Belize."

There was no answering a clincher like that, and I was content to take what comfort I could out of the reflection that my loss would be *my* loss alone.

The second of January was appointed for our sailing day. It was an intensely cold morning when I put my chest and hammock into a wagon, to be taken to the ship, and taking a last lingering look at the cosey fire, walked down to the wharf, accompanied by several old shipmates, whom regard prompted to see me off. It was my first voyage as seaman. I had shipped the previous voyage as boy, but had been allowed seaman's wages by the captain for part of the time, and, what gratified me far more than the additional salary, had received from the mate, on leaving, a hearty written recommendation as able seaman. As we walked down, I received some good advice from one of my old shipmates, concluding with:

"Now, Charley, this is your first voyage as seaman, and you must not let any one go before you. Wherever there's duty, there's likely to be danger, boy, and wherever there's danger, there do you be first."

A tight grasp of the hand, and a hearty "God bless you and keep you, boy," from my shipmates, and I leaped on board the vessel, she was cast off, and we slowly wound down the river, before a light breeze.

I do not remember ever to have felt it so terribly cold as it was that morning. The Delaware was rapidly freezing over, and we drifted down with the tide, through cakes of ice every moment getting harder and more impenetrable. When a few miles below the city, the breeze freshened, and as the little craft danced over the waves, every wave increased the mass of ice that was gathering about her head. The spray, which flew freely in over the bows, froze hard before it reached the deck, and we who were

securing the anchors for sea were soon incased in ice, yet without being wet through, as we should have been had it been less cold.

It was utterly impossible to keep any part of the body even moderately warm, and feet and hands were shortly quite numb and sensationless. It is always colder on fresh water than on salt, and as we neared the bay, and got into the sea tide, there was a slight although quite perceptible change in the temperature.

As we approached the ocean, the breeze freshened to a gale, and we took occasion, on running in behind the breakwater, to land the pilot, to single reef our stiff and all new cotton foretopsail, and also reef the foresail and mainsail. For the latter sail, however, we had but little use thereafter, as the gale, which blew from west-north-west, was very nearly aft, and the foretopsail and foresail were the only sails we could carry under such circumstances.

While aloft, reefing, we looked with sinking hearts upon the mountain billows whose white heads were wildly breaking upon the beach outside, and the sullen roar of the sea seemed to warn us not to tempt its power.

The pilot landed (oh, how I envied him), the sails reefed and hoisted, and everything double secured about decks, we wore round and stood out past Cape Henlopen. As we rounded the point of the breakwater, which had protected us, a huge wave struck the vessel, and came crashing over the bows, deluging the deck, and sweeping all before it, until it found its way out at the stern.

With that wave went the last vestige of *dryness*, the only kind of comfort there is on board ship in cold weather, for the entire passage. From that time, for thirty days and nights, not one of the crew had on a dry stitch of clothing.

I had heard before of bathing-tubs, had been told of making an entire passage under water, but looked upon such yarns as rather tough—somewhat highly colored. But the experience of this passage left us no longer room to doubt the possibility of a vessel making her way through and under the water. From the time the first wave struck till we entered the English Channel a continual succession of seas swept our decks, one following upon top of the other, until we have actually seen waves come on board in a solid body over ten feet high, sweep across the deck like a vast sea-green avalanche, and roll out over the bow.

Fortunately our rail, or bulwark, was very low, and the water had as free egress as ingress, else would all the stanchions have been swept away by the force of the body of water which was continually washing from one side to the other of the deck as she rolled.

It was just at one o'clock of the second day after leaving Philadelphia, that we took this launch into the stormy Atlantic. Judging that we should experience some rough weather, everything about decks, such as boat, water-casks, and galley, had been doubly and even trebly fastened. With the same view to security, we had bent new sails, with new robands, had doubly clinched the tackles, sheets, buntlines, and clewlines, that no piece of gear might get adrift perhaps at the very time

we should need it most. We had furled the topgallantsail and gafftopsail, and wound each sail about with gaskets enough to make fast a seventy-four's topsail. We had even lashed the chain cable, a portion of which was stowed upon deck.

But what can stand before the fury of such a blast as that before which we were driving—what resist the impetuous force of the mountains of water which rolled, and tumbled, and broke over our decks continually?

On the very first night out, in the mid-watch, while I was at the helm, a sea crashed on deck, just forward of the main rigging, and falling upon the large boat which lay, bottom up, upon the main hatchway, crushed her as completely as though men with axes had stove her to pieces.

In the morning watch, our foresail split and blew from the yard, not a sign of it being left, even the reef, which was fast to the yard, gradually going, strip by strip.

On the second morning, we found our topgallantsail blown out of the gaskets. On the next night an unusually large sea boarded us, tore two large water-casks from their lashings, and carried them clear over the rail.

We had, ere this, made our little galley fast to every bolt, stanchion, mast, and rigging, that could possibly be connected with it by a rope, and this multiplied precaution was the only means of saving it. But with this exception, and two water-casks lashed aft near the taffrail, where the seas did not come on board with such fury, there was not left, when we were three days out, a single movable object about decks, and everything that could be blown away aloft was likewise gone.

No one who has not seen and felt it can imagine the searching power of the wind in a gale like this. It no longer gives way, but carries all before it with resistless sway. It becomes something tangible, a force which you feel, as though a heavy body struck you. It is even impossible to draw a breath when looking to windward, and to make progress against it along decks, it is necessary to draw one's self along by the bulwark, or life lines.

Of course the forecastle and cabin hatchways were kept closed, as the least carelessness in that particular might have filled these places with a sea, drowning the inmates in their berths. When the watch came on deck they were obliged to look out for a comparatively smooth interval, and then darting quickly out of the little scuttle, shut and bolt it down. Before they got aft a sea would overwhelm them, out of which they would emerge, gasping for breath, half drowned, and dripping. Not unfrequently we were obliged to make ourselves fast to ropes stretched along from aft to the forecastle, and let those abaft pull us along through the water.

The natural heat of the system drying on us the salt water incased our bodies in a crust of salt, which rubbed and chafed, and eat into the tender skin, making us all over sores. The waves continually dashing into our faces half blinded us, and the salt drying on around the eyelids made painful swellings about those susceptible parts.

To add to our troubles, already sufficiently great, on the second night out our vessel sprung a leak, and from that time till we anchored in the Downs *we never left the pumps*. The

brig steered badly, and steering a vessel under such circumstances is at best a most disagreeable labor, since the lives of all on board, and the safety of the vessel, depend in a great measure on the watchful vigilance of the helmsman. A turn of the helm the wrong way, or the neglect to meet her quickly, as some vast wave swings the little craft half round, and she broaches to the wind, and to broach-to in such a gale at sea is certain destruction.

Almost every minute a wave bounces over the rail and dashes the poor helmsman forcibly against the wheel, to which he clings for dear life, until the green mass of water passes and leaves him half drowned, to twist at the stubborn helm, and keep the vessel in her course. So severe was the toil of steering, that I have many a time stood, on the cold January nights, in my shirt-sleeves, dripping with the sea water, and yet with the perspiration breaking out on my face and arms, and all the upper part of my body in a glow of heat.

Our hands, with the continual grasping of wheel, or pump-break, or rope, and the constant wetness, were raw inside and out, and left their marks in blood on everything they touched. Then, when the two hours' trick at the wheel was over, the worn-out helmsman must go to the pump, where, lashing himself to the mainmast to keep from being borne overboard by the seas, he pumps another weary two hours, occasionally spelled, or relieved, by the captain or mate.

But it was in our feet we suffered most. Arms and body, though sore and suffering, received a sufficiency of violent exercise to keep up a healthy circulation of the blood, while our

feet were moved but little, and after being for four hours immersed in the ice-cold water, were entirely sensationless, mere appendages, without the power of motion, and feeling as though tightly cased in ice.

Many times have I on going below seen my solitary watch-mate (for there were only two in each watch) pulling off his boots in full confidence that he would find his feet enveloped in ice. And often was I myself certain that this time my poor feet must be solidly frozen.

This was our life on deck. Below it was but little better, although we were glad enough to get to a shelter from the sharp winds, which was the only way in which the forecastle was of any benefit to us. Notwithstanding our most ingenious devices to keep out the water, in order that we might have at least one little dry spot left, it poured in at every seam of the upper deck. On the floor the water stood (or rather rolled, for nothing stood) at least six inches deep continually. Our bunks were half afloat, blankets were wrung out every watch, and mattresses were mere mouldy masses of wet and rotting straw.

Sitting in a little shower-bath upon our chests, we would first pull off very carefully and gingerly the boots and stockings from our frozen feet. The operation of gradually stripping off the stockings used to seem to me like peeling off the skin, so tender were the benumbed limbs. Stockings, wrung out, were hung upon a nail in readiness to be resumed at the end of the four hours. Trousers and shirts were now submitted to a similar process of wringing out and hanging up, and then each

turned naked into his berth to get warm and doze off to sleep.

But the getting a little warm was a torture. As the blood returned to the long-feelingless feet, it would seem as though small veins or streams of hot lead were being poured over various portions of the limbs. Amid groans of pain, the sufferer puts his hands down to ascertain whether the returning circulation has not *bursted open* his foot, so acute are the sensations consequent upon a renewal of feeling.

After a succession of attempts to make all snug, the exhausted body at last sinks into a slumber, from which it is awakened at the expiration of the watch, and called to turn out of the now warm and at last comfortable steaming bedplace, and relieve his shipmates at steering and pumping.

On getting up we would be steaming, literally, the warmth of our bodies turning the moisture of the bedding into vapor. The cold, wet clothing pulled off and wrung out at the commencement of the watch was now resumed, the wet stockings were once more put inside of the wetter boots, the *sow-wester* securely fastened under the chin, and, shivering and miserable, we crawled up the ladder to wait for a favorable moment when to issue on deck and run aft.

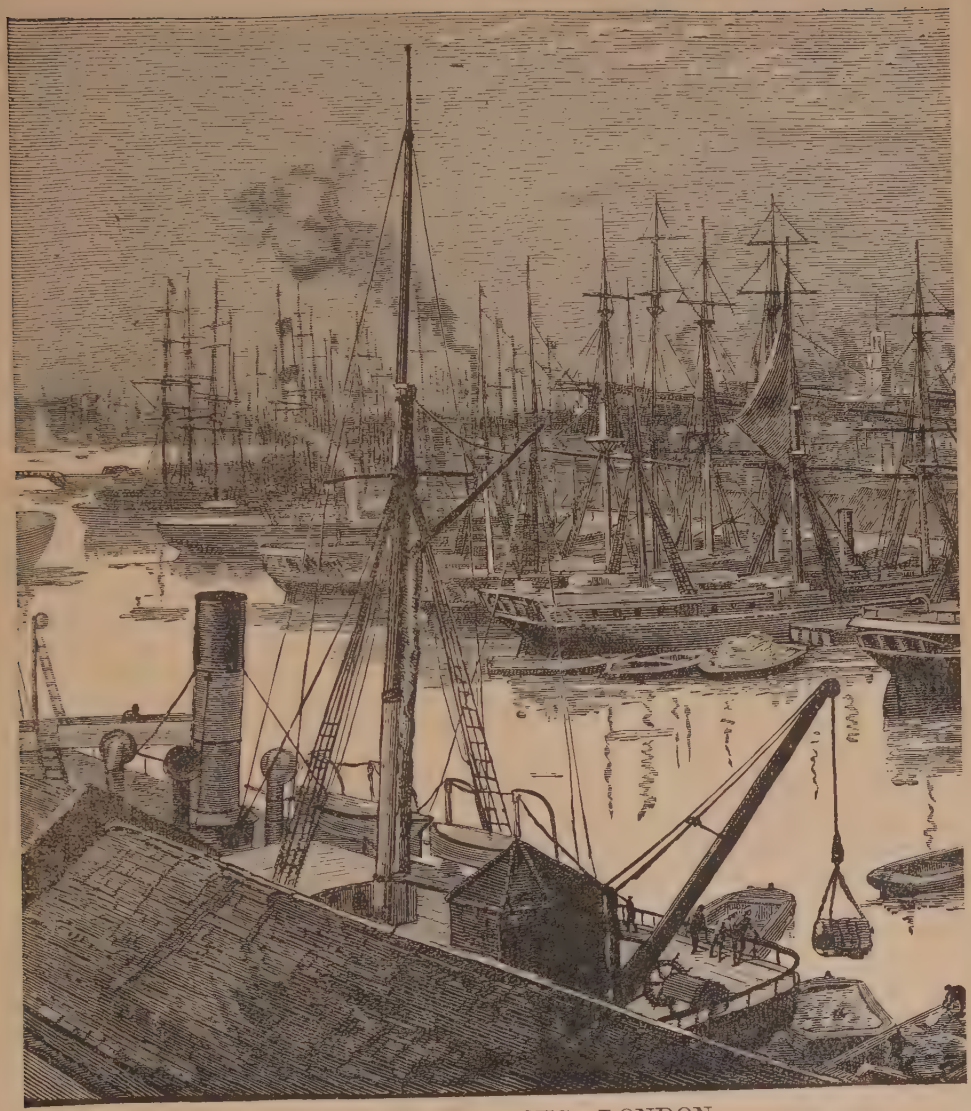
To add still to our troubles, when it blew the hardest it was found impossible to keep the vessel free by means of constant pumping, and I yet recall the sinking of despair with which, on some of the very worst days and nights of the trip, we were wakened up long before the expiration of our watch below, to aid in pumping, and try to keep the water under. For three

long days and nights, at one time, she was gradually sinking under us, our most strenuous efforts at the pumps to the contrary notwithstanding.

On sounding the pump-well, at the expiration of a watch, we would find that, in spite of our efforts, the water had gained upon us several inches. We fought it inch by inch, hoping for more moderate weather, which was the only thing that could save us. Yet our labor was performed not with the energy of persons working for something they would like to save. It was more as a matter of duty to the vessel and her owners. For so much had we suffered with wet and cold, that we had begun to look upon our now probable fate as, at any rate, a relief from misery too great to be borne much longer. Any change was welcome.

Strange feelings come over one at such times. In our dozing down below (for to sleep had become impossible, and one simply dozed off into a state of semi-unconsciousness), we used to dream of home and of the old times long past when we were children there. Retiring to our wet berths, unknowing whether we should ever rise from them again, we would return to full consciousness at the calling of the watch, half surprised, half sorry that the final catastrophe was not yet—that another four hours of the battle must be waged before we finally succumbed.

We began to think it would be as well, and much more comfortable, to remain in our berths and await the sure fate. It would but hasten it a little. But duty forbade. And there is, after all, a faint, lingering spark of hope, which seems never to leave man, or, at any rate, the sailor, until he is totally overwhelmed; and this, too, urged us to the pumps.



EAST INDIA DOCKS, LONDON.

Yet we grew careless of the event. Day by day we went to our berths, not knowing but we were closing our eyes for the last time—sleeping to wake no more. Watch after watch we went on deck expecting each four hours to be the last, until, erelong, we had grown used to the feeling, and suffered silently on, thinking as little as might be of that to which all had now resigned themselves.

Cooking, for a great part of the passage, was out of the question. A pot of hot coffee was a luxury not attainable every day, and as for preparing anything else, it was vain to think of it. So, the cook took his turn at the pumps with the rest, and nursed his cold toes the balance of the time.

The water stood three feet deep in the hold, and was still slowly gaining on us, when at last the weather moderated a little, and the wind gradually dying down, gave us nearly an entire day (a Sabbath) of calm. But although the gale had gone down, the sea was rolling mountains high, and with the exception of being able, by pumping hard all day, to free the vessel of water, we were but little better off than before.

"We shall pay for it before forty-eight hours," said the mate, as we were congratulating ourselves on the favorable change.

And sure enough, before the night was over we had seen the wildest weather of all the passage.

About two in the afternoon an intensely black cloud began to rise in the west, slowly spreading until it covered all the western horizon, from north to south, with a pall of inky darkness. It did not move—there seemed no life in it. But it grew

almost imperceptibly larger, until, at sunset, the entire firmament was one impenetrable black mass, and the darkness seemed fairly tangible.

We had taken in the sails, loosed during the day (having taken advantage of the calm to bend another foresail), and were now, at dark, lying under a single-reefed foretopsail waiting for the storm which we knew was suspended overhead.

The wind had entirely died away before dark, not a breath of air being perceptible, and except the dull roar of the sea and the heavy sug of our vessel as she pitched into it, all was still. Every man was on deck, for we felt there would soon be work enough for us to do.

In the pitchy darkness we could not see a rope, or distinguish each other, although touching. The captain had brought a large lantern on deck, and was standing on the chain cable, near the helmsman, ready to light us, should it be necessary to get a pull at anything.

Now there is a low sigh of wind over the water.

"Put your helm hard to starboard," says the captain, "and try to get her before it."

Now a louder blast, succeeded by one yet fiercer, and then with an intensely brilliant flash of lightning and a burst of thunder as though the heavens were rent in twain, the gale was upon us.

"Clew down your foretopsail, let go the halyards," shouted the captain.

But too late. The bellying sail would not come down, and the brig fairly stood upon end for a moment as the whole

THE THAMES.

impetus of the gale struck her, then burying her bows, clear to the foremast, in an immense sea, she forged ahead, staggering like an animal that has been struck a heavy blow upon the head. The wind shrieked wildly as it rushed by us, the hail drove down upon us in torrents, leaving its marks wherever it struck upon our persons. While pulling at the foretopsail clewline, a hail-stone struck me on the hand and tore off a piece of skin as large as half a dollar. Several were wounded in the same way.

The captain called to all to come aft. Suddenly we noticed upon the masthead and at each yard-arm small blue flames, dancing like evil spirits hither and thither upon the wind. It was the "corposant," so called by seamen, often the precursor, sometimes the accompaniment of a violent storm, an electrical appearance, generally attaching itself to the irons on the extremities of the masts and yards, the pale and ghastly light darting about fitfully as the breeze catches it.

There is a superstitious belief among seamen, that he upon whom a corposant has shone will die before the expiration of the voyage.

A still stranger phenomenon drew our attention from the appearances upon the yards. Our brig had double mainstays, two large ropes running from the mainmasthead to the deck at the foot of the foremast. Down between these stays, which were some six inches apart, now rolled what appeared to us a ball of liquid fire, somewhat resembling a red-hot sixty-eight-pound shot. When yet some ten feet from the deck, the chain cable, stretched along under the stay, seemed to attract it; it fell upon it, and with a sharp, hissing noise flew into hundreds

of pieces, the greater portion running aft along the line of chain.

The captain, who was standing with one foot upon this cable, was struck by the electric current and transfixed, immovable for a few minutes. Every pane of glass in the large lantern he held in his hand was broken. The man at the wheel was rendered entirely helpless for some time, having to be carried from his post. Whether, as some of the crew asserted, this appearance was accompanied by a loud clap of thunder or not, I would not dare to say, for so much was I taken up with the meteoric fire-ball, that had the heavens burst with thunder I should not have known it.

The violent hail, which lasted perhaps three quarters of an hour, had the effect of beating down the sea, so that even at the height of the squall we were sailing through comparatively smooth water.

The first blast over, and our old gale returned, with the same rolling, the same continual shipping of seas, the same tiresome labor at the pumps. We still ran before it, although we overtook large ships hove-to. Our captain would not heave-to — partly as he was actually afraid when the gale was at its height to bring so small a vessel to the wind, and partly because he was anxious to get across.

On the twentieth night out, she broached-to with us. This is a most dangerous accident, and not unfrequently occasions the loss of a vessel. Fortunately we had but a rag of canvas, the close-reefed foretopsail, set, and, in the moment of her coming violently to the wind the braces were let go by the

LONDON DOCKS.

mate, so that the yards swung, and did not allow the sail to get aback. (By broaching-to is meant the act of a vessel which has been going before the wind turning violently about, and bringing the sails aback. Many a good ship, running under a press of canvas, has been sent down stern foremost by broaching-to.) As our vessel lay in the trough of the sea for a few minutes, the decks, fore and aft, were entirely covered with an enormous wave, which boarded her in a body, and threatened to send us all to the bottom. Here our low rail was again useful, the brig being able to clear herself much quicker of the body of water than had she had higher bulwarks. Yet it was for some minutes green all around and over us, and we began to think we were going under. The helm had been put down in the moment of her broaching-to, and she had sufficient headway to mind it, and gradually came up to the wind, lying across the trough of the sea, and clearing her decks in a great measure of the water. Having her once hove-to, it was exceedingly dangerous to keep off before it again, until it should moderate, as we would once more be exposed to the danger of being boarded by some mountain wave, and perhaps having our decks swept. It was therefore determined to lie-to under a close-reefed fore-spencer.

The topsail was clewed up, and after an hour's hard tugging at it we succeeded in furling it. We were now relieved from the toil of steering, as the helm is lashed down, and had consequently double force at the pumps. But our troubles were soon to recommence. We had just gone below to get some breakfast, after having been up nearly all night getting

her snug, when the fore-spencer blew away. As it was necessary to have some sail on her, we set the storm foretopmast staysail and a little corner of the mainsail. Before an hour the foretopmast staysail flew away, and the force of the mainsail suddenly brought to bear on the stern brought her head to the wind and sea. An immense billow lifted up her bow, and for a moment she stood upon her stern, all hands thinking she would go down stern foremost — in the next she seemed to slide off the mountain of water, and we lay-to on the other tack, having been thrown by the sea from one tack to the other. We quickly hauled down the mainsail, and set a small tarpaulin in the main rigging, and under this lay-to securely until the gale had abated somewhat.

Yet ten days of pumping and steering, and the numerous vessels coming in view, as well as the the dense fogs, proclaimed the vicinity of land. As we entered the mouth of the British Channel the gale decreased, but the weather was much more uncomfortable, on account of its dampness; and as we kept watch at night in our salt-water-soaked clothing, I felt sometimes as though the marrow was congealing in my bones. With a fair breeze on the next day after entering the Channel we got up to Beachy Head, where we lay becalmed for an afternoon, anxiously peering through the fog for a pilot-boat. While lying here, a steamer passed us on her way up. It seemed hard to us, as she paddled past, to think that she would be in London probably that night yet, while we might, should we take a head-wind, beat about there for a week, and, after all, go ashore on some of the English cliffs. I never before so

THE THAMES.

heartily wished myself out of any scrape, and determined, as indeed did all the crew, that if we once got the crazy old brig safely to London, incontinently to leave her there.

That night we got a little farther ahead, and in the mid-watch fortunately got a Dungeness or *deep-sea* pilot, as these are called, in contradistinction to the river men, who are known as mud pilots. This was an immense relief to us, as our captain, who had never before made a foreign voyage, was totally unacquainted with the Channel, and had, for the last two days, been chasing every vessel that hove in sight, to find out our whereabouts, the constant fogs preventing him from getting an observation.

We ran into the Downs, and there anchored until the tide should serve, as, when the breeze arose, it was dead ahead, giving us a prospect of beating all the way up to Gravesend, the real entrance to the river Thames, and the port of the city of London.

The deep-sea pilots in the English Channel are a peculiar set. More thoroughgoing seamen, in all that pertains to the management of a vessel, or more competent and trustworthy men in their profession, are probably nowhere to be found. They are under the control of a naval board, called the Trinity Chapter, who appear to have under their charge the entire British Channel, or at least all in and about the English side of it, that pertains to the safety of shipping.

Very strict rules are laid down for the pilots, in regard to the management of the vessels placed under their charge, such as placing a single reef in the topsails every time a

vessel comes to anchor, during the winter season, paying out a certain amount of cable, keeping anchor-watch, and various other matters. As vessels work tide work in beating up channel — that is, get under weigh with every favoring tide, and come to anchor when it turns, this occasions no small addition to the labor, already sufficiently great, of making short tacks keeping the lead constantly going, and the frequent weighing anchor.

With our dull-sailing and deep-loaded craft, we were three days and nights beating up to Gravesend, a time during which we got but little sleep, and although perhaps, on the whole, less uncomfortable than during the previous portions of our passage, were almost continually on deck, exposed to the damp air, and handling wet ropes, heaving the lead when the line froze as we hauled it in, and working with muddy chains and anchors.

Passing the buoy at the Nore, whose miserable fate has been so comically lamented by Hood, and which marks the scene of the great mutiny, when England's wooden walls had nearly been turned against her, we finally reached Gravesend Having brought us to anchor here, our pilot's office ceased, and he went ashore.

The brig was now thoroughly searched by custom-house officers, one of whom remained on board until the cargo was out. We had been hailed times without number, on our passage up, by tow-boats desirous to take us up to London, which would have relieved the crew of an immense deal of severe labor, besides materially expediting our progress; but our

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

stingy Yankee skipper took counsel with his pocket, and "having the men to feed and pay at any rate," as he said, to the pilot's infinite disgust, preferred to beat up.

We had now, however, arrived at the head of all such navigation as that. The Thames, from Gravesend to London, outdoes even the Mississippi in the number and acuteness of its turns, or reaches, as they are called, and but one class of vessels pretend to sail up from here. These are the colliers, the Jordies, who, in their dirty-looking brigs (the *brig* is the favorite and only rig of a true Jordie collier-man) work up slowly from reach to reach, taking perhaps a week to make the distance from Gravesend to the city.

These collier men are a peculiar set. Familiar from childhood with all the intricacies of channel navigation, they work their way with singular dexterity through the immense fleet of shipping of all nations that at all times congregates here, often nearly blocking up the upper portion of the channel. They hold all manner of foreign vessels, or "south Spainers," in supreme contempt. Understanding perfectly their rights, and obstinately maintaining them, woe betide the unfortunate craft that misses stays, and, hanging in irons, remains an unmanageable impediment in Jordie's lawful track. He will unhesitatingly poke his short, stout jibboom through your foresail, or into your cabin windows, and "out of the way, you brass-bottomed booger,"* is all the apology you get.

* In allusion to the copper on the bottoms of all foreign sailing vessels, but which is never seen on a collier.

Without the collier men, London's river would be bereft of half its life, and all its fun, for in return for his crabbed spitefulness, everybody has a fling at Jordie; and happy he who does not come out second best, for either at billingsgate or fisticuffs he is hard to beat.

Being finally persuaded of the utter impossibility of beating up to London, our captain had to engage a steam-tug, which brought us up to our berth, in the herring tier, on the Surry side, in a very short time. Here we were hauled under an immense crane, and the hatches being opened, ten tierces of beef were hoisted out at once, the entire cargo being landed in little more than half a day.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival in London—The docks—Sailors—The California ship—Singular instance of affection in a serpent—What sailors see of London—Sail for Boston.

WITH the next tide we hauled into the St. Katherine's dock, where we were to take in our return cargo. The docks of London are altogether differently arranged from those in Liverpool. Here we were allowed to cook on board. but a light after eight o'clock at night was strictly forbidden. The gates close at seven P.M., and open at seven A.M., and every one going out is strictly searched by the gate-keepers, not only to prevent the introduction of contraband articles, but also to prevent thieving on the part of the dock laborers and persons frequenting the shipping. No bundle of any kind is allowed to be carried out without a written permit from some person in authority.

These strict regulations are rendered necessary on account of the vast quantities of merchandise of all kinds stored up here. All around the docks are spacious warehouses from three to six stories high, where is deposited a portion of the goods brought here by shipping from all parts of the world. There can be no more interesting sight in London than would be obtained by a walk through these warehouses. He who has

not visited them has no idea of the vast amount of wealth, from all parts of the world, which is constantly accumulating here. The most precious commodities, which at home we see dribbled out by half ounces and drachms, are there found by the bale, and hogshead, and warehouseful. Here in two vast buildings is stored tea. In these vaults, extending for squares underground, are wines. On this broad quay are piled immense tierces of tallow from icy Archangel, and by their side lies a vessel fragrant with all the spices of Araby the blest. Here is a four-story building, filled to overflowing with bales of cinnamon and sacks of nutmegs. The next seems the depository of all the indigo in the world. Here is hemp, and there is cotton; yonder, bales of costly silks, and farther on, iron. There is no end to either the variety or quantity of goods. All possible and impossible things seem here brought in conjunction.

But let us take a look at the shipping. No nation that has a ship is unrepresented here — no part of the earth that has a seaport but may be visited from here at short notice. Archangel or the Cape of Good Hope, New York or Calcutta, China or California, St. Petersburg or the Guinea Coast, Valparaiso or Constantinople, whither will you go? Here are ships for all and many more. And this is only one of the smallest of her docks. Truly, he who visits London and does not see her docks, misses one of the most interesting and instructive of her many sights.

In a few days after entering the docks, we began to take in cargo for Boston. We had determined to leave the vessel,

VAULT AT INDIA DOCKS.

but found many sailors ready to take our places, and anxious for the chance even to work their passage, without pay, and therefore wisely concluded to hang on even to a sinking ship, as better than none at all.

In the winter season sailors have hard times in London. Shipping is dull and men plenty, and very frequently large premiums are paid for chances to ship. Woe to the poor sailor who then finds himself ashore, without money or friends! The landlord turns him out to starve or beg, and he sleeps on the street, or, worse yet, in the *straw-house* provided for indigent sailors, where they may be seen, on cold winter evenings, cowering under the wretched litter, trying to forget their hunger and misery in sleep. And at meal-times gaunt, wasted forms hover about the forecastle, casting wistful glances at the plenteous meal of the crew, or begging for pity's sake for a morsel of bread and meat.

Such scenes are but too frequent in the large ports of England, when commerce is not very brisk. We therefore gladly retained our places on board, hoping for better weather on the homeward passage.

While we lay in the docks, a British vessel hauled in and lay alongside of us, to which a singular story of crime attached, which was at that time dinned into every one's ears in London by the ballad-mongers, who found its horrors a fruitful source of pennies. The story, as I obtained it from her mate, was this:

She had left San Francisco, bound for London, with no cargo, intending to procure a load of copper on the coast of

Chili, but with nearly seventy-five thousand dollars, in gold dust and bars, in the lazerrete, under the cabin. The crew, unfortunately, knew of the presence of this treasure on board, and from this arose the subsequent catastrophe.

On the vessel's first arrival at San Francisco, all her own crew had left her, and when again about to sail, the captain was obliged to take such hands as he could get, principally coast-rangers, desperate characters, who perhaps did not ship in her without a purpose.

All went on quietly until the vessel had reached the line, and was distant only some two or three days' sail from the Gallapagos Islands. At this time the carpenter, who was the only man of the crew who understood the art of navigating the vessel, was approached by one of the hands, with proposals to mutiny, kill the officers, take possession of the vessel and her treasure, and, scuttling the former when they got near land, leaving her for the coast of Peru, there to enjoy in peace their ill-gotten booty.

It appeared that they had doubted the carpenter, and had left him out of their counsels while the arrangement of the matter was pending. They now, only at the last moment previous to the execution of their project, took him into their confidence, and presented to him the alternative to partake of the fate of the officers, or join them in good faith. Overcome by surprise and terror, he reluctantly submitted to become one of them. But they did not trust him out of their sight again, and that very night, in the mid-watch, while the ship was sailing along with a gentle breeze, their fell purpose was carried into effect.

VIEW IN ONE OF THE GALLAPAGOS GROUP.

It was the mate's watch on deck, and as he leaned drowsily against the mizzenmast, he was approached from behind by one of the mutineers, who buried an axe in his head and left him for dead.

They now proceeded to get the captain out of his cabin. Throwing a large coil of rigging forcibly down on the poop deck was the means resorted to to gain their purpose. It succeeded, for scarce a minute had elapsed before the captain's head appeared above the companion slide, as he asked what was meant by such noise. He had hardly uttered the question, when a blow upon the head with an iron belaying pin silenced him forever. The second mate was in like manner enticed on deck and murdered.

The mutineers had now possession of the vessel. They made haste to pitch overboard the bodies of the murdered officers and clear away the gore which stained the deck, and then consulted as to what was next to be done. They concluded to alter their original plan, sail for the Gallapagos, and land there on one of the uninhabited islands, setting the ship on fire before they left her, and thus more securely destroy all trace of their crime. They would then divide their booty, and burying it, go in their boat to some one of the inhabited isles, in the guise of shipwrecked seamen, thus quieting all suspicions.

This plan decided upon, the carpenter, who had been strictly guarded in the forecastle while the scene of murder was being acted, was called for. On approaching, he was sent to the wheel, with instructions to keep the vessel for the Gallapagos, and a threat of instant death in case of disobedience.

The crew, consisting of ten hands, now proceeded into the cabin to hunt up the gold, which, found, was placed in convenient sacks for carrying off. By this time daylight began to appear, and as the first excitement wore off, their breasts filled with remorse at what they had done.

"Liquor, liquor, boys," said one; "let's drink and be merry; there's no one to forbid." The captain's rum was produced, and ere noon, after a scene of uproarious jollity, the mutineers lay upon the decks in drunken stupor.

All this time, it must be remembered, the poor carpenter was steering the vessel. He had several times shouted to one or other his desire to be relieved, but in vain; and when the drunken orgies began, he was not sorry to be at the helm, as this was sufficient excuse for not joining with them.

The ten wretched men, after much drunken revelry, lay asleep upon the deck. *Chips* was alone on board, so far as the possession of his powers was concerned. And now a dreadful thought of vengeance for the fate of the basely assassinated captain filled his soul. The mutineers were at his mercy—should he not in turn make way with them? There was not a little fear that, arriving at their destination, and having no longer a necessity for him, they would make way with him, to prevent one who had been an unwilling and inactive looker-on in the fray from bringing the affair before the world. A proper regard for his own safety, therefore, also prompted the carpenter to take justice in his own hands.

His mind was soon made up. Lashing the wheel in such manner that she would for some time guide herself, he took a

WHARF AT SAN FRANCISCO.

survey of those who in the last few hours had sent their officers to their last accounts.

"I'll do it—I must—I *will*," said Chips. He went to his tool-chest standing on the half-deck, and took thence a large, sharp, glittering broad-axe. One after another, with this axe, he cut off ten heads, not stopping till the last headless trunk was struggling before him, and he was left the sole living person on board.

Now he in turn cleared away, dragging the bodies to the gangway, and there threw them overboard—a tedious task. This done, and the blood-stained deck once more washed off, and he had time to think. He was alone on board a large vessel—no one but he to steer, to make or take in sail, or perform the multifarious duties incident to the sea, such as trimming the sails to the breeze, etc. His determination was soon taken. He let the topsails run down on the caps, clewed up, and furled as well as he was able the topgallantsails and royals, and then lashing the helm amidships, so trimmed the forward and after sails, the jibs and spanker, as to make her move along without yawing too much. He had previously altered her course for the coast of Peru, and as the craft was in the track of vessels bound to the southward, and at but small distance from the Peruvian shore, he felt confident that the ship would be fallen in with by some strange vessel, or he would be able himself to take the ship into Callao, and there deliver her into the hands of the British Consul.

What may have been his feelings when he found himself the sole occupant of the vessel, with every particular of the

late tragedy fresh before him, the very blood-stains not yet off the decks, it would be useless to attempt to imagine.

On the fifth morning after the mutiny, the ship was spoken by a British vessel just out of Callao, the captain of which sent on board two men to assist in working the craft, giving the carpenter likewise the course and distance to the harbor. In two days more he had the satisfaction of bringing the vessel safely to anchor in Lorenzo Bay, where she was immediately placed in charge of the British Consul.

The carpenter went home to England as passenger in another vessel, and was probably amply rewarded by the owners for his faithful services. The ship was sent to London by the consul, and arrived there, as before said, while we lay in the docks.

We witnessed on board her a most singular instance of affection in two snakes toward their master. An American, who had been connected with some of the menageries travelling through Chili and Peru, and had afterward owned a collection of animals himself, in Lima, found the business not to pay, and determining to leave the country, had engaged a cabin passage in the British ship.

He had sold out his animals, all but two large anacondas, one thirteen, the other seventeen feet long. For these the British captain had agreed to give him a cabin passage to London, and one hundred dollars, cash, on their arrival there, provided the snakes were then alive. They arrived safe and sound, and were duly taken ashore by the captain. When their former owner, however, asked for the hundred dollars, he

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was refused it, under various pretences, and it became evident that the captain, having the snakes in his possession, intended to keep our countryman out of the money justly due him.

The American was much distressed at this turn in his affairs, as he had depended on this sum of money to bear his expenses in getting back to the United States. He consulted our officers about the matter, but they could not show him any way to help himself out of his difficulties.

This matter had been pendent nearly a week after the ship entered the dock, when one morning the British captain was heard very anxiously inquiring as to the whereabouts of Mr. Reynolds, his late passenger. It appeared that the snakes would not eat, and showed other symptoms of being ill at ease under his care, and he entertained fears that they would die before he could dispose of them. He therefore came in quest of their former owner, to ask his advice and assistance in setting them right again.

It now for the first time occurred to the latter that the animals had never been fed, or handled even, to any extent, by any one but him, and that they might therefore be shy of strangers. At our advice, he took advantage of this state of affairs to secure for himself the payment of the sum due him, making it the condition of inducting the captain into the manner of taking care of the snakes.

At his suggestion, the chest in which they were kept was again brought on board the vessel, and there, in her cabin, in the presence of part of our crew and a number of other persons, the chest was opened, he remaining on deck. The animals lay

motionless in their coils, moving their heads sluggishly once in a while, but making no effort to raise themselves up, and exhibiting but few signs of active life.

Mr. Reynolds now came down. Hardly had he gotten to the side of the chest when the snakes darted up, and in a moment were hanging their huge folds about his neck, and twisting in all imaginable ways about him, testifying, as plainly as snakes could, their great joy at seeing once more their old master. Before he left them, they had swallowed a chicken each, and seemed as lively as it was in their nature to be.

The American told us, by way of accounting for their strange affection, that he had caught them when quite young in the jungle in Ceylon, whither he had gone to procure some animals, and they had ever since been under his exclusive care, a part of his daily business in Lima being to exhibit them. He agreed with the captain, in consideration of being paid his hundred dollars, to remain with them a sufficient length of time to accustom them to their new owner, and this was done. This was a remarkable proof of the fact that serpents have, although in a minor degree, the feelings of affection common to animals of a higher range in creation.

The reader will perhaps desire to know what we, the sailors, saw of London. As the dock-gates close at seven, it is impossible to be out at evening without remaining all night, which involved a serious expense for our limited means. Then too after working hard all day, among casks, bales, and boxes, we did not feel in the mood for sight-seeing when evening came. So that our only opportunities of viewing the city were

FLEET STREET.

the Sundays and the solitary "liberty day" which was granted us. On these occasions we saw St. Paul's, ascended the London monument (whence we saw nothing but smoke), and Hyde Park, with a few of the squares, and passed several times through the tunnel. When I took in consideration the vast number of noteworthy objects of which I saw no more than though I had not been in London at all, I was almost sorry that I had come, and had certainly to admit to myself that I had gone a very hard voyage to very little purpose, so far as sight-seeing was concerned.

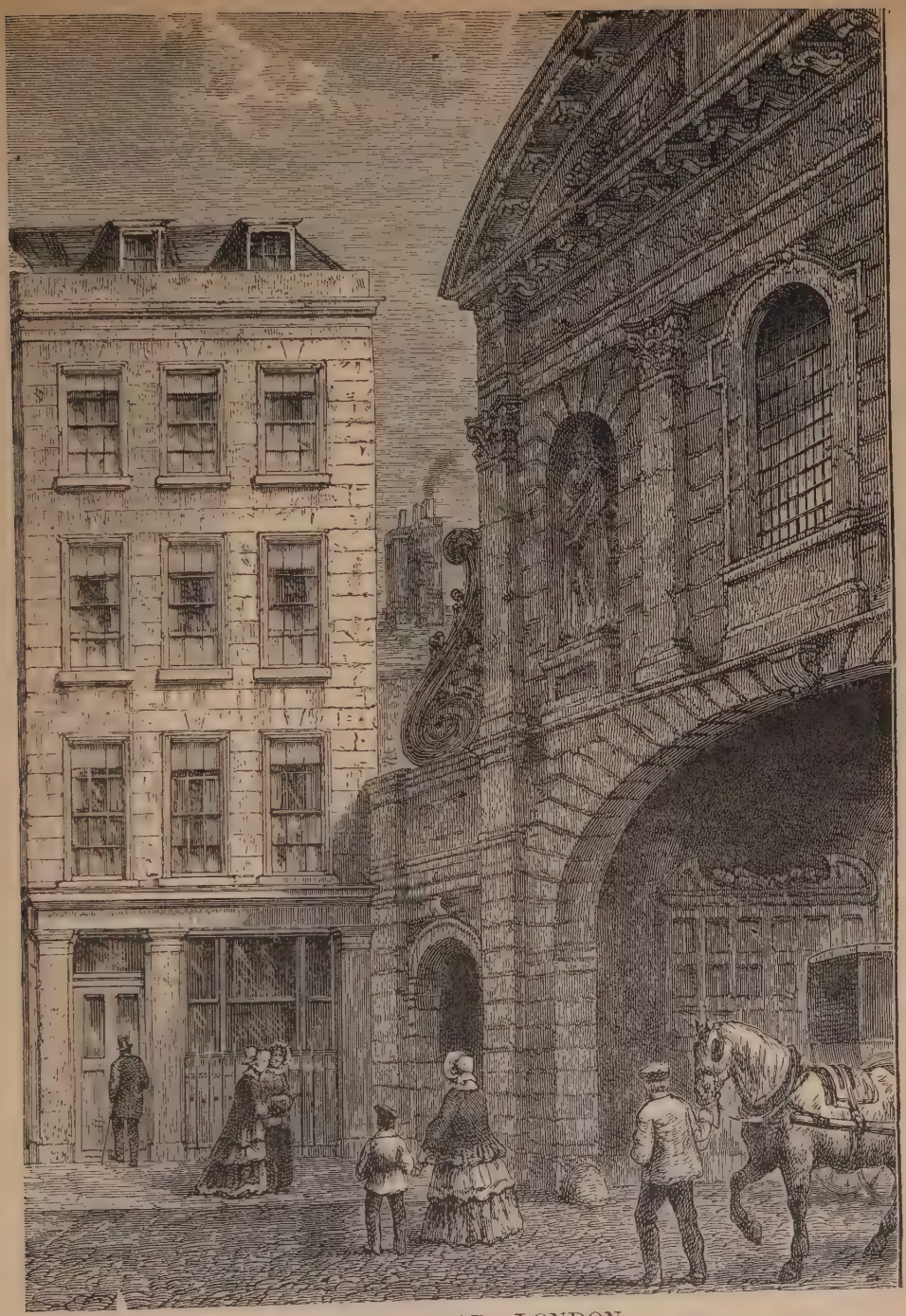
When we found that we should have to make the return passage in our brig, we asked the captain to have her bottom caulked before taking in cargo, that she might not leak when she got to sea. This he refused to do, because, in the first place, it would cost money, and next, it would take time, and he had neither to spare.

"Besides," said he, "we shall have nothing in the lower part of the hold that will damage." In his selfishness he gave no thought to the wearisome hours that his men would have to spend at the pumps, to keep the crazy old wreck afloat.

We could have had a survey called upon her, in which case, should the surveyors decide her to need repairs, the captain would have been forced to make them. But in such cases the crew always labor under a serious disadvantage. If the survey is called for by them, and it should be decided that no repairs are actually needed, the whole expense falls upon them, making a far too heavy draft upon purses by no means plethoric. And as a captain's word and influence generally go pretty far with

the surveyors, all the chances are against the sailors. We therefore chose rather to risk another laborious passage than venture to call a survey.

We sailed from London on the second of March, and arrived in Boston on the second of April, our voyage lasting just three months. I had seen sufficient of cold weather, had gratified a desire I had long entertained, to make, myself, the experience of a winter trip across the Atlantic, and now firmly determined that my future life at sea should be passed as much as possible in warm weather.



TEMPLE BAR, LONDON.

CHAPTER X.

Ship for Calcutta—My new ship—Preparations for an India voyage—Sail from Boston—Points of difference between Indiamen and other ships—Discipline—Work—Our crew—A character.

REMAINING in Boston two weeks, I sailed in a large, comfortable ship, the Akbar, for Calcutta. The wages were twelve dollars per month. We carried seventeen hands before the mast, with a carpenter and sail-maker in the steerage, besides chief, second, and third mates.

We had a splendid ship — neat, clean, and plentifully supplied with stores of all kinds. Our forecastle, like those of most Indiamen, was on deck — what is called a topgallant-forecastle — airy, and tolerable roomy, although, for the matter of room, all the forward deck was before us, to eat, sleep, or play upon. It was understood that she was to be a watch-and-watch ship, and we expected to have a pleasant voyage — an expectation in which we were not disappointed.

In preparation for the warm weather in which I was to live for the next year or two, I provided myself with an abundance of blue dungaree, gave my ditty-box a thorough replenishing — laying in a large supply of needles, thread, tape, buttons, etc., and procuring, in addition, duplicates of pretty much

all articles that a sailor needs on board ship, such as knife, palm, sail-hook, marlin-spike, etc.

We sailed from Boston on a beautiful spring morning with all sail, even to the diminutive skysail, set — the admiration of a crowd of tars who had congregated on the wharf to bid good-by to their shipmates.

I found an Indiaman to differ in many things from the class of vessels in which I had been sailing since leaving the Service. Neatness and cleanliness, as regarded both vessel and crew, were much more looked after. The decks were nicely painted, and no stain of tar or grease was allowed to disfigure them. The rigging was fitted with greater care than common, and abundance of turk's-heads and fancy seizings and lashings bore witness to the sailorship of the mates and crew who last had it under their charge. No clumsy patchwork was to be seen on any of the sails — nothing but cloths neatly set in, to replace old ones.

The mates, too, were dressed much more tastefully than is usual with officers of merchant-ships, and the captain kept up a certain state in the cabin — having a boy to wait upon him, and only showing himself upon deck at seven bells, to take the sun or to get an observation, but never interfering directly with the working of the ship. In fact, he appeared so much of a dandy that we were somewhat inclined to doubt his seamanship, until, in the first gale we experienced, he showed himself under entirely different colors, and casting off the rather effeminate air common to him, took charge of the deck, and worked the vessel to the admiration of all hands.

PORT OF CALCUTTA.

The helmsman was expected to appear in neat and clean clothing, and had half an hour in his watch on deck allowed him wherein to change his suit, and prepare himself for his trick at the wheel.

As the voyage was to last much longer than a mere short trip to Europe, the discipline was somewhat stricter. Several weeks elapsed before all was arranged for the long passage to Calcutta, all port-gear, such as hawsers, fenders, boat's awnings, etc., duly repaired, refitted, and stowed away below, and all the necessary chafing-gear put on. By this time the capabilities of the crew had been pretty well ascertained, and henceforth each one was employed in the department for which he was best qualified.

I was chosen by the mate, in whose watch I was, as one of the sail-maker's gang, and my daily work was laid out for me, on the quarter-deck, repairing old sails and awnings, and making new ones. A facility in handling a palm and needle, and working about sails, is one of the best recommendations a seaman can have to the good graces of a mate. And as sewing on sails is the cleanest and easiest work done on board ship, fortunate is he who, when bound on a long voyage, is taken into the sail-maker's gang. He is exempt from all tarring and slushing, except on those general occasions when all hands tar down the rigging. While others are working in the broiling sun, on deck, or perched aloft, hanging on by their eyelids, he sits, in his clean white frock, under the quarter-deck awning, and quietly plies his needle. If he is, besides, a good helmsman, and a reliable man in a gale, he is likely to be a general

favorite, and to lead a very pleasant sort of existence — for a sailor.

Every ship, bound on a voyage of any length, carries at least three complete suits of sails — one a heavy suit, to be donned when approaching the higher latitudes, where rough winds prevail; a second, good, but lighter than the former, which to carry when running down the trades, or sailing in latitudes where the breezes blow steadily; and, lastly, an old suit, of little worth, which is bent on approaching the line, the region of calms and light winds, where sails are more quickly worn out by slatting against masts and rigging, and the continual hauling up and down in working ship, than in twice the time sailing in steady breezes.

Such a multitude of canvas requires endless repairing, altering, and sewing over. New sails are to be middle-stitched —that is, sewed down the middle of each seam—which materially adds to their strength and durability. Old ones need new cloths, or, perhaps, are ripped to pieces, and sewed together anew. Some are cut up, and transformed into awnings or lighter sails—and, altogether, there is sufficient work of the kind to keep a gang of four or five busy the entire voyage.

As to the rigging, that needs never-ceasing attention to keep it in the perfect order required on board a fancy East Indiaman. A large part of our outward passage was consumed in making spun yarn and marline, for which purpose a neat little iron winch had been provided, much better than the rude wooden contrivance fastened to a bit-head and turned with a rope's end, which is usually seen on board ship. Then the

spun yarn was to be made up into sword-mats and paunch-mats, suitable for various parts of the rigging, where the yards are likely to chafe. What with this, and refitting and setting up various parts of the rigging, our crew found plenty of work to their hands, and had no idle time when on deck.

In our watch below, there were clothes to make, in preparation for the warm weather of the Indies, and books to read, of which our crew fortunately had a good supply—rather better, in regard to quality, too, than are generally found in a forecastle. And when tired of this, there was an infinity of fancy work, such as beckets for chests, hammock lashings and clews, and various other contrivances, more for show than use, on which to employ our spare time, and exert our skill at the numberless knots and curious plaits in which your true East India sailor takes so much delight.

Busied thus, on deck and below, with a stanch ship under us, kind officers, and good living, we were a tolerably happy set. We were not either without matter for amusement. An occasional game at checkers or backgammon, or a general gathering in the last dog-watch to play "Priest of the Parish," served to enliven the time. Some of our shipmates, too, were characters—queer fellows—and of course were duly studied and commented on. Not the least among these oddities, who are to be found in almost every vessel, was an old English sailor, whose growling and fault-finding spirit made us dislike him at first, until we found what a kind and genial heart was hidden beneath the rough exterior.

The British sailor is a grumbler by nature. Place him

where you will—or even where he himself most desires to be—give him all that the heart can wish for, and he will grumble. In fact, the only way to make him happy is to give him plenty to eat and drink, plenty of hard work, and an unlimited privilege of growling. This is his chief happiness, and he is never so well pleased as when he has made every one about him uncomfortable. Withal, there is, it must be said, no better seaman to be found; he delights to be first in every place of duty; there is no more trustworthy fellow than he in a gale — no better helmsman, nor more practised leadsman, than Johnny Bull.

Allow him only his darling privilege of growling at you, and he will do all that mortal man can to serve you. Cursing you for a worthless, shiftless fellow, he gladly divides with you the last rag of his scanty wardrobe. Ask him for a needleful of thread, and he fretfully flings a whole skein at you, with an air under which not the most practised physiognomist could detect the pleasure which it really gives him to be of any assistance.

So, too, on deck; let him have the very best of the work, and he will growl; and should he—a most improbable thing—have no fault to find on his own account, he straightway takes up the cause of some one else, and expends his powers on the imaginary grievance of a shipmate. This petulant spirit is not liked in American ships, and many captains will not have British sailors at all. In fact, there is no reason in their grumbling. Half starved and badly treated in their own ships, they gladly avail themselves of any chance to leave them, and enter on board a "Yankee." But no sooner are they here than they grumble at the very privileges they enjoy, and

AN INDIAN PAGODA.

are ceaseless in their regrets at having left their own flag. To such an extent is this carried, that "To growl like a *Lime-juicer*"* has become a proverb among American sailors.

The owners of the vessel, who had themselves made choice of the crew, had used especial care to ship no Englishmen; but one had slipped himself in among us, unknown to them, and we were not long out when his constitutional infirmity broke out. A kinder-hearted or more crabbed fellow than George never lived. No one could have been readier to confer a favor, and, truly, no one could have done it with a worse grace.

The first head wind was a fit occasion for him to give vent to the accumulated spleen of several weeks. Coming on deck and finding the yards braced sharp up, he solemnly shook his fist to the windward, and apostrophized the breeze somewhat as follows:

"Ay! I knew it; a head wind, and here we'll be beating about for the next six months, without getting as far as the line — as though you couldn't blow from anywheres else but the south'ard, just because we want to steer that way. But it's just my luck; it serves me right for coming on board a bloody Yankee."

It was not three days afterward when, on the return of a fair wind, and a consequent setting of studding-sails, George was heard to declare that he never saw such a ship for fair winds in his life, and he made a solemn vow — forgotten the

* "*Lime-juicers*," British sailors are called, from the fact that, on board English vessels, the law requires that the crews be furnished with a weekly allowance of the extract of limes or lemons, as a preventive of scurvy.

next moment — that if she carried him once to Calcutta, she might have fair winds forever, for him — he'd leave her.

So it was with everything. Now he would lose his twine in the folds of the sail upon which he was working, and would grumble at it for ten minutes after finding it, giving it an impatient kick with his foot at the close of the harangue, which sent it flying to the other side of the deck, furnishing him occasion for another growl in getting up to get it. Again, he could not find at hand some little article for which he had looked in his chest, and he fretfully declared it was "like a Neapolitan box, everything atop, and nothing at hand."

The lobscouse, which formed our morning meal, was always either underdone or burnt up, for George; the coffee was either too hot, or cold as dishwater; the pork all fat, and the beef all lean — in short, he had a singular and, to me, somewhat comic way of looking continually at the dark side of life.

Our crew, who could not, or would not, look beneath the shell of ill-nature with which he thus covered himself, took his mutterings as the real sentiments of the man, and soon grew to dislike him to some extent, although his known qualities as a stanch seaman secured him their respect; and many disagreeable altercations occurred in consequence. To me he was a study, and, as serving to relieve the monotony of our every-day life, a very interesting one.

Such being the case, we soon became friends and chums, much to the surprise of our shipmates, who were at a loss to know what Charley could fancy in that "growling old Lime-juicer." As his particular friend, I of course came in for an

extra share of his petulancy. He was by many years my senior, and took upon himself to regulate all my conduct. He perseveringly found fault with all I did and did not, and was continually endeavoring to convince me that I was a mere boy —a know-nothing, so far as sailor-craft was concerned. Yet let any one else presume to speak slightingly of me, and George would turn upon him with a snarl, productive of speedy silence.

He was the oldest seaman on board, and had many, to me highly interesting, experiences to relate of his roving life. He had passed many years in the East Indies, sailing out of Calcutta and Bombay, in the "country ships," and in the company's service. In common with most East India sailors, he had been engaged in the opium traffic, having been several times nearly captured by the *Mandarin boats*, which act as river police on Canton River. Like most of his class, he entertained a supreme contempt for John Chinaman, believing him to be constitutionally a swindler and a cheat, for whom there was no redemption.

It was on a starlight mid-watch, as we were pacing the deck together, that I became the repository of a story of opium smuggling, which I will here transcribe, although not exactly in his own words.

I must premise that my chum had been in that business previous to the British war in China. At that time the Chinese revenue officers were much more strict than they have dared to be since. Then they attacked the vessels which brought the opium to the coast, while now they confine their vigilance solely to the wretched Chinese who smuggle the contraband article from the depot ship to the shore.

CHAPTER XI.

A yarn of opium smuggling—The vessel—The captain—Meet Mandarin boats—The fight—The cook's scalding water—The breeze springs up—The repulse.

"I HAD just returned," said George, "from a voyage to Cochin, on the Malabar coast, after cocoa-nut oil, when a shipmate put it into my head to take another trip in an opium-trader. There was just then lying in the river one of the prettiest little craft that was ever in that business, and you know they are all clippers. She was called the A——, and had only come out from Boston about six months before. With her low black hull, tall rakish masts, and square yards, she was a regular beauty, just such a vessel as it does an old tar's heart good to set eyes on—though for the matter of comfort, keep me out of them, for what with their scrubbing and scouring in port, and their carrying on sail at sea, to make a good passage, and half drowning the crew, there's very little peace on board of them. After all," said George, abating a little of his usual snarl, "it takes you Yankees to turn out the clippers. Why, I never saw any Scotch clipper that could begin to look up to that craft.

"We went aboard to take a look at the beauty, and before we left her had shipped for the voyage. The captain

A CITY OF INDIA.

was a lank West Indian, a nervous creature, who looked as though he never was quiet a moment, even in his sleep — and we afterward found he didn't belie his looks.

"After taking a cruise around Calcutta for a couple of days, we went on board, bag and hammock (for no chests were allowed in the forecastle). Our pay was to be eighty rupees per month, with half a month's advance. The vessel was well armed, having two guns on a side, beside a long Tom amidships. Boarding pikes were arranged in great plenty on the rack around the mainmast, and the large arm-chest on the quarter-deck was well supplied with pistols and cutlasses. We were fully prepared for a brush with the rascally Chinese, and determined not to be put out of our course by one or two Mandarin boats.

"We sailed up the river some miles, to take in our chests of opium, and having them safely stowed under hatches, proceeded to sea. With a steady wind we were soon outside of the Sand-Heads, the pilot left us, and we crowded on all sail, with favoring breezes, for the Straits of Malacca. If ever a vessel had canvas piled on her, it was the A——. Our topsails were fully large enough for a vessel of double her tonnage. We carried about all the flying-kites that a vessel of her rig has room for. Skysails, royal-studdingsails, jibejib, staysails alow and aloft, and even watersails, and save-alls, to fit beneath the foot of the topsails. Altogether, we were prepared to show a clean pair of heels to any craft that sailed those waters.

"She steered like a top, but our nervous skipper, who was not for a moment, day nor night, at rest, but ever driving the

vessel, had one of those compasses in the binnacle, the bottom of which being out, shows in the cabin just how the vessel's head is at any moment. Under this compass, on the transom, the old man used to lay himself down, when he pretended to sleep (for we never believed that he really slept a wink); and the vessel could not deviate a quarter of a point of her course, or, while we were on the wind, the royals could not lift in the least, before he was upon the helmsman, cursing and swearing like a trooper, and making as much fuss as though she had yawed a point each way.

"It was the season of the south-west monsoon, and of course we had nearly a head wind down through the Malacca Strait. But our little craft could go to windward, making a long tack and a short one, nearly as fast as many an old cotton tub can go before the wind.

"Our crew consisted of seventeen men — all stout, able fellows. There were no boys to handle the light sails, and it was sometimes neckbreaking work to shin up the tall royal mast when skysails were to be furled, or royal-studd'nsail-gear rove. We had but little to do on board. To mend a few sails and steer the vessel was the sum total of our duty, and as we had plenty of good books to read, those who were inclined that way had fine times. The rest spent their time playing at backgammon and cards, in the forecastle. On board these vessels the men are wanted mainly to work ship expeditiously, when necessary, and, in those days, to defend her against the attacks of the Chinese officers, whose duty, but ill-fulfilled, it was to prevent the smuggling of opium into the country.

"Once past Singapore, and fairly in the China Sea, we had a fair wind, and, with all studdingsails set, made a straight wake for the mouth of Canton River. As we neared the Chinese coast, preparations were made for repelling any possible attacks. Cutlasses were placed on the quarter-deck, ready for use, pistols loaded, and boarding-nettings rigged, to trice up between the rigging some ten feet above the rail, thus materially obstructing any attempts to board the vessel when they were triced up. While not in use these nettings were of course lowered down, out of the way of the sails.

"It did not take our little clipper many days to cross the China Sea. We had passed the Ass's Ears, the first land-fall for China-bound vessels, approaching the coast by this way, and were just among the Ladrone Islands, a little group lying in front of Canton Bay, and which is the great stronghold of the Chinese pirates, when we beheld, starting out from under the land, two of the long Mandarin boats. They appeared to know our craft, or to suspect her business, for they steered straight toward us.

"With the immense force they have at the oars, it did not take them long to get within gun-shot range, which was no sooner the case than our skipper, taking good aim, let fly a shot from Long Tom in their midst. This evidence of our readiness for them took them all aback, and after consulting together for a little, they showed themselves to be possessed of the better part of valor—prudence—by retreating to their lurking-place, behind the land.

"Our skipper heartily hated a Chinaman, and considered it

no more crime to shoot one than to kill a mad dog. He therefore had no compunctions of conscience about firing into them whenever they showed themselves inclined to molest him. He was an old cruiser in those waters, having passed the greater part of his life in the Indies, and knew that nothing was so apt to beat off the cowardly Mandarins as a show of resolute resistance, and a full state of preparation. We knew, therefore, that so long as we were in clear water and had a good breeze, there was but little to be feared from them. The only danger was in case we should be becalmed when we got under the lee of the land, as they would be keeping a constant watch upon us, and in such a case would no doubt make a desperate rush upon us, and perhaps capture us by mere superiority of numbers.

"'But you all know the penalty, boys, and it's better to die at your guns than be squeezed to death by those fellows,' said the captain.

"As may be imagined, we were all determined to defend ourselves to the last; even the black cook kept his largest boiler constantly on the galley stove, filled with boiling water, wherewith to give the rascals a warm salute, should they endeavor to board.

"Nowadays, since the Chinese war, the opium is in most cases transferred from the smuggling vessels to large ships which lie at the mouth of the river, principally near Lintin Island, as depot vessels, whence again it is smuggled on shore by the Chinese opium boats, whose crews run the greatest risk of all, as the Mandarin boats are at all times on watch for them.

They are a desperate set, and have frequent encounters with the Mandarins, when no mercy is shown on either side, the smugglers, however, generally gaining the day.

"In the days of which I am telling you, however, there were no depot ships, and every captain had to get rid of his own cargo as best he could. Those were the times in which opium smugglers scarcely expected to land a cargo without a skirmish of some kind.

"What we had feared shortly came to pass. In less than two hours after we had seen the boats, we lay becalmed under the land. The little vessel was perfectly unmanageable, drifting at the mercy of the current. Had we been far enough in shore, we should have anchored. As it was, we could neither anchor nor could we manage the vessel, to turn her broadside toward an enemy, should such appear. Luckily, Long Tom could be turned any way, and with his aid we thought to keep off our assailants.

"It was not long before these made their appearance. They had in the mean time obtained re-enforcements, and four large boats, containing from sixty to a hundred men each, now shot out from under the land, and came toward us with rapid sweeps. We did not wait for them to come to close quarters, but sent some shots at them from Long Tom. These, however, did not deter them. The calm had given them courage, and after discharging their swivels at us, with the hope of crippling the vessel, by hitting some of our tophamper—an expectation in which they were disappointed—they rushed to the onslaught.

"We now rapidly triced up our boarding nettings, and lying

down under shelter of the low rail awaited the attack. The boarding nets they were evidently unprepared for, as at sight of them they made a short halt. This the old man took advantage of, and taking good aim, let drive Long Tom at them, and luckily this time with good effect, knocking a hole in one of the boats, and evidently wounding some of her crew. Taking this as a signal to advance, and leaving the disabled boat to shift for itself, the remaining three now rapidly advanced to board. The wise scoundrels, taking advantage of the unmanageableness of our vessel, came down immediately ahead, to board us over the bow, a position where, they well knew, they were secure from the shot of our two light guns, which could only be fired from the broadside. Cocking our pistols, and laying the boarding pikes down at our sides, ready for instant use, we waited for them.

"Directly, twenty or thirty leaped upon the low bowsprit, some rushing to the nettings with knives to cut an entrance. We took deliberate aim and fired, about a dozen falling back into the boats as the result of our first and only shot. Dropping the firearms, we now took to the pikes, and rushed to the bow. Here the battle was for some minutes pretty fierce, and a rent having been made in the boarding net, the Chinamen rushed to it like tigers. But as fast as they came in they were piked and driven back.

"Meantime, one of the boats had silently dropped alongside, and ere we were aware of it, her crew were about boarding us in the rear. But here the Doctor (the pet name for the cook) was prepared for them, and the first that showed

their heads above the rail received half a bucketful of scalding water in their faces, which sent them back to their boat, howling with pain.

"'That's it, Doctor, give it to them,' shouted the old man, who seemed to be quite in his element. And he rushed down off the poop, whither he had gone for a moment to survey the contest, and taking a bucketful of the boiling water forward, threw it in among the Chinamen who were there yet obstinately contesting the possession of the bow. With a howl of mixed pain and surprise, they retreated, and we succeeded in fairly driving them back into the boats.

"A portion of us had before this gone to the assistance of the cook at the side, and had succeeded in keeping them at bay there. To tell the truth, the hot water frightened them more than anything else, and the boat's crew alongside required all the urging of their Mandarin officer to make them charge at all.

"Luckily, at this moment a squall, which had been for some time rising, broke upon us, and the brig began to forge ahead through the water. A more fortunate thing could not have occurred. With a shout of victory, we made a final rush at our assailants, and drove them back to their boats, which cutting adrift, and giving the one alongside a parting salute of half a dozen shot in her bottom, thrown in by hand, we left them. Our captain now strongly desired to turn aggressor, and at least run down one or two of them, but prudential considerations prevented him from committing the rather wanton destruction of life which this would have involved. For there was danger that the breeze would again subside, and we be

exposed to a second attack of the Chinamen, which was far from desirable. We therefore made the best of our way from the scene of action, steering toward Lintin Bay, where we were so fortunate as to meet a little fleet of opium boats, which quickly relieved us of our cargo, and we were no farther molested by the Mandarins, who had probably gotten a surfeit of fighting, an amusement they are not very fond of.

"But the old man vowed that the next time he was attacked he would have no mercy; a threat which he fulfilled on his very next voyage, when he sailed into Macao Roads with a Chinaman hanging at each yard-arm, after having run down two Mandarin boats and destroyed them, probably drowning most of the crew."

"But what arms did the Chinamen use to attack you?" asked I of George.

"Principally long knives, with which they cut right and left; but not the least effective of their weapons were large stones, of which their boats seemed to have an almost inexhaustible supply, and which were handed up to those who had obtained a footing upon the bowsprit, and thence hurled in our midst. Several of our men received severe bruises from these missiles. By keeping them from close fighting by means of our pikes, we prevented them from doing much execution with their knives. We had no less than seven men wounded in the encounter, but fortunately no one was dangerously hurt. We freely awarded the credit of our victory to the cook, whose hot water did more to discourage our assailants than either our firearms or pikes.

HINDOO DANCERS.

"As soon as we discharged our cargo, we proceeded on our return passage to Calcutta. It was on this trip that we were dismasted in a typhoon, in the China Sea. Of this I will tell you some other time, for it's nearly eight bells, and we'll heave the log directly and turn in."

We had again sailed through the pleasant south-east trades, again rounded the Cape, encountering there the usual storm, and were well on our way to Calcutta when the above yarn was spun. I must say that I enjoyed this trip much more than the one I had previously made through these waters in a vessel of war. A seventy-four-gun ship is much too large to be made a home of. One lives too much in public, as it were, and there are so many hands that one never gets intimately acquainted with all. On board the Akbar we were by this time all perfectly at home with one another, and were indeed like a band of brothers.

Then, the merchant vessel, with her smaller crew, has many conveniences and comforts which the man-of-war sailor is forced to do without. And the very work which he is obliged to perform, the being constantly busy when upon decks, makes the luxury of a free watch below all the more welcome.

While beating up the south-east trades, we all used to sleep on deck. From six till eight, the last dog-watch, was generally devoted to singing and yarning, and after that all hands brought out their pea-jackets, mats, and rugs, and, gathering in a little knot, lay down and talked themselves to sleep. Secure that the wind would neither increase nor decrease, nor change, we slept soundly all night, only roused by the mates, who were

not unfrequently obliged to wake up all hands, in order to find out whose wheel it was. Happy he who had no trick at the wheel all night. He could rest securely as though in his bed at home. The landsman who has been all his life accustomed to his undisturbed night's rest after the day's duties and fatigues can form no idea of the feeling of luxurious abandon with which a sailor closes his eyes on such an occasion, when an uninterrupted sleep of six or eight hours is almost a certainty, and his mind is bereft of all fear of being called out to tack ship or reef topsails.

CHAPTER XII.

The merchant seaman's Sunday—Growling George and I become chums—Catching fish—Porpoise meat—A storm off the Cape—The Sand Heads—The Hoogly—George and I determine to leave the ship—The pilots—Calcutta.

TO the merchant sailor, Sunday is a day of peculiar enjoyment. After six days of unintermitted labor, working, too, among tar and slush, and all manner of dirt, having no time for shaving or washing, and no chance to keep on clean clothes, the Sabbath comes in as a day of rest, when the mind and body are both relieved, and the human machine rests for a period. On this day all hands may luxuriate safely in clean shirts and trousers, and the entire forenoon is generally devoted to shaving, washing, and renovating in various ways the outer man.

On Saturday afternoons, the forecastle receives a thorough scrubbing at the hands of the boys, and for that and the next day every one is expected to take special pains not to make any litter on the white floor or decks. Sunday morning the decks are scrubbed, and those who have the morning watch have afterward time to make their toilet before breakfast. After breakfast, the other watch go through this duty, and then all hands may be seen lying about decks, some with books, others

re-reading old letters, while others yet take what is called, *par excellence*, "sailor's pleasure," in overhauling their chests, bringing their best clothing on deck to air, and counting over their stock of tobacco and pipes.

As during the week all on deck are kept constantly at work, and the watch below are expected to confine themselves to the limits of the forecastle, that they may not interfere with the labors of those on deck, it seems quite a privilege, on Sabbath, to roam at will about the ship, without fear of being set to work.

On board a vessel of war, where every day in the week is a Sunday, so far as exemption from work is concerned, the Sabbath itself is looked forward to with dread and dislike, because of the mustering and inspecting set apart for that day. But in the merchant service the Sabbath is a much-needed and welcome day of rest.

It may be asked, what manner of books are found in the forecastle? To that I must answer, all kinds. From the most abstruse metaphysical speculations to the merest sixpenny ballad, or the trashiest yellow cover, I have seen lying on the lockers of a ship's forecastle. Of course tales of the sea, such as Cooper's and Maryatt's novels, are found in greatest abundance, but it is not at all rare to find among the tarry frocks and trousers, in the sea-chest of an old sailor, such books as Shakespeare and Milton, the *Spectator*, Washington Irving, Goldsmith, and other standard authors. I have often found a gray-beard old seaman as familiar with the choicest authors in the English language as the veriest man of books and leisure

ashore. And I have heard shrewd criticisms passed on books and authors, in a dingy forecastle, which would not have done dishonor to some occupants of chairs professorial.

The reason for this is obvious. The sailor, if on board a good ship, has much spare time in his watches below, which he must while away in some manner; and books are not only the most natural, but the most satisfactory resort to relieve the monotony of a tedious passage. But there is very little intellectual aliment in the yellow-cover literature of the day, and the mind naturally flies to something more solid. Aside from this, it is impossible that a man should travel all over the world, visit most of the principal seaports, if nothing more, east, west, north, and south, and not pick up in his peregrinations very many items of information, to which, had he lived on shore, he would have remained a stranger, and which give to his mind an inquiring turn. And thus it happens that there are few more interesting talkers than an intelligent old seaman.

In nothing does a merchant vessel differ more from a man-of-war than in the bond of unity which exists between the crew. Where six or seven hundred men are crowded together in one vessel, it is natural that there should spring up cliques and parties, creating walls of separation between different members of the body. The reverse of this is the case in the merchantman, where the forecastle, in general, is as one man, not only in sentiment, but also to a very great extent in worldly possessions. Thus, while each individual makes it a point of duty to provide himself to the best of his ability

with everything necessary to him, whatever one has is always at the service of the rest, and such a thing as bringing aboard any delicacies from the shore, and not voluntarily dividing them in the forecastle, is never seen. The individual who would do so would be looked down upon as mean and selfish in the highest degree. A complete community of goods prevails, and what one has not, others are always ready to help him out in.

Besides this general brotherhood, a still closer bond of friendship generally obtains in a forecastle, between individuals who are drawn together by congeniality of disposition, long acquaintance, or other cause. Thus, two men will hold their entire property together, owning everything in common, looking out for one another's interests, aiding each other in difficulties, and laying out together their plans for the future. Such a connection is known as *chummyship*, and to have a good chum is one of the pleasantest parts of a voyage.

I had parted from my chum in Philadelphia, on my return from Liverpool, and had not since then found any one with whose ways and qualities I was sufficiently pleased to form a new connection of the kind. The crew of the Akbar were all strangers to me when we came on board in Boston, but most of them had been together before, and fell therefore naturally into little parties. How it first came about I could not tell, but it so turned out that growling George and I were gradually drawn together, and before we were a month out, he and I had agreed to be chums. He was the oldest, while I was the youngest seaman in the ship; he therefore claimed and exercised, in virtue of his experience and my youth, a

general oversight over me, which I was very willing to allow, inasmuch as it evinced that he felt an interest in my welfare, and also as in such an oversight I could profit by his superior experience, while I in return was glad to do for him any little services that lay in my power.

I saw and felt too, what many of our fellows could not perceive, that under a rough and unattractive outside, old George hid a kind heart, and that his growling was simply a matter of habit, and not the result of malice. We two had been very gradually becoming more and more intimate for some time, neither, however, making any more than very general advances toward each other, until on one rainy night I was about to go on deck without an oil-jacket, having mislaid mine. George, who was in the other watch at this time, called me back, and growling at me for a careless fellow, threw his over my shoulders, and bade me go on deck.

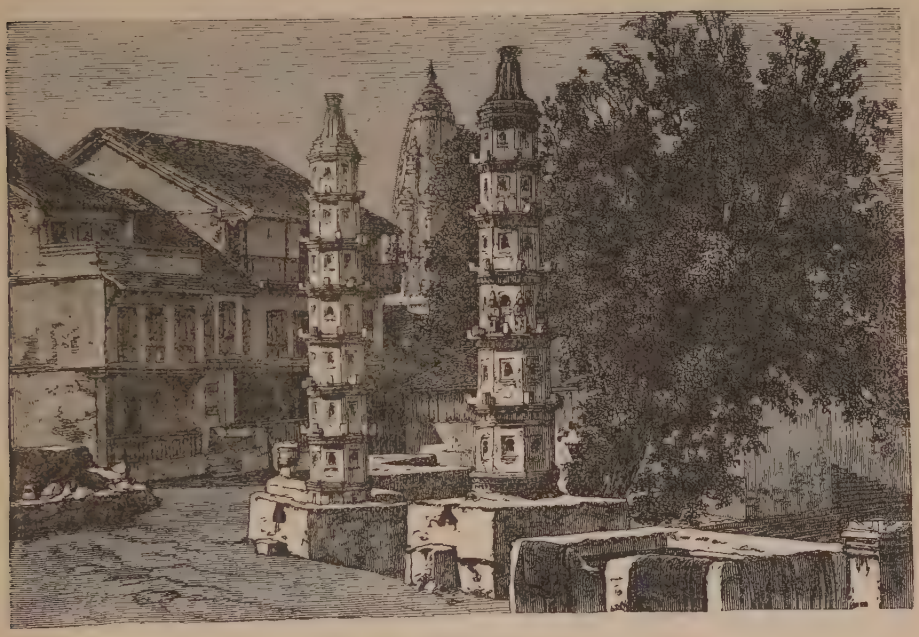
Now, if there is one thing that is never lent or borrowed in a forecastle, it is an oil-jacket. Pea-jackets, sea-boots, shirts, and even trousers, are freely offered and accepted, but an oil suit never, and he who has none of his own considers himself in honor bound to do without. It may be imagined, therefore, that not only I, but all who saw the action, considered it a great favor, and between George and myself the matter was at once and tacitly understood as an offer and acceptance of chummyship. Henceforth he took a more lively interest in me, and when, shortly after, I was overhauling my chest, he very good-naturedly sat down to aid me in arranging it to a little better advantage. Looking over my clothes, he showed me

where various improvements might be made in them, commended me for neatness, and read me a lecture on having a place for everything, where it could be found at a moment's notice, in allusion to my having before mislaid my oil-jacket.

Shortly after, his thread, needles, and thimble found their way into my ditty-box, and when once I desired to borrow a sail needle, of which he had a good supply, he told me to go to his chest and help myself. Thus, by almost imperceptible degrees we became closer friends, and shortly we held our property in common, and it was plainly understood, not only by our two selves, but by all hands, that we two were chums. Still not a word of such an arrangement had ever been spoken between us. It was well enough understood without. Henceforth I came in for a special share of his grumbling and fault-finding, which, however, I knew how to take, generally laughing him out of his ill-humor.

I found George's friendship valuable to me in many respects. Considerable deference is paid on board ship to age, and it was considered not more than right that I, who was the youngest, should be instructed in many things by my old chum. And a better instructor I could not have had. In his long life at sea he had gathered sea-lore wherever he went, and uniting the knowledge of the sailors of several nations, was at home in anything that could be done with a ship. He was standard authority both in the forecastle and aft, in all that pertained to rigging or managing a vessel, and his suggestions as to alterations in the rig were always listened to with deference by the mates, grumblingly as they were uttered.

If a new purchase was to be rove, a fancy knot to be tied, or any labor-saving tackle studied out, George was the mate's right-hand man, and to him the work was consigned, with the knowledge that in his hands it would be well done. To me his hints on steering, setting studdingsails, and



HINDOO PAGODA.

many other of the more laborious duties of the sailor were invaluable, enabling me to bring skill to the aid of strength, and perform my work better and with less exertion than otherwise I should have been able to do.

While beating through the south-east trades, making our

way toward the Cape, we frequently caught fish out of the schools that constantly surrounded the ship, affording an agreeable variety to our salt provisions. Here again the merchant sailor is favored far above the man-of-war's man. The latter has no access to the galley, and though he may catch fish all day, would not be able to get them cooked, there being no room for preparing anything but the regular ship's allowance. But in the merchant service, the cook is glad to have something to provide, for a change, and, as our lines hung constantly to the jib-guys, we had fresh fish, whenever we desired it, for a long time.

When off the Cape, we one day harpooned a porpoise, and I now for the first time ate of this fish. The porpoise is a fish of the whale kind, from six to ten feet long, and having a pointed nose or bill, giving the head some little resemblance to a bird's. The meat resembles somewhat coarse beef, but is much darker—almost black. The liver, which is the choicest part, and is considered quite a delicacy, is hardly to be distinguished, when cooked, from the liver of a hog.

Before we fairly doubled the Cape, we experienced the usual gale of wind, without which it seems almost impossible to get into the Indian Ocean, and although the wind was fair, we were compelled to shorten sail.

"Ay, reef her down," growled my chum, "just as though you wanted her to lay here like an old hulk."

"But, George," said one, "you would not want to steer her to-night, with whole topsails?"

"Let him put topgallantsails on her, and I'll steer her

COTTON MERCHANTS OF INDIA.

with one hand. Who wants to wallow about here just like some old Dutch drogher? I want to get to Calcutta."

Nevertheless, with all his grumbling, George was the first man on the topsailyard, and took occasion, while he and I were securing the lee-earing, to prophesy that we would be at least six months on our passage, "shortening sail for every cap-ful of wind." In his heart the old fellow was glad of the comfortable night's rest which our taking in sail secured to all hands, but his growl was as earnest and persistent, as though he had been really an ill-used man.

We were but a few days off the Cape, and with a fair wind soon regained a warmer latitude. With the aid of favoring breezes we made a quick run to the Sand Heads, where receiving a pilot from one of the pilot brigs which have there their cruising ground, we were soon in the Hoogly.

The Sand Heads are shoals formed by the deposits of the Hoogly. They extend to some distance beyond the mouth of the river, and their navigation is difficult and often dangerous. None but the smaller country vessels venture upon the intricate channels without the aid of a pilot. Sauger Point is the first land made by vessels approaching the mouth of the Hoogly.

No sooner were we in the river than everything at once assumed an East India air. The officers donned jackets and trousers of dazzling white, the crew wore their lightest clothing, the awnings were spread, and as we sailed up the broad stream leading to Calcutta, its shores studded with vegetation in all the exuberance of a tropical climate, I could almost fancy that

we had all been metamorphosed into East Indians, so complete was the change in appearance of the vessel and her crew.

The city of Calcutta lies about one hundred miles from the junction of the Hoogly with the sea. The river banks, for a portion of the way, are low and marshy, forming a dense jungle, with here and there a native hut peeping out from the mass of green foliage. Above Fort Diamond, however, about half way up, European and native residences begin to abound on the river bank, and as these are laid out with all the magnificence that art and money can produce, they make up a most enchanting scene.

My chum, George, who was a real vagabond, had already wearied of the monotony of life on board the Akbar, and longed for a change. He had determined not to go home in the ship, but to take a chance in a lime-juicer, or a country ship, where he could make a short trip to some other East Indian port, and again try a new vessel. He of course confided his wish to me, and urged me to go with him. I readily entered into his project, as it chimed well with my own desire to see somewhat more of the East Indies than I should be likely to, did I remain in the Akbar. We had, therefore, already before we made the land, picked out such of our joint stock of clothes as we considered it best to take along, when we should leave, and determined to avail ourselves of the first suitable chance that offered, after our arrival at Calcutta.

The pilots on the Hoogly are perhaps the greatest gentlemen to be found in all their fraternity. Although sterling sailors,

INDIAN LABORERS.

and masters of their business (and their duty on the river is of the most arduous kind), they bear about them none of the rough looks or manners of the sailor. They are mostly men of education, not a few of them dabbling in literature, and some of the most creditable prose and poetry in the Oriental magazines is dated from the pilot brigs "off the Sand Heads."

The slender and rather effeminate gentleman who was assisted up our gangway, and took charge of the vessel, with his jewelled fingers, and dainty tread, smacked more of the parlor or the counting-house than of the ship. But he was not ten minutes on board before we knew that we had a seaman to deal with.

He brought on board with him a leadsman and a private servant, two swarthy Hindoos, and sufficient baggage to last him, so we thought, for a voyage round the world. Navigation on the Hoogly is of the most difficult, as the channel is almost constantly shifting, and the tides and currents are extremely rapid. It is necessary, therefore, to keep the lead constantly going, and the line used by the pilot's leadsman, a man of no little experience himself, is marked at every three inches, instead of every six feet, as is the common lead line.

We had sailed but little ways up the river when we were hailed by a steam-tug, and as our captain was anxious to get up to the city, she was called alongside, and took us in tow. This greatly lightened our labors, and by the time we reached the anchorage abreast of Calcutta, we had the topgallant and royal yards sent down, the lighter sails unbent, and the ship all ready for a long stay in port.

Most vessels coming to Calcutta are moored in tiers in the river, opposite the city, and at but little distance from the shore, where they discharge and take in cargo. Great care is taken to preserve the health of the crew, as the city is noted as a sickly place in the summer season. Gangs of Hindoos are employed to labor in the hold, at discharging or stowing cargo, the ship's company being employed in fitting up the rigging, working under awnings spread fore and aft over the upper deck. These awnings are kept up night as well as day and under them the men sleep at night, secure from the noxious influences of the heavy dews.

The manner of working of the Hindoo stevedores afforded me much amusement. It is necessary, in the first place, to have double the number of them that would be required of Europeans (as all whites are called in the Indies). The gang is under the command of a *serang*, whose orders are implicitly obeyed, and who is amenable to the captain for the good conduct of his men. They make much noise, singing and shouting, but work very slowly. Besides the tools for working, which they bring aboard, and their cooking utensils, each gang is the possessor of a large pipe, with a long flexible tube, called a hookah, and by the sailors denominated a hubble-bubble, on account, I suppose, of the peculiar bubbling made by the water in the lower bowl, through which the smoke is drawn into the tube. The hubble-bubble is lit early in the morning, and does not again go out during the day, the gang relieving each other regularly at it, one being always smoking. This is considered a matter of course, and no surprise is felt to see a man break

A RIVER OF INDIA.

off in the middle of a severe lift, to relieve his companion at the pipe.

They have their own cook, their own galley, their own utensils and provisions, and even have assigned to them a special water-cask, from which none of the Europeans are allowed to use. The law of caste enforces this upon them, and although they are the very lowest of the population, they have the utmost abhorrence to eating anything which a white man has touched. The sailors are strictly forbidden from playing tricks upon them, as they would be too likely to do otherwise, practical jokes being something that Jack is exceedingly fond of.

To facilitate communication with the shore, the ships have native boatmen hired, who, for a certain sum, are always, day and night, at hand to transport persons to or from shore. These are called *dingy wallahs*, *wallah* being a term signifying merchant or trader, and of universal application to all manner of occupations.

Every kind of tropical fruit is to be had in abundance in Calcutta. All the conveniences and comforts which heart can desire are here at hand. Clothing is cheap and of good quality. Every kind of food is also very cheap. The natives work for the merest trifle, and one no sooner sets his foot on shore than he is besieged by numbers of them, asking for a job, offering to procure him a palankin, volunteering to show him about the town, begging from him, or endeavoring, by the performance of various juggling feats, to draw a little money out of your pocket.

With sailors, Calcutta is a favorite port. There are few

places even in India where their money will hold out so well, and fewer still where they find united so many of the concomitants which go to make up a good spree.

I was ashore but twice, both times in the evening after the day's work was finished, but I saw that Jack carries it there with a high hand. Rupees fly about as though they grew on trees in the next jungle, and India Jack, in his white suit, orders his servants about with the air of a lord.

CHAPTER XIII.

Leave the Akbar—An English vessel—Sail for Madras—Some of the peculiarities of British ships—Arrive at Madras—The port—Manner of taking in cargo—How I got into the sailmaker's gang—The surf boats—A storm and its consequences.

WE had been but a few days in port, and I had only been twice on shore in the evening, of course seeing but little of the town or the inhabitants, when my chum came on board late one night and communicated to me the fact that an English vessel about to sail for Madras was in want of hands, and that the captain had offered him and me a chance. I demurred somewhat at leaving Calcutta, before I had taken a daylight look at it, but was silenced by George saying that when we came back we could stay a month ashore if we desired. I therefore agreed to go with him, and it was arranged that the next night we would go on board the bark, as she was to sail early the succeeding morning.

That night we arranged into suitable bundles the effects we intended to take with us, and the next evening, bidding good-by to a few of our shipmates, but without communicating to them our destination, we called the *dingy wallah* and were set ashore. We walked down the side of the river until we

came abreast of the English bark, and on hailing were quickly taken on board, in her own boat.

Here we found all things ready for sea, an anchor watch already set, windlass brakes shipped, and topsails hanging by the bunt gaskets. Early next morning we got underweigh, and sailed down the river with a fair wind and tide.

When the topsails were sheeted home and hoisted up, George, who had evidently not considered his escape as made good until then, clapped me on the shoulder, and said, cheerfully:

"Now, boy, you're on board a lime-juicer; look aft and see the red cross waving over your head."

It had not occurred to me before, but as I glanced in that direction and saw the blood-red ensign of England fluttering in the spot where until now I had been used to see only the Stars and Stripes, I for the first time realized that I was a stranger. For the moment I felt my heart sink, and longed to be back in my old ship, with the *gridiron* overhead. But regrets were now useless, and the reflection that at any rate I was about to see something new, to make myself acquainted with another phase of sea life, made me contented with my position. And with that never-failing comforter of the sailor, "What's the odds, so long as you're happy?" I drove away all feelings of regret, and went cheerfully to my work.

The passage to Madras, although lasting but a few days, was sufficient to give me quite an insight into many of the peculiar points of difference between English and American ships and sailors. British ships partake largely of that solidity which is a peculiar characteristic of John Bull. A spirit of utilita-

ON THE COURSE, CALCUTTA.

rianism pervades all. Strength and durability are qualities much more looked after than beauty. And while everything is neat and seaman-like, there is none of that light, airy grace which is noticeable in the Yankee.

The American sports an extravagant length of spars, and seeks to give his vessel a rakish look, even if she is the dullest of cotton boxes. The *Briton* — so John Bull delights to be called when away from his native isle — the Briton saws off every superfluous inch of timber, scarcely leaving enough to keep his rigging safely on the masthead. The American paints his masts and often his yards white, aiming to give to heavy spars a light and graceful appearance. The Briton scrapes his mastheads and blacks his yards, imparting to both an appearance of massive strength and solidity. The American decorates the hull of his ship with a shining coat of paint, making her old and worn planks look as though just from the builder's hands. The Briton coal-tars his vessel's bends, that the water may not penetrate to and injure the wood. The American uses Manilla running rigging and patent sheaves, because they run better and save labor. The Briton persists in stiff hemp ropes and old-fashioned blocks with sheaves that make a revolution perhaps once a voyage, because both last longer. So the parallel might be carried out *ad infinitum*, but it would scarce interest any one except a sailor.

In point of speed there may be but little difference between American and English vessels; so far as durability is concerned, the Briton has undoubtedly the advantage—if advantage it may be called in these days of progress in all arts, to construct

vessels which will last until their models have been eclipsed, and they are only noticeable as dull sailing remnants of other days.

But where grace and fancy are concerned, and, more particularly still, as regards devices for saving the heavy labor in working ship, the Briton is at least a dozen years behind the Yankee. Scarce an American vessel sails that has not patent blocks, light, soft running rigging, winches, cleats, and fifty other contrivances for facilitating work, while all such things are extremely rare in British vessels, and the British sailor relies yet upon the old-fashioned *handy-billy tackle*, and works ahead by "main strength and stupidness," as they say at sea. The consequence is, that American vessels carry usually about one third less hands than British, and get along equally as well, if not better.

British seamen are, in everything, part and parcel of their ships. The American seaman is quick and lively. The Briton is slow and sedate. The Yankee endeavors to look at the pleasant side of life; the lime-juicer's only pleasure is to growl. The former is careless and light-hearted; the latter gets drunk with the same sedate and dogged perseverance with which he combats and overcomes the elements. The one regards life from a business point of view, the other does his duty—and growls.

In point of thorough, old-fashioned seamanship the Briton is ahead of the Yankee. He dips deep, while the American skims over the surface. But the day has gone by when this old-fashioned seamanship was a necessary qualification. And the

proof of this lies in the fact that American ships and officers, with half the preparation and one quarter the sailorcraft, makes as fortunate if not luckier voyages than British vessels.

During my stay in the Indies, I had often occasion to wonder at the entire lack of preparation displayed on board of American vessels, trading there from port to port. A British Indiaman does not start on her voyage without an ample supply of spare spars—almost sufficient to re-spar her fore and aft. She carries out at least four heavy anchors and cables, besides a number of stream anchors and kedges. And her captain and mates would be thought little of were they not able to re-rig her from deck to truck, should she be dismasted.

The Yankee sets sail on his long voyage with a couple of spare topmasts, two anchors, and a kedge, and a boundless trust in Providence and his own management for the rest. The officers are good navigators, and as to replacing a broken spar, they are prepared to study it out when it is needed. But of the two, the Yankee mostly comes out ahead.

I found the discipline on board my new ship much different from that I had been used to. The men were ordered about less gently, and did their work more sullenly. The line of separation between fore and aft was more strictly drawn. Each man was expected to know his duty as a seaman, and do it, and woe to him who in any particular fell short.

The British sailor—poor fellow—has rights. His importance to the national welfare has had the effect of hedging him about with a barrier of preventives, to such an extent that he cannot

turn around but what he steps on one of the very laws enacted to secure him against the imposition of his superiors. The law prescribes that he shall have a certain allowance of provisions —barely enough for a man of moderate appetite— and if it rained victuals he could not get any more. The law provides that he shall be allowed his forenoon watch below, and therefore the captain takes care that he shall be kept on deck all the afternoon. The law specifies certain duties, which the seaman must be able to perform; and however unnecessary or uncalled for some of these may be, unless he is entirely *au fait* of them, the captain considerately docks his wages. The law provides that the owner shall pay off his men within a certain number of days after the arrival of the ship at her port of discharge, and the captain and owner take care not to do so a day before. Thus Jack Tar, with his rights securely protected, and the law entirely on his side, finds himself almost altogether helpless, and without a single privilege.

The allowance on our vessel was a pretty hard sample of living. I do not now remember the quantity, including bone, of beef and pork that was weighed out to each man daily, but I have not forgotten that it was generally eaten up at dinner, and we were left for breakfast and supper to subsist on dry bread and tea, or coffee.

Lobscouse, that savory mess, the almost invariable breakfast dish in an American ship, is only traditionally known in a lime-juicer, the law not reaching to that. I remember yet, with a feeling of inward shame, the greedy eyes which used to watch the kid of thin pea soup, to see that no one got more than his law-

ful pint. And so diminutive was the duff* that a facetious fellow desired to "toss up for who should have it all."

"Good luck to you, Charley, and may you never see a banyan day," was the last wish of an old shipmate, as be bade me good-by, on T wharf at Boston.

As I laughed at the whimsical wish, I did not think how soon I should experience all the barrenness of banyan. The American sailor sees no banyan day. The British sailor has one provided for him by law. I do not know where the expression originated, but it is reputed very old. The sailor's bill of fare offers but three changes — beans or peas, rice and duff. These are alternated, so that each occurs twice a week. Of course, in this arrangement, one day, Saturday, is left unprovided for. This, in American merchant vessels, is devoted to codfish and potatoes; in men-of-war, beans supply the vacancy. In most British ships it is left unsupplied, and this makes a *banyan day*, of which I saw not a few while sailing under the meteor flag.

Madras on the Coromandel coast is one of the most important seaports in the British possessions in the East. Those who first laid out the city must have had singular ideas as to what makes an advantageous position for a seaport. There is no harbor or bay to make safe anchorage for shipping—scarcely an indentation in the land. Vessels come to anchor at a distance of from a mile to two miles from the shore, with the broad bay of Bengal on one side and the surf-bound beach on the other. There is no shelter from storms, and the only way when

* *Duff* is a mess composed of flour, water, and fat, mixed in proper proportions to make it indigestible, put in a little bag, and boiled for an hour or two before dinner.

one comes on is to weigh anchor, or, in case of emergency, slip the cable, and endeavor to make an offing, returning when the weather moderates.

So strongly does the surf break on the shore, that it is entirely unapproachable to ship's boats, and all communication with the city is held by means of surf boats, manned by naked half-savage Hindoo fellows, who seem to delight in their rough business. These boats discharge cargo, and bring alongside freight from shore. In them, passengers are taken ashore through the surf, thinking themselves fortunate if they get safely to land without a thorough drenching. It is only in fine weather that even the surf boats can work, and on the least sign of the breeze setting on shore all communication is entirely cut off. With all these disadvantages, Madras is a place of much business, and the anchorage, or Roadstead, as it is styled by courtesy, is always studded with shipping.

In the season of the regular Monsoons, the shipping lie safe enough, as the wind may then be relied upon, both as to strength and direction. But during the two or three months each year, between the changes of the Monsoons, when the wind has thrown off its bonds, and is so to say at liberty, Madras is a hazardous port.

In these times, every precaution is taken to prevent being caught in one of the prevailing gales. The topsails are furled with a double reef in them, topgallantmasts are sent down on deck, the anchor is securely buoyed, that the cable may be slipped without danger of losing it, and everything is kept well secured about decks, ready at any moment to run out to sea. The crew

MADRAS.

are kept at regular sea watches, and by the rules of the port no one but the captain is permitted to leave the vessel, and even he, I believe, is supposed to return on board every evening. The anchorage is at no time very quiet, and even with a slight breeze vessels ride bows under, pitching, rolling, and tossing about, much more than if under sail.

We remained in the Roads about two weeks, merely long enough to take in part of a cargo of rice, with which we were bound to Sydney, New South Wales. The rice was brought alongside in surf boats of course, and from them hoisted in and stowed in the hold by the crew. A surf boat load is not a great deal, and as on the most favorable days we did not receive more than five or six boat loads, we were not fully occupied in receiving and stowing cargo, and spent the intermediate time in working on sails.

If a knowledge of sailmaking is a good thing on board an American vessel, it is thrice more valuable in a lime-juicer, and I found on board my new ship that a facility in handling the palm and needle was the most valuable recommendation I could have brought with me. My chum, George, and I were almost from the first received into the mate's favor and spent the greater part of our voyage in the vessel, under the quarter-deck awning, making and mending sails. George being an old man was at once taken into the sailmaker's gang, on his saying that he understood the work; but I, who was quite a stripling, and looked even more boyish than my age warranted, was subjected to a severe trial before I fairly won my way to the same place.

In British vessels, age is considered a necessary qualification for a seaman, and the principle seems to be, the older man the better sailor. A boy remains a boy, and must do a boy's duty, no matter what his strength or knowledge of sailor-craft may be. Woe to the unlucky fellow who presumes to ship as seaman before he is able to show a respectable beard. He is viewed by his fortunate older shipmates with a large degree of jealousy, and is likely to have all his seamanship put to the test by the mate.

Besides my unlucky deficiency in years and whiskers, I had the additional disadvantage of being a Yankee, and I found very shortly after we left Calcutta that the mate had determined to see if there was no flaw in me, while the crew, though sufficiently friendly, watched me with jealous eyes, determined to hold aloof from any close communion of friendship, before I had proved myself "as good a man as I had shipped for." All this was not very agreeable, but I determined that the Yankee name should not suffer in my person, and with the aid of a little neatness in workmanship, which is easier acquired in a man-of-war than anywhere else, I left even the mate no cause for fault-finding.

On board an American merchant vessel, the fact that a man is not familiar with some piece of work on rigging is not counted against him as a disgrace, provided he is otherwise a good hand, one whose pull on a rope can be felt, and who is not behindhand in a gale of wind. But with British sailors, this matter is entirely different. One may be able as possible, if there is found any flaw, however slight, in his seamanship,

if he is so unfortunate as to get hold of work which he cannot do, or if he appeals to a shipmate for information on any point of duty, he is directly looked down upon as "no sailor." Thus to have made a trip in a British vessel is considered no bad test of an American sailor's merits, and to have "weathered a voyage in a lime-juicer," is something to be mentioned with proper pride in the forecastle.

I was by this time tolerably *au fait* of most of the work to be done on a vessel's rigging; could send down or receive a topgallantmast, turn in a dead-eye, or crown a hawser, in a seaman-like manner, and was conscious of but one deficiency in my knowledge of sailorcraft. I did not know how to splice a hawser, a difficult piece of work, requiring great neatness in execution, and a job which is not often necessary to be done on board ship. I was not without a theoretical knowledge of this, even, growling George having taken great pains to post me up thoroughly in everything of the kind, but I had never seen it done, and feared that something of the kind would now be put in my hands, and I should fail to acquit myself creditably. So much did this trouble me, that I dreamed once of the mate having given me two pieces of hawser, as large as the mainmast, to splice, and when I was done, and just cutting off the ends, it seemed that these ends were the mate's toes. As I clipped the first one, he uttered a dreadful howl, and he and the hawser somehow got mixed up and changed into an enormous serpent, which, with rage in every feature, was darting toward me, when I awoke, only to find that the watch had been called, and it was high time to turn out.

My fears were however needless; nothing of the kind was found necessary, and I passed safely the ordeal the mate had set for me. The consequences were that I was much more thought of by the crew, and that one morning at Madras, when dividing out work, the mate said to me:

"Here, my lad, bring your sail bag aft, and I'll give you something to do." And for the balance of the cruise I was of the sailmaker's gang.

Ten days were sufficient for us to take in all the rice we were to obtain, and we then lost no time in getting away from Madras. The surf-boats, which, as before mentioned, bring out cargo, are pulled out and back, between shore and ship, by means of ropes stretched along in all parts of the Roadstead, communicating with the landing-place on shore. These ropes are buoyed in various parts of the Roads, and the first thing necessary to be done, after coming to anchor, is to pick up the nearest one of the buoys, and secure to the bows the bight of rope attached. The surf broke on shore with great force, and we could see the boatmen as they cautiously approached its bounds, and waited for a large wave, rising on which, and exerting all their power to keep their boat straight, they were shot on shore, where a number of men were always in readiness to run the boat up high and dry, beyond the reach of the next sea. They are large, broad, heavily-built boats, sharp at each end, and capable, if the water was smooth, of carrying a large load, but on account of the surf they are in general but lightly loaded. The boatmen, whom long experience has taught every peculiarity of the weather here, can

A KATAMARAN IN SURF.

tell the approach of a gale, it is said, even before the barometer gives notice of it, and at such times refuse to venture out to the shipping.

One of our men, who had been in Madras Roads a year before, related to us his experience of a storm. They had sent ashore about half their cargo, and received on board a quantity of rice—for the boat that takes ashore goods from the ship brings back the return freight, it being important to keep enough cargo in the ship at all times to enable her to stand up before a gale—when the Semaphore on shore displayed the signals signifying the approach of a storm. Everything was at once secured, in the hold and on deck, and preparations made to get up anchor and run out to sea.

Before, however, they could do this, so heavy a sea had set in that it was found impossible to bring the ship up to her anchor, and as the weather looked very threatening, they buoyed the chain, took the bearings of their anchor buoy, and slipped and ran out to sea, under double-reefed topsails, with the hope of making an offing.

"We knew," said Peters, the man who gave us this narrative, "by the gray scud flying across all day, and the sea, which was getting every moment higher, that before night we would probably feel the full force of the storm. And accordingly we made the best of our way out to sea, thinking ourselves safe could we only secure an offing. But before such a storm as we this time saw, nothing could stand. It gradually freshened until sunset, when we took in all sail but a close-reefed maintopsail, reefed foresail, storm forestaysail, and storm mizzen.

We were obliged to keep this on her, in order, if possible, to hold our own, off shore. As the sun sank yellow and fiery beneath the waves, it became evident that there was a fresh hand at the bellows, for the squalls were getting harder and harder, until the wind fairly screamed as it rushed through the tightened rigging.

"The watch had just come on deck, at eight bells, eight o'clock, when with a burst of thunder, seeming to break from all quarters at once, and a continual blaze of lightning, the real storm, of which the squalls had only been the precursors, was upon us. The old ship lay over to it, and the stout topmasts buckled like whip-handles, as we wallowed deeply through the mountain seas. The thunder was so incessant that we could not hear one another speak, and the gale increased, puff after puff, until it seemed as though nothing would be able to stand before it.

"'I wish we had the topsail and foresail in now,' said the captain, 'it would save us some trouble.' But it was blowing too hard to take in any sail, without having it blown to pieces, and it was better to let it fly away out of the bolt-ropes, than slat to pieces in clewing up.

"The sea had increased so that the ship was nearly unmanageable, and as it occasionally broke over the bow, all hands had been summoned aft, to be within call, and in a safe place.

"We knew that if the wind did not suddenly change, as is the way with these gales, we could weather it well enough, for even if the topsail was blown away, it would only be the

trouble to bend another, when the gale moderated. But the worst of these storms lies in the fact that when the gale is at its height, the wind usually chops around suddenly, and blows as hard from the opposite quarter, as from that in which it began. These sudden alterations not only make the sea much worse, but place the ship between wind and sea, making it impossible to trim her close to either one.

"Axes had been brought on deck early in the evening, and placed near the wheel, for use, in case we should want to cut away anything. The gale steadily increased until twelve o'clock, when it seemed to be at its height. Now came a little lull, and then with a crash of thunder louder than any before, the wind was upon us from the opposite quarter. All hands were on deck, awaiting the shift, but it came so suddenly and violently that we could not do anything with the braces. The topsail and foresail were caught aback, and the vessel lay down on her beam-ends, until we feared she would not right again.

"'Cut away the mainmast and mizzenmast,' shouted the captain, through his speaking trumpet.

"Some of us were let down to leeward with ropes made fast about the middle, to prevent our being swept overboard, while we cut away the lanyards of the lee rigging, and this done the mate and second mate touched their knives to the weather lanyards. It required but a touch, and the overstrained ropes gave way, and with a crash the mast swept over the side. All this was of course the work of a minute, and did not last so long as I take in telling it.

"Relieved of the weight of her two masts, she righted a

little, but the foresail and foremast, upon which we had counted to pay her head off from the wind, seemed only to have the effect of bearing her down in the water. She was gathering stern-way, when the captain motioned to the foremast, and scrambling and climbing forward, along the now almost perpendicular deck, we also cut that away. This eased her, and she gradually righted to an even keel.

"As it was necessary to have something set to keep her to the wind, we spread a hatch tarpaulin from the stump of the mizzenmast to a spar fastened at the break of the poop, and with the aid of this little rag, about six feet long by four wide, we managed to keep our hulk out of the trough of the sea. No longer under the steadying power of the masts, she rolled and pitched and tossed about, as I never thought a vessel could. It was like being shaken about in a box. All hands had to fasten themselves to the rail, to prevent being literally thrown overboard, in her sudden rolls.

"The gale continued until next morning About eight o'clock it began to moderate, and by twelve there was but a gentle breeze, the sea being yet, however, quite rough. That evening we began our preparations for rigging jury fore and main masts, and after two days of incessant and severe labor were able to set two topgallantsails on our new masts, by the aid of which we slowly made our way toward Calcutta, to which port it was now necessary to go, in order to have the vessel refitted, as Madras Roads present no facilities for such work.

"We were thirty-five days beating and drifting up to Sauger Point, and there we had to take a steamer up to the city, as

we had neither anchor nor cable to hold us, should it fall calm. In Calcutta we were obliged to have put in heavy teak masts, which made the old craft so crank that she would hardly stand up when full loaded."

CHAPTER XIV.

Sail for Sydney—Sydney coves, or colonials—Their peculiarities—Jim's yarn—Life among the savages of New Guinea.

WE escaped from Madras without being caught in a gale. It being a stormy season, none of us got ashore to have a look at the place. This was of a piece with my usual luck, and I began to think that even in the merchant service it was impossible to obtain more than a distant glimpse at the strange places one visits. I determined, however, if we got to Sydney, that I would see as much of that place as appeared desirable, and not allow myself to be disappointed there.

We set sail from Madras with a fair wind, glad to be rid of a place which presented to us all the evils of harbor life on board ship, without any of its reliefs. A part of our crew were on this occasion in as high spirits as British tars allow themselves to display on any account. They were what is called "Sydney coves," or "colonials"—that is, old hands in the colony of New South Wales, who had sailed from there some years. These all looked upon Sydney as the only place in the world worth sailing from, or living in.

These colonials are as rough a set of vagabonds as one meets with even in a forecastle, but first-rate seamen, and

orderly, quiet fellows withal, if they are well treated. They take especial pride in saying but little, and some of them rival in taciturnity all that is related of the American Indians. A loud talker gains but little credit with them, as they act upon the principle that talking and doing are not only different, but entirely incompatible things. They are generally good boxers, masters of the art of self-defence, and bear about them not a few scars, reminiscences of past conflicts. They are very much disliked by officers of vessels, because, although as good men as ever steered a trick or passed an earing, they are quick to take offence, and obstinate as mules, when once their ire is roused, and they imagine themselves badly used.

In the forecastle they are very quiet; I have known one of them to be a week without saying a word to any one on board. But woe to the unfortunate who gives them offence. Then it is "a word and a blow, and the blow comes first."

Their silent habit is a peculiarity not caused by a lack of something to say, for he who can succeed in drawing out an old colonial will be amply rewarded by some as interesting yarns as ever were spun. Those with us had followed, besides sea life, the business of sheep and cattle tending. I rarely knew a colonial seaman who had not dipped into this business occasionally, for a change, and often wondered whether it was not in the utter loneliness of the wild wastes of Australia that their singular taciturnity was first contracted. Whatever may have been the original moving cause, it is now a peculiar feature of this class, and a lively colonial would be as great a singularity as an even moderately quiet Frenchman.

The samples we had among our crew were, to a man, thoroughgoing seamen, and although the class bears rather an ill name, I found them very agreeable companions, after we had gotten pretty well acquainted. I do not know what was the reason, possibly because I myself am somewhat of a silent person, but they all took a fancy to me, and I received, before we reached Sydney, more than one offer to take me into their fraternity, and make me acquainted with Sydney and colonial life. These flattering proposals I did not by any means slight, for I must confess that their wandering, vagabond mode of life, having about it much more of freedom than there is found in general at sea, chimed well with the spirit of adventure which had induced me to become a sailor. And had it not been that my fighting qualities were immensely below par, and likely ever to remain so, I might have been to this day a "Sydney cove."

"Pity that that little Yankee don't know how to use his maulers—that's all he needs to make a tip-top chum of him," I overheard one of them saying one day.

They take great pride in interlarding their language with various phrases of a slang peculiar to the Australian dependency of Great Britain. A round assertion is generally backed by "My bloody colonial oath on that, mate," as a sign that its truth is entirely beyond question.

By dint of a good deal of management, and a persistent exercise of that Yankee faculty, asking questions, I got out of two of my shipmates, before we reached Sydney, some of their singular experiences. One of these had been from the first an

SYDNEY HARBOR.

object of great curiosity to me. His back and breast, as well as the back of his neck, and his arms and legs, were entirely covered with a mass of circles and other odd figures, pricked in with India ink, or some other blue pigment. To see various figures on a sailor's arms, or even on other portions of his body, is too common to occasion remark. But this was plainly not the work of any sailor artist, but bore traces of savage workmanship. We were but a few days aboard when I learned incidentally that Jim had been for five years a prisoner among the savages on the Island of Papua or New Guinea. He was much more silent than any of his comrades, and it was only after most persistent and repeated questioning that he at last told me the story of his adventures there.

He had been cast away, or wrecked, upon the island, while in one of the little schooners which sail from Sydney for the purpose of collecting sandal-wood and tortoise-shell, in search of which they visit all the unfrequented isles in the vast Archipelago surrounding the island of New Holland. According to his story, which I have no doubt was substantially true, as he bore about him many corroborating marks, the little craft in which he sailed went ashore on a small isle near the main coast of New Guinea, in one of the gales which often suddenly spring up in those latitudes without giving the mariner any notice of their approach.

They had made some excellent bargains of sandal-wood, with the natives on various isles they had visited, and had collected sufficient tortoise-shell to make them a good voyage; consequently were nearly homeward bound, when their schooner

was driven ashore, and all hands fell into the power of the natives.

These natives belonged to the main island, New Guinea, having only paid a chance visit in their canoes to this part of the Aroo group. After the gale subsided, and they had gathered what few things were washed ashore from the wreck of the schooner, they returned with the crew, now their prisoners, to what may be called the mainland. Here my friend and his shipmates were divided out among different parties, and he had reason to believe that most of his companions were eaten when they were sufficiently fattened to be suitable for that purpose.

Such was also the fate in preparation for him, from which a mere accident saved him. He had belonged some years before to the armorer's gang on board a British man-of-war, and had there learned considerable of the blacksmith's handicraft. Now, iron is the only precious metal of the natives of the South Sea Islands—for it they will part with anything they have, and will even peril life and limb to obtain sufficient for a spear-head, or a spike for one of their immense clubs. Quite a quantity had been gathered from the wrecked vessel, and the party to whose lot Jim had fallen, had as their share several large pieces, a chain plate, and a few spikes. This they immediately set about getting into such shapes as they desired. But with their lack of tools and ignorance of the best way to work it, they made but poor headway.

Jim was one day looking on while the chief was vainly attempting to break in two the chain plate, when the idea

SCENE IN NEW GUINEA.

struck him that he could be of material aid to them, and thus perhaps save himself from the fate which lay before him. He explained to his owners that fire was necessary in order to effect their purpose with the bar of iron. They acted upon his suggestion, and rubbing two sticks of wood rapidly together, soon had a bright blaze. By means of this, Jim quickly brought the iron to a red heat, and then cut it in two with a chisel which happened to be among the spikes in the possession of the natives.

This at once proclaimed him a valuable man to his captors, and after a counsel held, it was resolved to adopt him into the tribe, provided he could bear the pain of being tattooed in like manner with themselves. No time was lost in submitting him to the operation, and he, who knew well enough that to exhibit anything but the most stoical indifference to the torture would seal his fate, took care not to give vent to a murmur, although the pain must have been excruciating. Practised with fine needles, in the hand of a skilful manipulator, the tattooing is sufficiently painful—how much more so must it be when the instruments used are naught but scraps of shells, sharpened, when necessary, by being broken off afresh. With these and the liquor obtained from the cuttlefish, or rock squid, as it is called by sailors, my friend was covered from head to foot with a solid mass of fanciful figures. The entire operation lasted some six months, as one part was necessarily allowed to heal before another was commenced.

During this time his party had moved a considerable distance inland, stopping from time to time to hunt the kangaroo,

upon which, and a species of bread-fruit, with such fish as they could catch when on the sea-coast, they subsisted. During all this time he was kept busy at his iron work. Using a stone for an anvil, and a piece of iron for sledge-hammer, he forged several arrow and spear heads, which gave immense satisfaction, and raised him to an enviable place in the good opinions of his cannibal friends, who appear from henceforth to have given over all ideas of making provender of him. He was shortly initiated formally into their tribe and provided with a wife, which was the only property not held entirely in common in the community. His tribe now wandered about from one portion of the island to the other, never departing far from the sea-coast, for somewhat over a year and a half. By this time he had become quite expert in their manner of throwing the spear, their principal weapon of offence and defence, and for the chase; and being an active man, was equal to any of his masters in all the artifices by which they gain their subsistence from the wild beasts of the forests

At this time the tribe of which he had become a member got into difficulties with one of the others relative to the ownership of an iron spike, one of the relics of Jim's schooner, and a war was the consequence. In this Jim was, of course, obliged to take part, and he so distinguished himself that, on the death of the old chief, he was unanimously chosen to fill his place.

This accession of dignity necessitated the performance of another small piece of tattooing. A collar, namely, was to be placed upon his neck, and a few circles upon his cheeks. But to one whose entire body was only one mass of scars, such trifles

VIEW IN A FOREST OF NEW GUINEA.

of torture were as nothing. He entered upon his new office and in two energetic battles brought the war to a close, his tribe remaining in undisputed possession of the iron treasure.

Jim had now arrived at the very pinnacle of greatness. He was master over some hundred naked savages, dignified with a collar, tattooed into his neck, and was entitled to the first mouthful of a mess of wood worms (a dainty dish of these people, as well as of the natives of Australia), and the choicest piece of a roasted prisoner of war. Yet he was far from contented. He longed to return to a state of civilization, and the principal advantage he took of the power placed in his hands was to keep his subjects as near the sea-coast as possible, in the hope that some passing trader would stop to barter, and he would thus be enabled to make his escape from this living tomb.

Being very illiterate, he had long ere this lost all reckoning of time, all days being the same, and there not being sufficient change in the seasons to enable him even to guess at the months. Thus he lived on for five long years, in all which time he saw but two vessels, neither one passing sufficiently near to the land to enable him to attract their notice by signals. These occasions proved to him that his tribe were not disposed to let him go without a struggle, and that they suspected his desire to leave them; for at sight of the ships they quickly hurried him off into the woods.

When he had been about three years and a half upon the island, according to his computation, the iron which was obtained at the wreck had been in great part used up or lost,

and most of his tribe were reduced to the necessity of using sharp shells for heads to their long light spears. Jim now endeavored to stir their avarice (for iron is to these people like gold to their more civilized brethren) by telling them that if they could only speak a vessel, they could get, in exchange for sandal-wood, with which the coast abounds, as much of the precious metal as their hearts could desire. This set them upon the lookout; but no vessel appeared.

Poor Jim was almost in despair, and had nearly given up all hope of ever being so fortunate as to return to the society of white men, when meeting a strange tribe one day, whom a scarcity of kangaroos had driven down to the sea-coast in search of shellfish, he learned incidentally that at a point some two hundred miles from them, as near as he could compute from the story, but certainly *east* of them, two strange vessels touched annually for trading purposes. The crew were not whites, and from the description he judged them to be Arabs or Malays; but there were vessels, and they traded, and this was sufficient evidence that the people were at least less savage than the Papuans. Hope once more glowed in his bosom, and he determined to make his way eastward until the desired haven should be attained.

Making glowing representations to his subjects of the riches they would obtain, could they reach the trading station in time to meet one of the vessels, they were at length induced to turn their tardy steps that way. Fishing and hunting, and remaining for days in one place, when they found an abundance of food, it was yet a year and a half before they at last reached

a little bay, where the glad sight of a Malay proa cheered his breast. The tribe quickly gathered a quantity of sandal-wood on the neighboring hills, and with this they approached the vessel. Here they found the crew fully armed and prepared to defend themselves against any assaults of the treacherous natives. But one boat was allowed to approach the vessel at a time, and but one man from that boat was permitted to come on board. This boat Jim determined should be his—this man would be himself. And paying no heed to some objections urged by his companions, he embarked a portion of sandal-wood in an old canoe which he found upon the shore, and started off for the proa.

Arriving alongside, he clambered on deck with an agility that somewhat surprised the Malays, who saw in the wretched stark naked creature before them only a native. Constant exposure to the sun and weather had turned his skin to nearly the color of the islanders, and the barbarous tattooing with which he was disfigured, sufficiently completed the disguise.

Arrived on board, he was only involved in a new perplexity. How was he to make himself known to the Malays as an Englishman? He could not speak their tongue, and even if they understood a few words of English, they would not believe a statement which his appearance so strongly contradicted. As this thought shot through his mind, poor fellow, his heart sank, and he was nearly giving up all hope. Nevertheless, he determined to try. and hauling his sandal-wood on deck, to attract the attention of the crew, he advanced to the captain and uttered the words, "Me English."

How strange they sounded to his ears—these words of English. The captain looked at him a moment, then burst out in a loud laugh at the idea that one of the savages had somehow gathered up two words of English. Poor Jim repeated his asseveration, with distressed earnestness, "Me English, captain, me English sailor."

Not a shadow of perplexity even darkened the captain's countenance, as he turned to some of his men, and remarked (as Jim afterward learned) upon the singularity of this native having caught up some words of the English language.

Jim was in despair; but now an idea struck him. Eagerly grasping the end of a piece of the coir rigging lying upon deck, he formed upon his hand, and on the standing rigging, several of the knots with which the seamen of all nations are familiar.

At this spectacle a light seemed to dawn upon the captain's face, and he looked inquiringly at him a few moments. The suspense was too great, and Jim, bursting into tears, muttered beseechingly, "Me English, captain, take me to Singapore."

The curiosity of the crew was now thoroughly aroused, and they crowded about him, and examined him more narrowly than they had before done. Lifting up his arms, Jim showed them where two white spots were yet left on him, and they were now speedily satisfied that he was truly an English sailor.

In a few broken words of English, the captain asked him how he came there, and Jim, part in his native tongue, and part by lively pantomime, explained his history to them, and asked them to take him along with them. This was, after consulta-

RESIDENTS OF MALAY GROUP.

tion, agreed to, if Jim could get a load of sandal-wood for them.

Although reluctant to set foot on shore again, he was obliged to acceed to the captain's proposal, and taking some old iron, beads, and looking-glasses ashore, in return for what he had brought on board, he proceeded to the rather arduous task of getting the natives there assembled, several tribes, to gather immediately a quantity of the required wood.

The fact of his having come back to them, apparently voluntarily, lulled to rest any suspicions of his fidelity to them, which they might previously have entertained, and this renewed confidence gave the greater force to his commands. The sight of the articles he had brought off, especially the iron, stirred up also their avarice, and seeing what appeared to them vast riches, within their grasp, they set to heartily, and in two days had sufficient wood gathered to load the proa.

Meantime the crew of the vessel were keeping strict watch on board, to provide against any hostile attempts by the natives. The crews of the vessels, British as well as Arab and Malay, which cruise after sandal-wood, could oftentimes fill up their craft in a short time themselves, were it not that to go ashore for that purpose would be to rush rashly on destruction, as the natives are always ready to attack a vessel which is not fully guarded. The prospect of securing the treasures of iron and other material, to be found in such a prize, would make them brave every danger, if there was the slightest hope of their success in an attack. It is therefore found necessary to barter with the savages, and even then to use every precaution against treachery.

On the third day Jim had the satisfaction to see piled upon the beach a quantity of sandle-wood sufficient to fill the narrow hold of the little proa, and again he went alongside in his canoe, to make the final arrangements respecting its transfer to the vessel, and his deliverance from captivity. It was arranged that for every canoe load of wood brought off, he should take ashore an equivalent in iron, trinkets, and bright-colored cloth; that meanwhile the vessel should be quietly gotten ready for sailing at a moment's notice, and when he was near the end of his wood pile, the little kedge which held the proa was to be quickly weighed, the lug sail hoisted, while he, staving the canoe, should jump aboard, as the vessel stood seaward.

One of the peculiarly favoring circumstances for Jim was, that the party, or tribe of natives to whom this little harbor really belonged, had a few days before the arrival of the Malays, gone, in their fleet of canoes, upon a warlike expedition to another portion of the island, leaving but two or three rickety canoes in the entire neighborhood. Had they all been there his escape would have been rendered almost hopeless, as in their exasperation the natives would doubtless have attacked the proa, and perhaps overcome her by dint of superior numbers. Supposing, which was not likely, that the Malay captain would under such circumstances have consented to receive him on board.

As the moment drew near which was to decide his fate, and either give him his freedom or consign him to a slavery more hopeless than ever before, it may be imagined that poor Jim's

VIEW IN A MALAY VILLAGE.

heart grew faint with fear that some unthought-of accident might defeat his well-laid scheme. Should the natives conclude to put some one else in the boat, and retain him ashore, or should the wind fail, or, worse yet, the fleet of boats suddenly heave in sight, he knew that his first, perhaps his only, chance for deliverance was gone. But luckily the breeze held, the boats did not make their appearance, and the natives appeared to think of ánything else but his escape.

When yet full two canoe loads remained upon the beach, Jim determined that he would venture no more. While alongside, and slowly passing in the wood, the anchor was silently run up to the bows, and, overturning the canoe with his foot, with a shout of exultation my friend jumped aboard, and with hearty swigs pulled up the mainsail, while the captain steered the vessel out of the harbor.

For some moments the savages did not comprehend the drift of the manœuvre, so completely had Jim's actions of the previous day won upon their confidence; but when they saw him pulling lustily at the halyards, and the vessel gathering headway toward the harbor's mouth, they set up a roar of angry disappointment, and rushed wildly up and down the beach, calling upon him to come back.

Having a fair wind, however, they were soon out of hearing and sight of Jim's savage comrades, and next morning no longer saw the land. The Malay captain supplied him with some clothing, the first he had worn since, five years before, his own had been taken from him by the natives; and he began once more to assume the forms of civilization. Twenty

days brought the vessel to Singapore, where he was at length among his countrymen; but so much altered and defaced that he found it difficult to persuade any one of the fact that he was an Englishman.

During his long captivity he had forgotten many words of English, and at first expressed himself very awkwardly; but a voyage in a British vessel to Calcutta made him once more at home among old scenes. Only one thing he never more got accustomed to: this was to wear shoes. His feet, he complained, had gotten tender by long tramping about among rocks and shells, and shoes were a great inconvenience to him. On board ship he never used them, and when ashore the softest pumps were his only wear.

Of the manners of the savages he had but little to tell me. The men wore no clothing whatever. The women wore slight coverings of the large leaves of a species of palm. Being a wandering people, they had no regularly built habitations. In fine weather they slept under shelter of the trees, and even often climbed up into them to secure a more comfortable resting-place. In wet weather, during the periodical rains, they chose a site where to remain during their continuance, and then constructed rude huts of sticks, roofed with leaves, and generally set up on posts, as the earth was too wet to rest upon, and here they hovered in dismal discomfort, till the return of the pleasant season.

Although apparently devoid of energy in most respects, they were passionate, quickly roused to anger, and even jealous. Although destitute to the last degree, they were avaricious for

the possession of such articles as they placed value upon, among which iron was evidently chief. Hence arose frequent wars between different tribes, in which the prisoners were in great part used to satisfy the hunger of their captors. The kangaroo and several smaller animals, and numerous birds, together with such shellfish as they could gather upon the beach, formed their only subsistence, and when game was scarce they often fared poorly enough.

One article of food, besides, Jim mentioned to me—the worms found in decayed wood. A mess of these was considered a great luxury, and he declared, in telling me the story, that after he got used to them, they really tasted very well. They were roasted in large shells over a fire.

Of fruits, there appear to have been but few, compared with the usual plenty of tropical countries, and with these he was not familiar. Of birds, there was a great variety, and they frequently caught parrots and other birds, and used them for food.

Their dead they buried in a shallow hole dug in the ground at some distance from their then abiding place. He spoke highly of their dexterity in throwing their rude spears and of the ingenious artifices used to surprise and capture the kangaroo.

The people he described as of rather short stature, perfectly black, and with curly hair almost like a negro's.* Their

* Jim's hair was black, and curled very closely, a circumstance which in all probability made his recognition as a white man, by the Malay captain, more difficult than it otherwise would have been.

features were thoroughly African, in some cases even exaggeratedly so. Jim seemed to have fallen into the hands of the very lowest class of the natives of New Guinea. He said he was frequently told by natives of tribes they met, of a people occupying the inland portion of the island, who had houses, and cultivated the land, and who, from the rude descriptions given of them, must have attained to a considerable degree of civilization. But his tribe strenuously objected to holding any intercourse with these, fearing that they would be by them made to work, *i. e.* made slaves of. Jim, indeed, was not himself very willing to leave the coast, as there lay his only hope of ever being returned to a civilized land. And he feared, should he once get among the more civilized natives, they would prevent him from returning again to the sea-shore.

So ended his story. Had he been a man of some degree of education, and of an energetic and inquisitive character, the civilized world might have been indebted to him for a most interesting account of a land which is as yet more thoroughly *terra incognita* than the heart of Africa; for nowhere on the entire island have whites penetrated more than a mile or two from shore, and even that only in a few spots, and in hasty incursions, giving no time for observation. As it was, Jim's only object seems to have been to watch for a vessel by which he could make his escape. Said I to him one day:

"If I had been in your place, I should have struck inland, and taken my chance of what might happen."

"But the tribe I was with would not go, even had I been desirous to do so, and what could I do, naked and alone, in

A RIVER OF NEW GUINEA.

the vast woods, without even having any distinct idea of the course which would lead me to a more civilized place. And then, to turn myself away from the only avenue for escape from a life-long bondage—I could not do it."

It must not be thought that this long story was told me by Jim, just as I have written it. His habitual taciturnity would not have given way so far as to spin such a yarn "right off the reel." It was only by dint of most persistent and adroit questioning, taking him when he was in his best humor, generally in the night watches, when he had just completed his trick at the wheel—a season of good humor generally with sailors—that I obtained it. Here a little and there a little, I picked up all his experience, and had I not, by the practice of various little arts, made myself a favorite with him, I should never have gotten any of it. Although not adhering strictly to the language of the narrator, I have taken care to give the facts just as they were stated to me.

CHAPTER XV.

Sydney—Sailors' amusements—Tired of the shore—Looking for a voyage—Ship—The brig Ocean—Her crew—Description of the vessel—Nearly a quarrel.

OUR passage to Sydney lasted forty-five days. Here, after discharging our cargo, the crew were paid off, and with six pounds sterling received as my wages, and some money brought with me from the United States, I went ashore. On uniting our funds, George and I found ourselves the possessors of eighty dollars, quite a large sum of money for two sailors. We determined to remain on shore till we were heartily tired of it; and to make the cash hold out, I, who was the steadier of the two, was appointed keeper of the purse, with an agreement that only a certain sum per diem should be given out.

First we purchased a few necessary articles of clothing and a chest for our joint use. Your true sailor will generally be found to have a good chest of sea clothing. In this he takes much pride, and let him be as drunken a fellow as may be, to replenish it he spends a large part of the proceeds of every voyage. Experience has taught him that in this matter delay is dangerous, and his first outlay, before he ventures on a spree, is with the tailor or slop-seller. Having filled his chest

with the various flannels, dungarees, oil-cloths, etc., needed, the balance he considers himself at liberty to use as inclination prompts him, leaving any deficiencies in his board bill or grog money to be settled for out of the never-failing *month's advance.*

I had imagined Sydney to be a rather rambling and ill-constructed, dirty colonial town, such as one not unfrequently meets with in the British colonies. I was, therefore, agreeably astonished to find it, with the exception of the more ancient portion of the city, a regularly laid-out and well-built place, the streets and public buildings of which would have been no discredit to an European seaport of its size. There was, too, a finished appearance about it which I had hardly expected to see, and many of the larger buildings had quite an ancient look. Everything about the place was peculiarly English,* and when I got into the quarter in which are located the sailor's boarding-houses, had it not been for the strong dash of colonial recklessness and extravagance everywhere perceptible, I could have easily imagined myself in some seaport of England—London or Liverpool.

The English, particularly of the lower classes, of which almost the entire population of Sydney, rich and poor, at that time was composed, are a people of peculiar habits and manners, which they carry with them, and resolutely introduce wherever they may wander. And I found here all the prominent characteristics of the Englishman fully perhaps a little

* This was before the discovery of gold in the colony of New South Wales. The Sydney of to-day is probably quite a different place.

extravagantly developed. It was just as though a portion of London or Liverpool had been by some magic power removed to this extreme end of the world.

The city is very pleasantly situated, a part on a rising ground, a kind of promontory, and a part in the adjoining valley. It fronts on Sydney Cove, a secure harbor about seven miles from the capes or headlands which form Port Jackson Bay.

One of the principal amusements here for sailors is horse-riding. As my chum, George, was fully intent upon seeing all of "life" that was to be seen, he of course must go horse-riding too, while I wandered about town to get a look at the most noteworthy places. The Parramatta Road is the theatre of Jack's horsemanship, and thither George, in company with some of our late shipmates, proceeded one afternoon on a parcel of as hard-mouthed beasts as even sailors usually get hold of. The party did not return till late at night, when I was already in dreamland, and I saw nothing of George till next morning, when he appeared before my bed with as rueful a face as he could put on, and proposed to go down after breakfast and hunt a ship.

"I want to get out of this confounded place. I rode about yesterday till I'm as sore this morning as though some one had beaten me with a stick, and now those fellows want me to go out again. It's an imposition. They call this a good port, but they don't know what good is," growled he.

I suggested to him that there was no law compelling him to ride on horseback.

"Well, but what is a poor fellow to do? I'm not going to loaf about the town all day. And there's nothing else to see. I'll have to get drunk to pass away the time."

"Let's go cattle-tending, George."

"Mention cattle-tending again, and I'll use a cowhide on you. Do you want to make a live mummy of yourself? Let's go down and ship."

Thus, it is with the sailor. He is all eagerness to get ashore, and is hardly there before he is glad to get away again. Having no friends, and debarred by his calling and his dress, if not by lack of education, from intercourse with any but those of his own class, a few days suffice to tire him of the stupid amusements into which he is dragged, often against his will; he becomes thoroughly wearied, and is almost forced, if he can't get a ship, to get drunk, as my old chum proposed to do, in mere self-defence.

To me, too, the time would soon have begun to grow tedious. A few days sufficed to let me see all that was accessible to me, a sailor. To take a trip into the country, which I would have much liked, I lacked means, and also friends to expedite me on my way. I therefore agreed to George's proposal, putting off the execution of it, however, to next day. For that day we hired a carriage, and made the driver take us through every street in the city accessible to a four-wheeled vehicle, and then out into the country, on the road leading to Botany Bay, returning in time to get our supper.

Next morning we proceeded to seek for a ship. I wished much to make a voyage in one of the sandal-wood hunters

which sail from here—the kind of vessel in which my friend Jim had been wrecked—but there were just then none in port, and I was compelled to give up my project, mentally determining to put it in execution at some future time. Sailors were in demand just at that time in Sydney, and we did not lack offers of voyages. But I was determined to be suited before I shipped, and did not therefore allow George to engage himself till we had taken a good look around.

We settled at length upon a colonial brig, which was about to proceed to Lombok, there to take in a cargo of rice, to carry to Macao or Whampoa. It promised to be a novel voyage, and the brig was a likely vessel. The crew—she was to carry ten hands before the mast—were good-looking men, and the officers had a good name. Above all, we were promised our discharge when we got to China, and with this additional inducement George and I were satisfied to put our names to the *articles* of the good brig Ocean, of Sydney, at three pounds per month, *and small stores.* By this latter clause is meant that the vessel would furnish us with tea and sugar, it being the practice, with many English owners and captains, to make their men furnish these essentials, and such other luxuries as come properly under the denomination of small stores, paying them in such cases a slight increase on their regular wages.

The brig was to sail in a few days, but her crew was wanted on board immediately, a circumstance at which I heartily rejoiced, as it would save us money. On counting up our balance of cash on hand, I found that George and I had spent, including clothing and boarding, fifty dollars in a little less than two

weeks, leaving us thirty. One month's advance to each of us—fifteen dollars—increased our store to sixty dollars, a vast deal more than sailors generally take to sea with them. But we were going to China, and I wanted every dollar we could get.

Three days after shipping, we sailed for our first port, Lombok. Our crew was composed entirely of "Sydney Coves," all lank, stout, silent fellows, who "did their duty and asked odds of no man," as they significantly said. The vessel was "colonial" too, as before mentioned, and I found her discipline to differ greatly from that of English vessels. A regular allowance of provisions was served out, as in the latter, but these were of better quality, and there was no *banyan day*. Everything was of the best, and the cook, who received a severe admonition to do his duty (from one of the crew), on the first day out, got up any kind of a mess that the forecastle chose to suggest.

But the greatest difference was in the treatment of the men by the officers. There was no haughty ordering here and there, such as British mates and captains delight in; no unnecessary pulling and hauling, no making spun yarn, or other contrivances to keep the men busy. Everything was conducted in a very quiet way. Orders were given, but the mode of fulfilment in general intrusted to the men themselves, who, being thorough seamen, took proper pride in doing well what was given them.

We had regular watch and watch, and no work was done after four o'clock in the afternoon. There was none of the usual hurrying up. Each one, in consequence, did his work with a will. When sail was to be shortened, or the topsails reefed, the laying of the yards, and hauling up clewlines or reef tackles, was left

in great measure in the hands of the men themselves, and we of course took care to make the work as light as possible. And among the crew there was no holding back; every one knew his station, and jumped there when he was required. Altogether, we passed a very quiet and peaceable life, and to me a very pleasant one.

How such discipline would work with any other than *Colonials*, it would be difficult to say. Of course, unless the crew were thorough seamen, it would lead in many cases to confusion. With such a rough and quick-tempered set as we had, it was the only plan. They themselves made the rules by which their officers were forced to abide. The captain knew quite well that to give them just cause of offence would be to provoke a retaliation which would be far from pleasant. And the crew, with a kind of feeling of honor, which I have often noticed in such characters as theirs, abstained scrupulously from taking any undue advantage of the power which they felt themselves possessed of.

Only once during our voyage did a misunderstanding occur. It was before we reached Lombok, and while we were sailing through the trades. We were about to paint the brig inside. It was intended to commence the work on Monday morning, and on the Sabbath evening before, the mate, who had been taking a little more grog during the day than was promotive of a clear understanding, ordered the watch on deck to come aft and lift aside some spare topsails, preparatory for the morrow's work. One of the men quietly remarked that it was Sunday, and it was not customary to work on that day.

"Come aft this instant, and don't talk to me of Sunday, or I'll keep you at work every Sunday during the cruise," shouted the drunken mate, highly excited.

"You'd better come and take us aft," was the answer to this.

All hands came up out of the forecastle, and it was at once understood that the order was not to be obeyed. The mate was by this time aware that he was getting himself into trouble, and when the sound of handspikes being gathered up, in readiness for a row, struck upon his ear, he dove down into the cabin to ask the skipper's advice.

The latter immediately came upon deck, and glancing for a moment over the crowd collected about the windlass, called the oldest of the seamen by name, desiring him to come aft. This he did, and the captain, who felt, of course, bound to support his mate, even if he was wrong, represented to John that the matter required was a mere trifle; that it would establish no precedent; that the mate was anxious to get at the painting as early as possible on the following day, and finally wound up by reminding him that disobedience to orders was mutiny, and that in such cases he, the captain, was empowered to proceed to extreme measures.

John heard him through, then said very dryly, "Captain, if you knew how little I cared about you, you'd be surprised," and walked forward to the forecastle.

How much the captain was surprised at this thoroughly characteristic remark, it would be hard to tell, but there was no more said about moving the spars, and we were never after called upon for any Sunday work.

CHAPTER XVI.

A yarn of sandal-wood hunting—Arrival at Lombok—The natives—Chinese residents—Manner of life of the people—Take in cargo—The country-wallah—Her crew.

SETTING aside the little inconveniences and crosses which are unavoidable in every ship, and which merely served the purpose of enabling my worthy chum, George, to relieve himself of his superfluous bile, I think I never enjoyed any voyage so much as this in the brig Ocean. Our course lay through a nearly uninterrupted succession of fine weather, in which the dark little forecastle was almost entirely deserted, and we all slept and lived on deck. We were as nearly our own masters as it is good for sailors to be, and with an experienced and thoroughly united crew, we could scarcely fail of being tolerably contented.

As for myself, I lived in an atmosphere of romance. The voyage was a novel one, and quite out of the usual line of such sailors as I had been most among. And the past experiences of my shipmates, as communicated to one another and to me in the pleasant dog-watches, as we lay on deck in the half light of the bright stars, with soft zephyrs wafting us along, were an inexhaustible source of interest to me.

Some of these men had not been the other side of the Cape of Good Hope for many years. They had sailed from

PITCAIRN ISLAND.

Sydney, in every direction, to the most out-of-the-way places, and on the strangest errands. India, China, the Ladrones, the Philippines, and the island world of the South Pacific: with all they were familiar, of each they had something to relate. Here I heard over again the story of the Christian settlement on Pitcairn's Island, which had formed one of our Sunday-school volumes at home. But how much pleasanter to listen to the tale as it had been told one of my shipmates by a descendant of Thursday October Christian himself. Numberless whaling adventures, fights with savages, and incidents in the strange voyages of the country ships, as well as one or two experiences of life on the cattle and sheep farms—the relation of these occupied our idle time, and afforded me many pleasant hours.

I was the youngest seaman on board, and found no difficulty in making myself a favorite among my older shipmates, by readiness in jumping aloft when light sails were to be loosed or furled, and by general willingness to do the duty of a "light hand." Then, too, my inexperience in the changeful life they had led made them feel a flattering superiority to me, which, as it was not unpleasant, I did not seek to do away with. And the consequence was, that I was always called for when any yarning was going on; and often, when my trick at the wheel would occur just as some one was in the midst of an interesting story, one of the older hands would bid me sit still, while he steered my trick for me.

I said one day that if I ever got back to Sydney I would make a voyage in a sandal-wood hunter.

"Here's Long Tom, Charley," said one in answer, "he's been in those craft for the last two years. You had better get him to take you in tow. He can pick you out the very boat for a good voyage."

"Tom promised us a yarn about his last trip," remarked one of the others.

"Come, a yarn, a yarn, boys," sung out another, and at the word we gathered upon the forecastle, with our pea-jackets, and arranged ourselves in comfortable positions to listen to the yarn.

"Who has the next helm?"

"I do," answered one of the starboard watch.

"Then do you stow yourself outside, so that you won't disturb any one when you get up to go aft."

This being done, and all hands being arranged in various positions about Long Tom, a lank, but by no means slender six-footer, he, after a little coquetting, declaring the yarn not worth relating, etc., finally bit off the customary quantity of pig tail, and clearing his throat, began as follows:

"You know, shipmates, or most of you do, that on board of those craft that go out upon the look for sandal-wood and tortoise-shell, the crew are not shipped at set wages—so much a month and small stores—but go upon a regular lay, like whalemen; only, my word, it's a better and more paying lay than any whaling that I ever saw. The Eliza Jane—she was named after the skipper's wife—was a pretty little colonial-built craft, brigantine rigged, steering and working easily, and sailing much better than the generality of colony-built vessels.

"We carried a stout crew for so small a craft, twelve men before the mast, captain, two mates, cook, and steward. We could man two whale boats, which hung at davits upon the quarters, and yet leave on board as many men to keep ship as could have worked her anywhere she could go. We shipped upon a lay of one ninety-ninth—that is to say, one pound sterling out of every ninety-nine of the proceeds of the cargo was each man's share. This was a lay which gave us promise of a good voyage, and we sailed from Sydney in high spirits.

"We were all old shipmates, and a better crew, I'll venture to say, never sailed out of Port Jackson Bay than that of the Eliza Jane. All of us had been whaling, which the skipper made a necessary condition to shipping a man, as he intended to visit some islands which he had found on his last voyage to be entirely deserted, where he expected to pick up a large portion of his cargo. He had the name of being a smart fellow in his chosen business—for he had never followed any other—and was well known for the many narrow escapes he had had from falling into the hands of the natives, and for his readiness to venture anywhere and everywhere where sandal-wood and tortoise-shell were to be found.

"We expected to do a good deal of boating. This, as it is generally done on a surf-bound beach, is wet work, but, after all, pleasanter and more exciting than trading with savages through the meshes of a boarding-netting, and keeping an armed watch day and night, for fear of a surprise. Our trading cargo consisted of an assortment of old and new spikes, and variously sized scraps and pieces of iron, scarlet-colored cloth,

beads, tobacco, looking-glasses, trinkets of various kinds, knives, hatchets, and a large box full of old clothes, probably the stock-in-trade of some second-hand clothing store in Sydney. We had the forecastle to ourselves, and were allowed to take out a small private venture of our own, with permission to stow the proceeds in our bunks.

"Our course was shaped for the islands known as Solomon's Archipelago, where we were to make some trade with the natives. This extensive group was to be our principal cruising ground although the mate told us that we should sail over toward the Louisiade group, should we not do as well as the skipper desired. This is the great cruising ground for sandal-wood hunters, and among these islands they not unfrequently meet with large quantities of the precious wood.

"Sandal-wood, you must know boys, is brought off by the natives in sticks of various shapes and sizes, sufficiently small to be handily stowed in the hold. They are glad to take in exchange such old clothes, trinkets, and bits of iron as the captain lets them have. Thus for a few dollars worth of *trade* you get several tons of wood, worth in Sydney twenty-five pounds sterling per ton, and in China about fifty pounds. Turtle-shell is generally gathered by the crew. It was for this more especially that we had our boats. Considerable quantities of the shell are washed up on the shores of the islands by the swell, and there it is picked up. It is but seldom that you catch a live turtle, unless you happen to come to an island frequented by them, where one can watch for them, when they come up on shore at night to deposit their eggs in the sand.

NATIVE CANOES.

"Our first harbor for trading was Joannette, one of the Solomon group. Here the natives were reputed quite wild, and we took every precaution to preserve ourselves from an attack. No sooner were our sails lowered than we triced up the boarding-nettings, and loaded our firearms, the watch on deck being appointed to keep a constant and watchful guard, while those of us whose turn it was below had leisure to observe the natives launching their canoes preparatory to coming off.

"Soon quite a fleet of boats, some containing cocoa-nuts and other fruits, and chickens, parrots, etc., were paddled off toward us, looking, with their curious outriggers, like enormous lobsters skimming along the surface."

"How are their outriggers fixed, Tom?"

"The canoes are so narrow, that they would very easily capsize, and it would be almost impossible even for a native to bring one safely through the surf. To remedy this, they fasten to one side three arms, each perhaps eight or ten feet long, bow shaped, that their middle may not touch the water, but with their other ends lying on the surface. These outside ends are united by a fore and aft piece, which rests on and skims along the water. With this contrivance, it is almost impossible to turn over a canoe, as the buoyancy of the outrigger prevents it dipping on that side, and its weight effectually keeps it from capsizing on the opposite. With a good outrigger, they not unfrequently put sail on a little canoe, and dance merrily over the water, the strange-looking arms now lifted nigh up in the air, now plunged into the sea. But let the out-

rigger give way, which sometimes occurs, and the boat is almost helpless, and John Kanaka takes the water for it.

"As soon as the natives got within hearing, the skipper, who spoke their language, warned them off, giving permission for only two boats to come alongside at a time and threatening to fire into any that transgressed the rule. Two chiefs, in large canoes, accordingly sailed up to the starboard side, where was a small entering-place, and making fast their boats came on board, with their crews. They first laid at the captain's feet an offering of plantains, cocoa-nuts, chickens, and a beautiful parrot, and then informed him that they had some sandal-wood for him, on shore, if he wanted it, desiring at the same time to know what he had to trade.

"He informed them, and held some further conversation with them, after which they came forward to trade with the crew for some fruit. We had been before warned not to make any display of our articles of trade, nor to make any liberal offers for their fruit, as it is considered necessary to keep up the value of bartering goods. While the chiefs were aft, the crew had been looking about the vessel, with such an air as a parcel of sailors would be likely to put on, were they set on board a ship in which everything was make of gold and precious stones. In fact, to these people, who possess not even the commonest articles found on board ship, and who value iron as we do gold, a vessel must appear an almost inexhaustible mine of riches.

"Knowing their thieving propensities, we had, directly after coming to anchor, stowed down below decks everything

removable, or that could be conveniently carried off. At this they were evidently disappointed. After vainly looking about for something on which he could lay his thieving hands, a native came with a begging face, forward, and asked one of us for a nail, pointing to one which was sticking in an old board forward of the windlass. The gift of a small wrought nail made him a rich man, for he danced aft to his companions in the greatest glee, and we soon had the entire crowd (there were six of them) begging around us for a similar favor. There were no more nails forthcoming, however.

"In their anxiety to obtain some iron, they now began to entertain an idea of pulling one of the eyebolts out of the deck. Forming a ring about one in the starboard gangway, that their proceedings might not be observed by the crew, two of the stoutest now got down upon deck, and catching hold of the securely fastened bolt, did their best to pull and jerk it loose, of course without effect. Nevertheless they tugged away manfully, until the mate stepped toward them, when they immediately walked off, apparently much disappointed. Had any article of iron been lying about within reach, they would have spared no ingenuity or labor to make off with it.

"The next morning was appointed to begin the trade. Our visitors shortly took leave, and were succeeded by others, who in turn, after gazing around the vessel, and seeing nothing to steal, made room for their companions. We had a succession of canoes alongside till sunset, when all the boats were ordered away, and instructions given to fire into the first canoe that came within gunshot.

"Next morning began the busy trade. Already, before breakfast, a number of canoes were launched from shore and forced through the surf, coming to us laden with rough-looking sticks of sandal-wood, of various shapes and sizes. As on the previous day, only two boats were allowed alongside at once, and only one was traded with at a time.

"Early in the morning the captain had overhauled his chest of old clothes in the hold, to familiarize himself with its contents, and he now stood at the gangway, where the wood was passed in, to judge of its value, and make such offers as he chose for it. For an old regimental coat of red cloth, with a little tarnished gold lace upon it, he got sandal-wood which afterward brought him in at least one hundred and fifty dollars. So, too, knives, small mirrors, spike nails, tobacco, and numerous articles of old clothes were disposed of on equally advantageous terms. Each Kanaka, when his trade was finished, was sent away, to make room for more, until by three o'clock in the afternoon we had our entire deck and portion of the hold filled with the curiously twisted sticks of wood, which it was necessary to stow down before we could trade more. A stranger to the business would have said that we had quite sufficient to load the vessel, yet under the careful hands of our experienced mate, it was so snugly stowed that it occupied but a small space in the hold.

By the following noon we had gotten all their wood, while the natives could be seen stalking about, or squatting in their boats, arrayed in the articles which they had obtained from us. As they adorned themselves with the various coats,

vests, and trousers, some of them presented most comical figures. One had nothing on but a bright red military coat, while the only garment of others was an old vest. Some had hung looking-glasses about their necks, while many of the females, vain creatures, had run nails and other bits of iron through the large holes in their ears, and in some instances even in their noses. All seemed highly delighted at the change in their appearance.

"We took our departure amid many regrets of the natives, who were loath to see such a prize go away from their shores. Our next two or three stopping-places were some deserted islets in the same group, with which our captain was familiar from previous visits. There we went ashore in our whale boats, and searched about the beach for turtle-shell. Sometimes we found quite a quantity; at others, half a day's diligent search would not be repaid by a single piece of shell. The entire beach was strewed thickly with the centre bones of the rock squid or cuttlefish, which must have existed here in great numbers. The white, porous oblong bones fairly covered the beach, in spots.

"On one of the deserted islets we met with quite a prize, in the shape of a lump of ambergris. It was a yellow, tolerably solid substance, bearing, I thought, some resemblance to an old honeycomb. The mass we found weighed, I believe, three pounds. It was carefully put away by the captain, to be sold when we got to Sydney.

"Thus alternately trading and looking about ourselves, we at length filled our vessel and set sail on our return to Sydney."

"How did the natives look, with whom you traded?" I asked.

"There were various tribes, and I suppose races of them. Some were dark brown, with long, glossy, black hair, and the usual Kanaka features. Others were short in stature, nearly black, with curling hair, and negro features. These last were much the most savage, and we could do but little with them in the way of trade.

"On most of the islands we saw cocoa-nut trees; at some the natives brought off bananas, and some few other fruits. They appear also to raise chickens and hogs. Of birds there seemed to be an abundance wherever we touched, and on them the ruder natives probably subsist. The men all walked about in a state of nudity; the women wore the tapa, or waist cloth, made of the fibre of the cocoa-nut tree, I suppose. They are a semi-amphibious people, as are all the natives of the South Sea Islands, appearing to be nearly as much at home in the water as on dry land. Their principal arms were huge clubs, the heads of which were studded with sharp pieces of shell.

"On arriving at Sydney, we disposed of a portion of our sandal-wood, and with the rest the vessel sailed for China. Previously to this, however, the crew were paid off. We were gone four months on our voyage. Our pay amounted to the snug sum of forty pounds sterling (nearly two hundred dollars) each. This was considered quite an extra voyage.

"In China, the sandal-wood probably brought our captain double the price he would have obtained for it at Sydney,

and thus he and the owners must have made a remunerative voyage."

The Chinese use the sandal-wood in the manufacture of fans and other ornamental articles, and value it highly. In fact, sandal-wood and sharks' fins are at this day two valuable articles of export from British India to various parts of China.

We passed safely through Torres' Straits, and in thirty-five days from Sydney reached Lombok, or rather the port of Ampanam, on the western coast of the island. Lombok is a small but fertile island of the Malay Archipelago. It lies between the isles of Bali, or Bally, and Sumbawa, separated from each by a narrow strait. Next west of Bally is the island of Java. Lombok itself is thickly inhabited. The people till the land, and export great quantities of rice, which is the principal product of the soil. It is said that not less than from twenty to twenty-five thousand tons of this grain are exported yearly to various parts of the Indies, much of it going to China.

The island is intersected by a mountainous ridge, and on the north coast is an active volcano, having a peak which can be seen for many miles at sea. This was the first active volcano I had ever seen, and I watched the thin smoke ever and anon curling above its top, with much curiosity, almost wishing that an eruption might take place while we were there, although such an event would doubtless have overwhelmed many families in ruins.

The harbor of Ampanam is small, but has a good anchorage. As this was the first Malay place at which I had ever been ashore, I saw much to amuse me. The people live in

long houses constructed of bamboo, and perched upon high posts, from ten to fifteen feet from the ground. Several families generally reside in one dwelling, their stock of chickens and hogs abiding on the ground beneath, possibly acting as scavengers to remove the refuse of the houses above. The dwellings are entered by means of ladders, and when these are hauled up all communication from without is shut off. The groves of cocoa-nuts and palms among which these houses stood made a beautiful shade for them, while bananas, pomegranates, shaddocks, mangosteens, and other fruit seemed to grow almost spontaneously, in every cleared spot.

The groves were filled with birds of beautiful plumage, though, it must be owned, many of them of discordant voices. These gave to the woods an appearance of life and bustle, which was as strange as pleasant. Here and there could be seen a monkey or a marmoset, leaping from branch to branch among the luxuriant foliage, or swinging by his tail, and giving vent to a shrill screech which would startle the other inhabitants of the groves.

We took great pleasure in rambling through these groves, on the two Sundays which we spent ashore here. The people, although not disposed to hold any more communication with us than was actually necessary, were kind and attentive. Fruits and provisions were remarkably cheap. We purchased twenty-five large fowls for a dollar. Cocoa-nuts and bananas were to be had almost for the asking, and other fruits cost but very little more. I here purchased a monkey, as I wanted something with which to amuse myself when we should be again at sea.

MALAY CHILDREN.

He was a wild little fellow, and I got him a chain, with which to keep him fast while lying in port, that he might not slip off into some of the shore boats frequently alongside. His monkeyship only cost half a rupee (twenty-five cents), while parrots could be bought for from ten cents to half a dollar. Of course, these birds were freshly caught, and could not talk. Parrots which have learned to talk Malay or Arabic are highly valued, and are not sold under twenty-five or thirty dollars.

Besides the natives of the islands, who are Malays, and of course partly Mohammedans, a portion of the residents are Chinese. These filled here the line of business which I have noticed they generally take to when away from their homes. They are the small merchants of a place, and their shops answer to the "corner groceries" in the United States. Meet them where you will, away from their home, and you will find the Chinese to be smart, thriving, and industrious people, living frugally and keeping an eye to the main chance in business matters. Some of the Chinese who live in Lombok are reputed to be very wealthy; but most of them, when they acquire a competency, return to their native places, to settle down. They do not even intermarry with the natives, but import their wives from the Celestial Empire, or remain single until they return home.

The Chinaman dresses alike all the world over. His thick-soled, clumsy shoes, petticoat trousers, slouchy jacket, and little round cap, reach from India to America, from Shanghai to Sydney. The Malay natives dress variously, according to rank

or means. The wealthier wear tunics of fine material, woven in bright figures.

The men are distinguishable by the long creese, and a short dagger stuck in their belts. These arms are, however, at this time, more for ornament than use, and the natives of this island seemed to be a very harmless, inoffensive people. The males, among the laboring classes, wear nothing but a waist-cloth and turban, while the women dress themselves in long gowns, and not unfrequently in a flowing robe, formed by winding a bright-colored cotton shawl loosely and gracefully around the body.

The government of the island is administered by a number of rajahs, whose jealousies frequently embroil their subjects in quarrels and petty wars. These quarrels the Dutch on the neighboring island of Java have taken advantage of at various times to introduce their authority as arbitrators, and they yield at this time a controlling influence in the government.

We began to take in our rice as soon as the ballast was sufficiently levelled and dunnage laid, on which to stow it. It was brought alongside by the natives in large boats, and hoisted or rather tossed in on board, and stowed in the hold by the crew. It was pretty severe labor to carry the sacks of rice through our low hold and stow them snugly in tiers fore and aft. The weather was oppressively warm, and the hold was like an oven. We worked from daylight till dark—that is, from six to six, with half an hour's intermission for breakfast and an hour for dinner. We had a stout crew, and therefore the work went cheerily on, and in less than two weeks we had

the brig filled to the hatches with rice, and were ready to sail for China.

While we lay at Ampanam, or Lombok as everybody persisted in calling the port, a large country ship came into the anchorage, to obtain some provisions. Our captain paid her a visit, and I was luckily one of the boat's crew who took him on board, so that I too had a look at the stranger. We had lain at but a short distance from a large country-wallah, in Madras, but I never had a chance to board her, so that I now for the first time stood on the deck of one of these singular craft.

She was a ship of about nine hundred tons, and would have been manned, if an American, by about sixteen or seventeen hands; if a British vessel, by perhaps twenty-two. But her Hindoo or Lascar crew numbered not less than seventy. These had placed over them a serang, or boatswain, and three boatswain's mates, whose duty it was to enforce the orders of the captain and mates. They used calls or pipes, precisely like that used by the boatswain of a ship of war, and the loud "belay," which was being piped just as we clambered up the side, put me much in mind of old times.

Besides her Lascar crew, whose duty it is to make and take in sail, and work the vessel generally, there were six *sea-connies*, white men, or *Europeans*, as they are called, who steered the vessel, and at reefing topsails took the earings. These lived aft, in a steerage, while the crew lived forward in a large forecastle. Steering and sailmaking was the only work of the six sea-connies, who, I thought, must have fine times.

The entire rigging of the ship was of coir rope, instead of

hemp, the kind most generally used. It was beautifully fitted, for the Lascars are excellent sailors. Altogether, the vessel looked very neat and clean, and their manner of coming to anchor and getting underweigh proved that they could handle her in a creditable manner.

CHAPTER XVII.

Leave Lombok—The monkey—The parrot—A long calm—George grumbles—Cattle-tending in New South Wales—Whampoa—Discharge cargo—Paid off—Visit Canton.

HAVING taken in our cargo, we got underweigh, and proceeded on our voyage to Whampoa, where we were to discharge the rice, and be in turn ourselves discharged. We passed through the little strait of Bally, which divides Lombok from the Island of Bally, and thence emerged into the sea which separates the two larger islands, Java and Borneo. This was real summer sailing. As we slowly wound our way past the land, which loomed up in the hazy distance, I called to mind the last time I had sailed through these waters, and was able to congratulate myself on now being much more pleasantly situated, although a strange flag was fluttering above my head. I was no longer cooped up, a prisoner, in a great ship. We were steering China-ward, I with lively anticipations of what I should see in that land of wonders

My monkey gave me much pleasure on this trip. I had, by uniformly kind treatment, in a great degree tamed him ere we were many days out, and he soon began to make himself quite at home with all that belonged to me. George was his

bitter enemy. He had strongly opposed my getting him, prophesying that his mischievous habits would create bad feeling in the forecastle, and that I would have more trouble than pleasure in keeping him. He could not bear to have the animal about him, and as the monkey and I eat together, George took his pan and pot to the other end of the forecastle.

For my part, I could never see sufficient of Jocko's tricks, and delighted in making him swing by a line pendent from the forescuttle, or in having a tussle with him on the deck. But he was treacherous as well as mischievous, and would bite on the slightest provocation.

In the dull monotony of life at sea, any strange object serves to give an agreeable diversion to the mind, and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that I found an almost inexhaustible stock of amusement in my monkey. His antics could always raise a laugh, even among my silent shipmates, and he was indulged by them in many little tricks, which I at first feared they would resent.

Before we got to China, he and I got to be on excellent terms. We took our meals on the same chest—he having his allowance in a little pan, but occasionally taking a piece from mine. His tea was poured out for him in a bowl, and in this he put bread to soak—a fashion learned from some of our crew. Any deficiencies in his victuals were strongly resented, and once, when he had scalded his fingers in the hot tea, he leaped upon me like a tiger, and bit me severely in the neck.

VIEW IN A VILLAGE IN CHINA.

Of course, such a companion was calculated to make a tedious passage pass much more pleasantly, and all of our crew, except George, grew very fond of the little creature, whose sprightly disposition was every day breaking out in some new trick.

Of the parrot a much less favorable account must be given. He was a large green bird, one of the speaking kind, we had been assured by the Malay who sold him to us. His tongue, or rather the little slender cord beneath it, had been cut by his Malay owner before he came into our possession —as this was considered necessary in order to enable him to talk. He was placed in the darkest part of the forecastle, chock forward, on one of the breast-hooks, and there secured. Here his food was brought to him daily—he who fed him pronouncing to him the words, "Pretty Polly." In a very few weeks we began to hear faint mutterings from the dark corner, and one morning, at the end of about the seventh week, were surprised to hear from Polly's beak the words "Polly, pretty Polly," spoken very plainly. The parrot now learned rapidly, and as we were going up Canton River could talk tolerably fluently. But he had gotten to be a terrible reprobate, and delighted in nothing so much as swearing. He was, therefore, a nuisance even to the most profane of the crew, for no one of them desired to hear a stupid bird mocking him. At Whampoa he was sold to some American sailors, and on parting from my shipmates there, I left them the monkey as a keepsake.

Our passage to China was a tedious one. We were detained

by calms in the waters bounded by Java and Sumatra on one side, and Borneo on the other, and it took us nearly sixty days to reach the mouth of Canton Bay. It might be supposed that, as we had a good little vessel, and were in other respects as happily situated as sailors could expect to be, we would not have cared how long the passage lasted.

But, singularly enough, the exact reverse is invariably the sentiment of the forecastle. Let the vessel and officers be as unexceptionable as they may, Jack always wishes for a short passage. It is not that he wants to get ashore to spend his money. It is not, either, that he finds more pleasure in lying in port. On the contrary, he is almost sure then to have much harder work than at sea. But the sailor seems to be possessed of a restless spirit, a very demon of inquietude, who gives him no peace except in motion. He feels contented nowhere. When on shore, he sighs for the ocean. No sooner is he there, than he as ardently wishes himself back to port. The old saying, "More days, more dollars," is oftener spoken in derision than in earnest, and is only taken as a comforter in the last extremity, when all progress is barred by calms or head-winds, and a lengthened passage seems an unavoidable fate.

Thus our fellows, though they had every reason to be contented, were looking and whistling as anxiously for a breeze as though their fortunes depended upon a speedy passage. I say our fellows—but I must own that I was no less impatient than the rest. There was no lack of books, nor of what was just then of more interest to me, yarns. But the general

A TRADESMAN IN CHINA.

unrest had also possession of me, and I was as eagerly wishing for the expected breeze as any one.

A calm at sea is, under any circumstances, a very tedious matter. The smooth water, the sails drooping listlessly against the mast, the awkward roll of the vessel, all betoken a breaking up of the usual routine of sea-life. A feeling as though you were no longer at home seems to creep over every one. The watch below no longer sleep, nor sew, nor read. Their enjoyment of these usual time-killers seems to have flown with the breeze, and they wander listlessly about the deck, calling upon all the patron saints of wind and weather to extricate them from this overpowering monotony. All steady occupation of mind or body seems to become oppressive; and the sound of eight bells, which sends them on deck, is hailed with joy, as, at any rate, a change.

As for the watch on deck, they generally find enough to do in a calm. This is an opportunity, never lost, to set up rigging, put on new seizings and lashings, where they may be needed, and for attending to all such work as is not to be done when the ship has headway on her, and her rigging and spars are strained by the breeze. Under the oppressing influences of the calm, with the sun's rays pouring down intense heat, melting the tar off the ropes, and making the decks almost too hot to stand upon, this labor comes doubly heavy. If for no other reason, therefore, than to escape such work, a calm is an event much to be deprecated by sailors.

Our long calm brought to every one's recollection some similar circumstance in his previous experience, and we enter-

tained each other, in the dog-watches, with tough yarns of vessels that had lain on the line almost till they had rotted—till the sails were dropping from the yards, and the grass had grown yards long upon the bottom of the vessel.

As for my grumbling chum, the spirit of prophecy was upon him again, and he foretold, with a kind of savage satisfaction, that we were doomed to remain in that spot, I am almost afraid to say how long, but at any rate until we should have eaten up our provisions, and then be obliged to take to our boats and make the best of our way to Singapore. He rolled about in his berth, making grave calculations as to how many days' water we had yet on board, and how long our bread could be made to last, and had all arranged in his mind as to the course to be steered for the nearest land, when we should abandon the vessel, a consummation which he appeared to regard as a settled fact. Indeed, so strongly had he persuaded himself that this would be our fate, that I thought it was with a shade of disappointment he at last witnessed the approach of a breeze.

With one exception, I was, I think, the most patient individual in the forecastle. This was a quiet old tar, who had served an apprenticeship of two years to *ennui*, on a sheep and cattle station in the wilds of New South Wales. He had got to be resigned to almost anything, and I am sure that no calm could overset his equanimity of temper. As he himself expressed, "it was happy-go-lucky with him." Two years of the desperate loneliness and sameness of a hut-tender's life had so broken his spirit as to make him simply

SORTING TEA IN CHINA.

a listless looker-on in life. "He no longer lives, he only *stays*," said one of our fellows of him one day.

He was our quiet man, *par excellence*. For days he would say nothing to any one, but wander up and down, in a half-dreamy state. Not only did he not talk himself, but he eluded all attempts on our part to talk to him, and when addressed, would look up with a surprised stare, as though just awakened out of a dream. He lived in a world of his own. When lying in his berth, he would hold long conversations with himself, in which, from the little we could occasionally gather, many characters appeared upon the scene which his imagination had laid out, and not a few abstruse metaphysical problems were discussed; for he was not by any means an unintelligent man. He had read a good deal during his long stay in the woods, and was evidently but now digesting portions of his past reading.

He was an excellent seaman, thorough in all that belonged to his profession. But such an influence had his taciturnity upon all with whom he came in contact, that even the mates only spoke to him when it was unavoidable, and many times when dividing out the work to the watch, the chief mate would put a marlin-spike or handy-billy-tackle into old Bill's hands, and silently point out the work he desired him to go to, instead of telling him what it was he wished done.

He and I were watchmates. I left no means untried to obtain from him some information concerning the life he had led upon the cattle station, but found it difficult. At last I

struck the right key. A somewhat out-of-the-way quotation from Shakespeare, in conversation with another, caused him to look up with a pleased sparkle in his eye, which I had not before seen. This afforded me a little insight into his peculiarities, which I failed not to take advantage of. I talked *books* to him, and here I found was his one vulnerable point. I loaned him a pet copy of Goldsmith, which I usually kept at the bottom of my chest, *not* for general circulation, and this gained his heart. By degrees he became more communicative, and I was greatly astonished at the mass of general information hoarded up in that dreamy brain of his. Having him once in the vein, I pestered him with questions until I managed to obtain from him some details of his bush life. All my efforts failed in getting him to give me any connected account of the mode of life which he had there led; but bit by bit, I obtained the information which is given below.

Three men stay together on one part of the station. These are a hut-tender and two cattle-tenders. The hut-tender, who cooks for himself and his mates, and perhaps washes for them, if they ever find it desirable to put on a clean shirt, is generally a green hand in the woods—a *new Chum* he is called in colonial lingo. He receives from sixteen to eighteen pounds sterling (eighty to ninety dollars) per annum, with his rations of tea, sugar, and flour.

It is his duty to remain at the hut, while his *confrères* are off with the cattle. Here he stays, sometimes for days without seeing a soul, when the others are away in search of a lost herd, or bringing a drove back to the pastures. Day in,

A PALANQUIN.

day out, he sees naught but the dreary plain undisturbed by aught of life, except an occasional bird, or a wapiti, or kangaroo. It is easy to imagine how in this lonely state it after a while ceases to be natural to speak, and a dreamy silence becomes the habit of the man.

Sometimes the hut-keeper has a gun, and occasionally shoots a little game. But even this is scarcely sufficient excitement to relieve the dreariness of the life. Besides, it is necessary to remain near the hut, in order to keep safe watch and ward over the supplies there deposited, and to be in readiness to wait upon the horsemen when they come in with their flocks.

After having served at this branch of the business a year or two, the hut-keeper is supposed to have sufficient experience to warrant his advancement to the post of cattle-tender. He is now supplied with a horse, or perhaps two, that he may be able to change animals in his long rides. His salary is increased to from twenty-two to twenty-five pounds, and he assumes, with a comrade, the responsibility of taking care of and leading about a flock of one thousand sheep, or six hundred or seven hundred cattle.

He must now have some knowledge of the woods, and be able to return to his hut after riding hard, perhaps in a dozen directions, for two or three days. He rides about the country, rain or shine, with his charge of stock; he sleeps near them at night, upon a blanket spread upon the bare ground, his saddle for a pillow and his horse fastened to a stake driven into the ground. He must sleep lightly, in order that

no movement in the herd or flock may escape him. And if, perchance, after bringing the stock safely to at night, he ventures to drop into a sound slumber, he is likely to awaken at daylight with not a single head in sight, and find himself obliged to hunt for days before he recovers his charge.

In the rainy season he plashes on through mud reaching up to the saddle girths, with the rain pouring down in torrents. Often when sundown overtakes him in the vast plain, during such a rain, he must sit in his saddle the entire night, while the torrent is beating against his body, and he becomes chilled through, and faint and weary.

This is cattle-tending. For one month in the year the poor souls were allowed to leave the station (taking turns) and go down to some of the outposts of colonial civilization, there to recruit their energies by the absorption of unlimited quantities of liquor, and a general spree. But Bill said that many of them got so used to the life on the plains as not even to desire this annual jollification. They remained in quiet stupor at their huts, or followed their stock. Some, he said, had supplies of books at the huts. But they had no room for many, and the few were read and re-read, until almost learned by heart.

Take it altogether, I was no longer surprised that one who had passed two or three years of such a life should be almost speechless. It was only a cause for wonder that the few ideas with which he entered upon his hermit life had not entirely died out, and left him in a state for irredeemable stupidity.

CHINESE RURAL SCENE.

The breeze so long waited for came at last, and we gladly squared the yards, and set the studdingsails to expedite the vessel on her way. Our passage to Whampoa was a long one, lasting nearly sixty days. Luckily, we had an abundant supply of water and provisions, else we should have been compelled to use the first fair wind to make a port in order to refit.

We were favored with a fine breeze across the China Sea, and that portion of the trip was passed pleasantly enough. After the usual bending cables, and getting anchors off the bows, preparatory to running into port, was completed, we made the land, and were shortly boarded by a Chinese pilot, who took us up to the anchorage at Whampoa. Here we immediately commenced discharging our cargo of rice into large Chinese boats, which took it on shore.

One week sufficed for this, and then George and I were free—our agreement on shipping having been that we should be discharged here. We found that wages were not so high here as they had been at Sydney, for which reason the captain was quite willing to let us go, being able to fill our places at a saving to himself.

As neither of us possessed English register tickets, there were no formalities to be gone through, but we simply took our money and a written recommendation, and went on shore. As there are but poor accommodations at Whampoa for sailors, we left our chest and other effects aboard the brig until we should ship in some other vessel, thus being able to take a careless cruise about the town, and up to Canton, without being at the trouble of looking constantly after our effects.

From the anchorage below Whampoa to Canton the distance is sixteen miles. From the same place to the Bogue it is forty. On either side of the usual anchorage are rice fields, with here and there, in the distance, a Josshouse or Pagoda.

The river is a most interesting scene, enlivened as it is with a vast number of boats of all shapes and sizes, from the tiny *sampan* to the more important *fast-boat*. Above the anchorage for foreign vessels are seen a number of huge unwieldy junks. All is noise and confusion from morning till night—boats hailing one another as they pass, sailors shouting, and the Tartars in their floating dwellings singing as they sail up and down on the tide.

I was determined to see Canton this time, and accordingly on the next day after our discharge, George and I took passage on one of the fast-boats or passenger boats which ply between Macao and that city, and after passing, how we could not tell, through the densest mass of boats and junks of all sizes, all moving, at length arrived abreast of the city. Here the surface of the river was covered with thousands of Tartar boats, moored head and stern, forming an aquatic town of no small dimensions, the residents of which probably were born, lived, and died upon the water, many of them doubtless never setting their feet on shore.

Not having any friends at the factories, we engaged sleeping room on the fast-boat, and then went ashore at noon to see what we could of the town, or rather of the suburbs, which is the only portion accessible to foreigners.

CHINESE LADIES.

Canton has been so often described that it is unnecessary here to give a detailed account of it. Neither did I see sufficient of it during our necessarily short stay to say much about it. George and I walked through the narrow but densely crowded streets, looking into the shops as we passed along, and occasionally stopping to make a purchase of some curiosity—a fan, or box, or picture—which struck our fancy, until we were so incumbered with our newly acquired property as to make farther progress inconvenient. We now retraced our steps to the landing, where we deposited our purchases, and returned for another exploration.

Thus we made the tour of the principal streets, or filthy alleys, called Old China Street, New China Street, and Hog Lane. Of the latter, I will not say more here than that it amply deserves its name.

We visited a Chinese market, where, besides various fruits, such as delicious little mandarin oranges, lichi, preserved ginger, etc., we found some articles displayed, and meeting with a ready sale, which do not look so tempting to outside barbarians. These were cats, dogs, rats, and even long worms preserved in sugar. The last take rank as articles of luxury, and are attainable only to the more favored rich. We also took an outside look at a large Chinese or Buddhist Temple, situated on the opposite side of the river, which forms a very prominent object in the landscape.

By this time it was dark, and we hastened to take possession of our sleeping apartment, where amid the bustle and noise, which did not cease all night, we enjoyed a good

night's rest. On the next morning we took a last ramble about the town, previous to leaving on the fast boat, which was to sail at eleven o'clock. Many of the booths or huts on the narrow streets are occupied as gambling saloons, where the wretched Chinese may be seen playing at various games of chance and rascality.

I was much interested, of course, with all the novelties of Canton; yet my visit gave me far less satisfaction than I anticipated from it. Such an assemblage of scoundrels, of all grades and shades, as is rampant in that part of Canton to which Europeans have access, is not, I imagine, to be found anywhere else in the world. I firmly believe that, from the highest to the lowest, they are thieves, to a man. If you go into a booth to make a purchase, unless you keep your eyes *and hands* constantly upon the article you desire to buy, it will be changed in the twinkling of an eye, and an inferior imitation substituted in its place. This too, after asking you, at the beginning of your trade, at least thrice the price they intend to take, or expect to get. Aside from the grosser forms of vice, there is no kind of low rascality which the inhabitants are not perfect in — no species of deception or trickery in which they are not adepts. It is no wonder that sailors, who come in contact only with these lower classes of Chinese, learn to heartily hate and despise them. Canton, I believe, bears an ill name, even among the Chinese themselves, as being the general rendezvous of all the bad characters in the Celestial Empire.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ship in a country-wallah—Sail for Port Louis—Leave-taking—The Lascar crew—Manner of treating them—Long calm—Superstitions of the Lascars—Their desire to revolt—Arrival at Port Louis.

UPON our return to Whampoa, we were informed by our shipmates that the captain of a Scotch bark desired to ship two *sea-connies*, and having heard that George and I were ashore, had offered us the vacant places. She was bound to Port Louis, in the Isle of France, and the wages he offered were twenty-five rupees per month.

I proposed, at once, to ship, as I had been wishing to make a trip in a *country-wallah*. But George, who had been in Port Louis, and knew somewhat of it, declared that he was not going there, to remain ashore till half starved, and then have to ship in a British vessel to go to England. He would wait for a ship, in Macao or Whampoa, even if he had to stop ashore there a month.

This did not suit me. I agreed, however, to look for another chance for us two, which would perhaps suit my chum better. But there was at that time no other vacancy to be found, except in one or two vessels, bound round the Cape, and in those neither of us desired to go.

I scarcely knew what to determine on. I did not want to leave my old chum; but I was also decidedly averse to remaining any longer ashore, with a fair prospect of getting the dysentery, and being laid up for several months.

It was finally suggested by one of our shipmates that George and I might decide the matter by tossing up a dollar. My chum declared, however, that he would not go to the Isle of France under any circumstances.

"But, Charley, toss up, and if you get the best in three tosses, we'll consider it a sign that you ought to go in the bark," said one of our fellows.

To this George demurred, saying that he wanted me to stay with him.

I submitted the matter, however, to the test proposed, and Dame Fortune declared in favor of my going to Port Louis. The next morning I shipped with the captain of the bark, and bought me a chest. That day George and I divided our effects and money, and the following day I went on board my new vessel.

Our parting was, as may be imagined, a sorrowful one. We had been so long together that we had become used of each other's ways, and each felt that a separation now would leave quite a void in his feelings. Yet each of us persevered obstinately in his course, and there was, therefore, no help for it.

On the morning on which I entered upon my new duties, we all assembled in the forecastle of the brig to say good-by. I divided out some keepsakes among my old shipmates—some

small matters I had bought in Canton—and received from each something in return. While we were all talking, our silent man came down with a quart cup full of rum, which he had begged of the steward "to say farewell in."

It was known that I did not imbibe; yet, for this time only, it was declared, must I drink with them. And as my silent friend became quite eloquent on the subject, I was obliged to assent.

Accordingly, the cup was passed around, beginning with me, who was going away. Then came a shaking hands all round, my non-talkative shipmate being the last.

Said he: "Charley, God bless you, boy; I'm sorry you are leaving us. When you come to Sydney, don't forget to hunt us all up."

And so I jumped into the *sampan* alongside, and went aboard the bark. I had before made over the monkey to those who remained in the brig, with the hope that if ever I should return to Sydney, I should find Jocko safely housed ashore.

George and I did not take final leave of each other till the bark sailed down the river. I had not been without a secret hope that he would yet join me. But he would not go to Port Louis, and we at last parted, with the agreement to meet in Calcutta, if possible, during the year. But we met no more.

My new vessel was very different from any I had ever been aboard of before. I had, therefore, satisfaction in thinking that even if Port Louis proved as poor a place as George

had represented it to be, I should, at any rate, upon my way thither, make a new experience.

My duties as sea-conny, or steersman, were very simple, although tolerably arduous and wearisome, as I found before the passage was completed. There were four of us to steer the vessel and mend old and make new sails. Of Lascars, we had twenty-five, with a *serang* and one boatswain's mate.

The European portion of the crew, four steersmen and two apprentices, lived in a little square cuddy, inserted in the poop, just abaft the mainmast. The Lascars nominally had the forecastle to themselves, but this was closed as soon as we got to sea, and the entire company of them were made to remain upon deck, where they ate, drank, and slept during the entire passage.

We sailed down Canton River on the 15th of April, at a time when the climate of that part of China was peculiarly pleasant — the torrid heats of summer not yet having set in. I felt almost sorry to be going to sea, and leaving the soft air of the land behind us. Yet I had nothing to keep me ashore, and was really glad to be well rid of China.

Our course lay through the China Sea, and into the great Indian Ocean, by way of the Straits of Malacca. We began our voyage with a fair breeze, and consequently entertained the hope that we should make a short passage—a hope not destined to fulfilment.

Having the anchors secured upon the bows, and the chains unbent—a sign that the ship was now at sea—our regular sea-life began. The steersmen relieved each other at night every

three hours, making twelve hours, from six to six, one turn to each. When the trick at the helm was over, each man retired to his berth, to sleep the other eight hours.

During the daytime, we were generally all employed on the sails, while the apprentices steered the vessel. The bark had been some years from England, and her sails were getting old. They therefore required constant repairing, at which we worked from one day's end to the other.

The ship was worked by the Lascars. When a brace or halyards wanted a pull, or a sail was to be set or taken in, the order was communicated to the *serang*, and by him to the crew, who were *all* required, night or day, to lend a hand. This, of course, makes a great difference in discipline between these ships and such as are manned entirely by "Europeans."

The Lascar sailors received from four to ten rupees per month (from two to five dollars). For this, they oblige themselves to work the vessel, and to make such repairs on the rigging as are actually necessary. They are very active, and, in general, neat sailors, but are not very strong, and have no powers of endurance at all. In fine and warm weather they make the best of crews; but in a storm, and more especially when the weather is a little raw and cold, they are not to be depended on for anything but skulking from their duty.

They never ship for voyages which would lead them into cold weather, and it is only in the greatest extremity that they can be persuaded to go around the Cape.

They are a vindictive set, when roused by any indignities

or wrongs, and do not stop short of the most extreme measures in gaining their revenge. A great deal of care is therefore necessary in managing them, and extra precautions are taken, in every ship that carries a Lascar crew, to forestall the consequences of a sudden revolt.

Our bark had a barricade stretching across from the mainmast to each rail, ten feet high, which was put up every evening at sunset, and abaft which no Lascar was allowed to come at night, while forward of it no European ventured, except when the working of the vessel's sails required it. The orders of the mates were communicated to the *serang*, or his assistant, who remained aft constantly to receive them, and who saw them carried into effect.

I said peculiar care was required in their management. This care, however, is rather of a negative than positive kind. It consists more in submitting to their prejudices in religious matters than in actually treating them well. The officers generally abuse them scandalously, upon the slightest neglect or dilatoriness, thinking but little of jumping into the midst of a crowd, and laying about them, right and left, with a handspike or heaver. And, in fact, I had occasion to see that this manner of treatment produces much more respect and orderly obedience in them than kind words. They very quickly learn to despise a mild or soft-hearted officer, while the man of the strong hand, whose word is followed by a blow, is regarded with respect—as one with whom they dare not trifle.

But while thus submitting with as good grace as may be to the most brutal treatment, so slight a misdemeanor on the

part of any of the Europeans as handling any of their cooking utensils, or drinking from their water-cask, would produce an instantaneous remonstrance, and a repetition of the offence would no doubt create a revolt. So, also, any interference with their superstitious idol worship would provoke a most sanguinary return.

We were scarce fairly at sea, when orders were given to fasten up the forecastle, in order that all hands of the Lascars might be kept on deck. It has been found necessary to adopt this course with such crews, that they may have no chance to stow themselves away, in bad weather or at night. Let them once get into the forecastle, and even were the vessel about to be dismasted in a gale or squall, they would not come up to assist in taking in sail. It is not unfrequently necessary to beat and whip them, to force them aloft to take in canvas.

A Lascar crew require a separate galley and cook. Their religion teaches them that it is unclean to eat out of any utensil which has been used by whites. Their food is very plain, consisting only of a daily allowance of rice, a small piece of salt fish, and ghee, a species of liquid butter. They eat but two meals per day—breakfast at nine and dinner at three. Bread is to them unknown. Rice, boiled and eaten simple, without sauce of any kind, is their "staff of life." From this they make their morning meal. At dinner, a little fish and their quota of rice and ghee satisfies their wants.

They are consequently not very strong; but their activity is remarkable. They run aloft like cats. They disdain the use of ratlines — the small lines stretched across a ship's rigging,

which form a rope ladder, used by seamen to facilitate their passage to the mast-head.

The Lascar sailor takes hold of the nearly perpendicular backstay with his hands, places then his feet against it, taking the rope between his great toe and the next one, and in this manner deliberately, and yet very rapidly, walks aloft. In the performance of this feat, European sailors cannot approach them. In ships which carry a Lascar crew, the ratlines are generally taken off the rigging, except one narrow row, left for the convenience of the sea-connies, who go aloft to assist in reefing, etc.

We retained our fair wind until we were nearly up to the Island of Banca. We were in fact already congratulating ourselves on having sailed so speedily through the most difficult part of our navigation, and had set the day when we should have passed through the Straits of Sunda. But "man proposes, God disposes." We were barely abreast of Banca when the wind hauled dead in our teeth, and after vainly endeavoring to beat ahead for a couple of days, the skipper (as the captain is familiarly called in British vessels—the Yankee sailor speaks of him as "the old man") got out of patience, and put her off to run through the Straits of Malacca.

This was making a considerable *detour* from our direct course. But there was a prospect that the wind would hold in the direction in which it had set in, and if it did so, we could run round the longer way much quicker and easier than we could beat through the shorter passage.

Through the Malacca Straits we therefore ran, under a press of canvas, with the wind a little abaft our larboard beam. The

bark was not by any means a poor sailer, and with favoring breezes she made a glorious run through the straits.

That is to say, so the captain considered it. Had we had passengers, they too would have so thought it, and would probably have become enthusiastic on the subject. But looking at the matter from the seaman's point of view, it was anything but a glorious run.

To the denizens of the forecastle, the idea of such a run brings with it thoughts of many evils to them, many anxieties, much hard labor, which a less favorable wind would have spared them. For the comfort of the crew, a breeze about two points forward of the beam just fair enough to keep a fore-topmast studd'nsail set to advantage, is by far the most desirable. Sailing along with the wind this way, the vessel steers easily, the ship moves along steadily, pressed down upon her side by the breeze, and there are an abundance of snug places under the lee of the weather bulwarks, where the watch on deck at night can *caulk** in peace, untroubled by hoisting, shifting, and lowering studdingsails, or trimming braces, and not haunted by the dread of an approaching trick at the wheel.

When the wind is aft, and a glorious run is being made, all comfort is lost sight of. What with swigging at studd'nsail halyards, reeving preventer braces, trimming here a little and there a little, the watch on deck is continually busy. The wind, too, rakes the ship fore and aft, leaving not the smallest

* *Caulking*, so sleeping on deck at night, when there is nothing for the watch to do, is called.

spot uninvaded, and for the time being all the snug caulking places under the lee of the long boat or bulwark are perforce given up.

The vessel rolls from side to side, with a crazy motion not at all comfortable; she brings up with a sudden and unexpected jerk which is apt to take one off his feet. The sea, as it rushes past the side, has an altogether different and unnatural sound; and the breeze, coming from aft, is thrown down toward the deck by the reaction of the sails, and makes every otherwise snug place unpleasant.

Lastly, at such a time, the ship steers wildly, and that, too, just when the captain is most anxious to see her go straight, in order to make all the headway possible. Steering is, under any circumstances, the most wearisome of a sailor's multifarious duties.

To have the attention fixed for two weary hours upon a single object, without permitting the mind or the eye to wander for a moment, that object being, withal, a vessel continually thrown off her proper course by the action of the sails and the sea, is far more laborious than any one can imagine who has not experienced it. But with a roaring breeze aft, and all studd'nsails set, it sometimes becomes a positive torture to steer.

I have noticed a general impression among landsmen that a ship must steer easiest when the wind is square astern. This seems, too, a natural supposition; yet nothing is farther from the fact. The sea follows the direction of the wind, and in a strong breeze aft, the waves, which dash violently against

the ship's counter, sway her incessantly, now to one side, now to the other. The sails, also, bear an uneven pressure upon the hull while forcing it through the water.

Now she is swept might and main to the starboard, and the helmsman, who has foreseen the movement, rattles the wheel down to meet her. But no sooner does she feel the helm, no sooner has the rudder, fixed for the moment transversely across the stern, caused her to stop in her deviation upon this side, than the obstinate craft takes a mighty, almost resistless sweep to the other side, and "meet her," is the cry, while poor Jack tugs desperately at the heavy-moving wheel, to bring her back to her course.

Thus, often the helm is not for one moment in the two hours' "trick" held still, and the steersman lifts and pulls at the wheel, in vain attempts to keep the vessel on her course, great drops of perspiration rolling down his face, and every muscle and tendon exerted to its utmost.

There is much difference in steering. Some vessels may be guided on their course with comparative ease, under circumstances in which it would be vain to attempt to keep others within three points either way. It is obvious that as a bad steering ship makes an irregular zigzag course, instead of going in a straight line, she does not in such case make the real progress that her headway through the water would lead one to believe. Thus, in some vessels, to count two knots (two miles) out of ten, for bad steering in strong breezes, is a very moderate allowance.

Of course, in such a time one does not look forward to

a trick at the wheel with the most pleasant feelings in the world. But Jack is far from owning to any uneasiness on the subject. Every one pretends to look upon the matter with the utmost indifference, and a man goes aft to take the helm, with a smile on his face, as though it was the greatest pleasure, all the while quaking in his boots at the thought of what is before him.

When, at the expiration of two hours, he comes forward, and is asked, "How does she steer?" he does not acknowledge that it is the hardest work in the world, and that he was very glad when his trick was out. This would be out of order—a sacrifice of dignity.

He replies, with the utmost *sang froid*, "Oh, she steers like a boat *now*; I could steer her all day, as she goes along with this breeze."

It is one of the peculiarities of the sailor, that having just escaped from any position of difficulty or danger, he will not then own to it. Although it may have been an extreme case, though he may have got safely out of the most imminent peril, he is expected to make light of the circumstances, and any attempt to treat the matter seriously would expose him to the ridicule of his shipmates. To have escaped is considered sufficient proof that the peril was not great; to have performed the duty is evidence that it was not difficult.

I remember a circumstance which will bring this matter perhaps more clearly before the reader. Two men went out to stow the flying jib. There was a very heavy head sea on, and the vessel was consequently pitching bows under, rendering the

service one of no little difficulty. They had secured the sail, and were just returning on board, when the ship gave an unusually violent pitch, and both men slid down the foot-rope, losing their hold of the slippery jibboom, and only saving themselves by catching with their hands on the foot-ropes, where they hung on, between wind and water, and so came in hand over hand, till they reached the bowsprit shrouds, being in imminent danger of being washed off by the seas, in which they were immersed up to their middle. We who stood on deck watched them with breathless attention, expecting momentarily to see them go overboard, in which case no human power could have saved them.

When they got safely in on deck, an old salt said, "You two fellows want to show off some of your smartness, cutting about on the foot-ropes. A little more and you would have gone to Davy Jones's locker."

"It takes more than that to ship me for Davy Jones's," answered one, with a careless laugh. The other, however, took the matter more to heart, and attempted to describe to us his thoughts as he hung on the ropes, expecting to be washed away. He was met with a general jeer of derision; and for the balance of the voyage, he and his adventure were the laughing-stock of the forecastle.

This insensibility to danger grows naturally upon the sailor. His life is one of continual exposure and peril, and he soon learns to regard every danger escaped or difficulty overcome, however great they may be, with comparative indifference.

Besides this, such an accident as slipping one's hold on a

yard or boom is considered *lubberly*, and he to whom it happens, if a seaman, is too much ashamed of his carelessness to say much about it.

Until within the last three or four years, a life-buoy was an article almost unknown on board American vessels, except the packet ships. The boats, the only hope of saving a man who has fallen overboard, are always secured with such a multiplicity of stout lashings as to make it a work of at least fifteen or twenty minutes to get one into the water. It is therefore evident that to the merchant sailor, if he falls overboard, there is small hope of rescue. He never goes aloft but at the risk of his life. But habit is everything, and no one ever thinks of these things at sea, or, if he does, wisely keeps his thoughts to himself.

To return to our voyage. We made a glorious run through the Straits of Malacca, and retained our fair wind until we struck the line on the other side of the island of Sumatra, in about longitude ninety, east. Here our breeze left us, and we were becalmed.

This is a fated spot. It is a region of almost interminable calms, and, as such, is avoided when possible by all vessels sailing out of or approaching the Malacca Straits.

We were fairly caught, and lay under the sweltering sun of the line until we almost gave up all hope of getting away.

Our captain had reckoned upon a quick passage, and the vessel was in consequence but poorly supplied with provisions. Before we got a breeze once more, we had cause to fear a famine. It became necessary to put all hands on short allow-

ance. This was particularly hard on the poor Lascars, whose lawful allowance is small enough. But to make matters worse for them, the rice began to grow mouldy, and was soon almost unfit to eat.

They used every species of incantation known to them, to procure from their god the favor of a breeze. Day and night they were praying to their idol, whose shrine, under the top-gallant forecastle, was now adorned with numerous votive offerings of his distressed worshippers.

They at last got an idea that the calm was sent upon us to punish the wickedness of our captain, who, when in liquor, was wont to make all manner of disparaging remarks about the idol. They conceived that their patron saint was not able to see, through such a mass of wickedness, the offerings made at his shrine, and on consultation they determined to approach him nearer. Accordingly, they placed other tributes at the mainmasthead and at the flying jibboom end.

I had the curiosity to examine, while they were stretched on deck asleep, the sacrifice placed at the masthead. It consisted of a handful of rice, a rupee, and a slip of paper with some Hindoo characters written upon it — the whole wrapped up in a cotton cloth, and securely fastened to the truck.

On inquiring of the *serang*, after the calm was over, I learned that the rice was to show the god what his poor followers were forced to eat; the rupee was a propitiatory offering, while the writing on the paper stated their pressing need, and conveyed a prayer and a promise of future good behavior.

But something more serious now claimed our attention. I have already mentioned that we had two white boys, apprentices, on board. These lads had learned the Hindostanee language, and were much among the Lascar portion of the crew. The captain had instructed them already that they were to be cautious in their intercourse with these. He rather favored their intimacy with them, as thereby he was more likely to learn of any plans of mutiny that might be hatching out forward.

We had not long been on half allowance, when one of the boys informed us that the Lascars had asked him, apparently by chance, but evidently with a purpose, *whether he understood navigation.* The boy could navigate, the captain having taught him. But he had the good sense to answer in the negative. His interrogators were evidently much disappointed. The other boy was also questioned, but with a similar result.

By a little management, the lads obtained sufficient information of their plans to show us that they had intended, could either one of the boys navigate, to rise and murder all the Europeans except that boy. They intended to preserve him, and force him to take the vessel, when a breeze came, into the neighborhood of some port in the Bay of Bengal, where they would set fire to the bark to conceal their crime, and go ashore in the boats.

The captain expressed but little surprise at the discovery of their plan. He had been long enough among the Lascars to know that such a purpose was not unlikely to be

entertained, if the vessel got into any difficulties, or they were seriously dissatisfied with the voyage.

We took some extra precautions to guard against surprise; the arms in the arm-chest were loaded, and placed ready for use; but farther, nothing was done — no notice taken of the design on foot.

Our security lay in the fact that they had no one to navigate the bark for them. Had either one of the boys been so imprudent as to own that he could work the vessel, there was no doubt that a desperate attempt would have been made to carry into effect their plans.

We were eighteen days becalmed, in all which time we did not make sixty miles to the south. At last came the breeze, and we joyfully ran up the studd'nsails, and stood on our course. The Lascars firmly believed that their prayers and offerings had propitiated the ruler of the winds in our favor, and triumphantly adduced this as an evidence of the power of their idol, whose altar was now decked with ribbons and bright-colored paper—tokens of the gratitude of his worshippers.

The breeze continued with us until we reached the Mauritius, as the Isle of France is commonly called. We had a ninety-days' passage to Port Louis. Although not actually out of provisions when we got there, common prudence had forced the captain to keep us on short allowance for nearly half that time. I was, consequently, glad enough to get ashore, if it were only to eat once more a good meal. Mouldy rice and rusty pork, peas full of bugs, and worm-eaten bread had been our fare for a large portion of the passage.

This is, however, sailor's luck. It is a great blessing that the sea air produces an appetite which enables one to stomach almost anything bearing the semblance of provisions.

We moored the vessel, head and stern, sent down the topgallant and royal yards and topgallantmasts, and prepared the top-masts and topsail-yards for being sent on deck, precautions which are enforced by the authorities of the port, to guard against accidents in time of hurricanes, which prevail in these latitudes during certain seasons of the year. This done, I was free to go ashore. I was paid off with fifty rupees (twenty-five dollars), which was two months' wages, having received the usual month's advance at Whampoa — and spent it, too.

On the day on which I left the vessel the Lascars also demanded their discharge. They would not sail any longer with our captain, whom they regarded as a reprobate — one who was under the curse of their idol.

The captain cared but little about their leaving, but was very desirous to retain the *serang*, who was an unusually smart and trustworthy fellow. Here I learned another of their peculiarities. The *serang* was desirous to stay ; but the connection in which he stood to the crew made it impossible. These men unite themselves in gangs or companies, choose one of their number, generally the eldest, for their *serang* or chief, and thus ship on a vessel. During the voyage any unusual action they consider expedient to take is referred to the entire body, and the determination of the majority settles the matter.

From this, no one of them dares depart, as he would be regarded a traitor.

When we arrived at Port Louis, a council was held to determine whether they should leave. Various arguments were offered for and against such step, but finally those in favor of leaving prevailed; and now the *serang*, who had been in the minority, felt himself bound to go with his companions. No offer of additional wages could prevail on him to stay.

CHAPTER XIX.

Difficulty of getting a ship—Go on board an American vessel—Off for Rio—A yarn from a company sailor—Rio de Janeiro harbor—For Boston—Cold weather.

TAKING my chest and hammock on shore, I first of all hunted up a boarding-house. Boarding, I found, was at the rate of ten rupees per week. There were but two meals per day, East India fashion, and every man was expected to furnish his own bedding, being provided with enough floor to spread it on.

This was fully as bad as my chum had represented matters to me. I saw that at such rates fifty rupees would last but a little while, and lost no time in looking up a ship.

But, unfortunately, ships were scarce just then. I desired to go to some part of India, but so, it seemed, did every other sailor on shore, and there were not a few of them. I was without acquaintances, unused to the ways of the port, and soon saw that if I wanted to escape becoming "hard up," as it is termed among sailors, I would have to spend all my time on the mole and among the ships, to catch a chance.

"Hard up" is a dread word among seamen. Few but have experienced all its horrors. There are seasons in every port when, from a stagnation in business, fewer ships are fitted

out than arrive, and consequently there is a surplus of seamen on shore, for whom there is of course no employment.

These poor fellows are obliged to waste their time and means in vain pursuit of a ship, and finally, when they have no longer the money necessary to pay for their boarding and lodging, must dispose of their clothing—that which they need most—to pay the landlord; or in default—or even after having done this—are turned into the street, to shift for themselves, as best they may.

Then they may be seen—poor, half-starved fellows—sneaking about the shipping, taking shelter for the night under lee of boxes and bales on the quay, and begging a crust from some compassionate cook, to keep them from utter starvation.

In American ports, it does not often happen that sailors are reduced to these extremities; but in foreign parts, and especially in the principal seaports of England, there is no depth of misery which seamen do not sometimes suffer.

I will relate here an incident, of which I was an eye-witness, which will show to what extreme seamen are not unfrequently reduced. We were in the King's Dock, in Liverpool; it was in November, and "times" were "poor" ashore, so we heard. The steward had, one afternoon, brought up out of the bread-locker a quantity of spoiled bread—sea-bread—which, having got wet, was all alive with worms—a disgusting mess, which was intended for the pig.

Two sailors, who had been wandering forlornly about the vessel and dock all day, looked at this bread with eager eyes.

At length, it seemed they could no longer withstand the temptation, and both got on board and walked up to the long-boat, where it was sitting. Turning it over, they picked out a few of the least worm-eaten biscuit, and asked the steward, who had been looking on, for permission to take them.

He would not believe that the men were so hungry as to desire to eat this stuff, and, suspecting some trick to extort charity, told them coldly they might eat it if they wished. They thanked him, took it on the quay, and there, knocking the worms out of it, began to eat it.

Several of us who had watched their actions now interfered, called them on board, and gave them as much as they could eat of such as we had in the forecastle. They told us that they were then tasting food for the first time in forty-eight hours—a statement which their wan looks and voracious appetities showed to be too true.

They had been two months on shore, had sold every stitch of clothing they owned except the dungaree shirts and trousers they had on—had even disposed of their shoes, and were walking the streets barefooted. They had been turned out of their boarding-houses, and had, for some weeks, slept on boxes and bales, in corners of the docks, where a kind watchman would give them shelter. All this, too, in the month of November.

They were now entirely destitute, and would have to suffer dreadfully for the want of suitable clothing, even if they got a ship—of which, however, there seemed but little hope, for what captain would ship such worn, weak fellows when he could

have his choice of hundreds of sailors. Yet I had one of these very men as a shipmate afterward, and a steadier man or better sailor I never knew. This is one of the dark sides of a sailor's life.

As before said, I was afraid of getting hard up, and determined to avail myself of the first chance of shipping. I had been already nearly three weeks ashore, and was very nearly at the bottom of my purse, when, fortunately, an American ship, about to sail for Rio de Janeiro and Boston, needed a hand, and I obtained the chance. The wages were very low—only ten dollars per month, and no advance. To the latter circumstance I was indebted for being chosen out of some ten or twelve who desired to ship. All the rest were already in debt ashore, beyond their means to pay, while I was, so far, square with the landlord, and had ten rupees left wherewith to purchase myself a little warm clothing, of which I stood much in need.

I had now been so long in warm weather that I had scarcely any woollen clothes, and dreaded doubling the Cape with so poor a fit out as I was the possessor of. But necessity knows no law. Whether I wanted to or not, I had to face the weather.

Although three weeks ashore in Port Louis, I saw scarcely anything of the city, and nothing at all of the suburbs and neighborhood, or of any other portion of the island. The city is situated at the bottom of a tolerably roomy basin, which forms the anchorage. It is surrounded on all sides but the north with high mountains, the rugged volcanic peaks of which rise in most singular shapes.

The population is composed of many different nations, both Oriental and Occidental. Among Europeans, French and English predominate. Of the Eastern races, the Hindoos are in point of numbers the strongest, but there are Parsees, Chinese, Malays, Africans, Madagascarenes, Arabs—in short, representatives of nearly every race and nation of the Orient. The natives, who are mostly black, the descendants of Madagascarenes, speak a barbarous species of French, but generally understand English in addition.

The little I saw of the Mauritius pleased me much, and I resolved, if possible, to return thither at some future time, and make it my port of departure for a while, sailing hence in the little traders which frequent the bays of Madagascar, and explore the adjoining African coast, and the islands of the Indian Ocean. As this one of my day dreams was, singularly enough, realized to some extent afterward, I will defer any further description of Port Louis and its environs until it turns up again in the regular course of my narrative; merely saying here that it derived much of its interest to me from the fact that here is laid the scene of Pierre St. Bernard's beautiful story of Paul and Virginia. Poor sailor that I was, I was deprived by my poverty of the pleasure of making a pilgrimage to the graves of these true lovers. I even got but a glimpse at the narrow and shallow harbor, called to this day Tombo Bay (Bay of Tombs), where Virginia's ship was cast ashore, and she and Paul met so melancholy a fate.

Such is but too often the fortune of the seaman. He visits places of the greatest interest, but finds the circumstances

which control him such as to deprive him of all the pleasure he had anticipated from his voyage.

As we sailed out of Port Louis harbor I was forced to confess to myself that the object I had had in view in coming to the East Indies had been very poorly fulfilled. I was bitterly disappointed when I thought that although I had been to Calcutta and Madras, I knew but little more of either place than if I had never seen them. That though I had made another voyage to China, I was but little wiser than before. That after all the hardship and trouble seen and suffered since I left the United States, more than sixteen months before, I was no more satisfied with the little I had seen than I was before I set out upon this voyage, from which I had anticipated so much. In truth, I was learning by experience that of all travellers the sailor sees the least, and pays most dearly for it.

I turned my face America-ward, with a mind ill contented, a poorly provided chest, and a nearly empty purse. But with an obstinacy worthy, perhaps, a better cause, I determined to make one more trial. Using the experience gained in the last year and a half, I thought I could perhaps make my way about the Indies a little more to my satisfaction than I had succeeded in doing this time.

We left Port Louis in July. The vessel in which I was now had brought a cargo of rice from Arracan to the Mauritius. Her captain found freights in the latter place rather dull, and determined to return to the United States, stopping at Rio de Janeiro by the way, to procure a cargo of coffee.

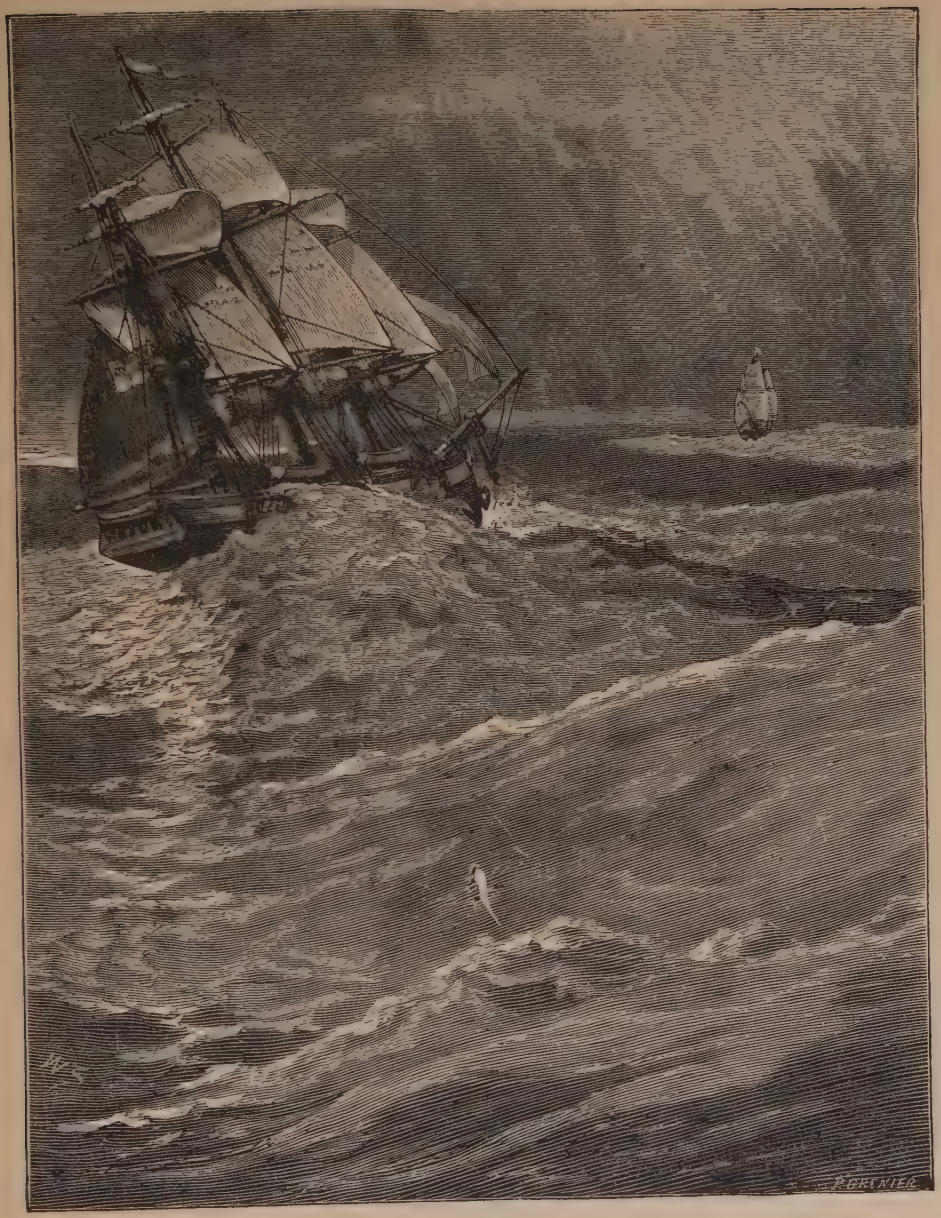
We had a singular crew. Among the twelve members of

the forecastle, at least seven different nations were represented. There were two Americans, three Englishmen, a native of St. Helena, two Manillamen, two Frenchmen, one Spaniard, and one Swede.

Our vessel had been for some years sailing from port to port in the Indies, and had gradually lost all her own crew, and picked up at random the men who now manned her. They were all good seamen, but we made a very unsociable set in the forecastle. So many different nations cannot agree well together, when thrown into such close connection as we were, in a narrow forecastle.

The English hated the Manillamen, as "conniving fellows," because these would not get drunk with them; while the Spaniard made friends of them because they spoke his language. The St. Helena man was ranged on Johnny Bull's side, while the Swede rather inclined to Yankeedom. The two Frenchmen assumed an air of the loftiest contempt for all our little cliques and parties, declared John Bull a brute, snapped their fingers at the American eagle, and sang "*vive la bagatelle.*"

For myself, I had been so long a citizen of the world, that it was not a matter of much difficulty to steer my course safely between all parties, and make friends of all. I had been hailed as a "lime-juicer" on first coming on board, having, by sailing in British vessels for the previous year, contracted many of the ways of British sailors. I took care to proclaim myself an American, however, and thus was naturally counted on the Yankee side in the forecastle—a side, by the way, which was very poorly represented among us.



ON THE HIGH SEAS.

The only other American sailor on board was a poor, sick fellow, who had broken down his constitution under the burning suns of India, and was now making his way home to die. He hailed from the State of New York, but had not been home for many years. No one would have taken him for an American, so thoroughly had his long service in British vessels changed him.

For three years previous to his shipping in the Ariadne (the name of the vessel in which we now were) he had been in the East India Company's service, forming, the greater part of that time, one of the crew of a small steamer which plied on the Indus, bearing despatches to and from the then scene of war in Sinde and the Punjaub. He had finally fallen sick, and was sent to Bombay, where he partly recovered, was discharged from the hospital and service, and shipped in the Ariadne, determined to go home.

His disease, the dysentery, still hung upon him, and he was scarcely able to walk about when I came on board. Although we were by this means one hand short, in a crew that was small enough when complete, our sick shipmate was carefully attended, and his condition made as easy as possible in a dark and contracted forecastle.

There is but little comfort for an invalid on board a merchant vessel. So little space is provided for the crew that it is impossible to give to the sufferer a separate apartment. Day after day he must lie in his berth, in the crowded forecastle, aroused at regular intervals by the noise of the changing watches, listening languidly to the gay and careless laugh of his

more fortunate shipmates, and by the constant presence of their stalwart forms forced to feel with treble keenness the helplessness to which he is reduced. He receives but little attendance, for his fellows have but little time they can call their own; and, although all is meant kindly, no amount of good feeling can make up to him the comforts which his fevered body misses.

Poor George, who was sick nearly all the way home, seemed to care only to live to reach that home. To see once more the spot whence he had started out, many years ago — to die in the cottage where he first saw light, and have his remains laid in the little churchyard where, in childhood, he had played — this seemed now the only desire of his heart. I trust it was granted him. We saw him safely to the cars when we were discharged in Boston; beyond that, I know naught of him.

He had made some singular experiences in his lifetime. Most of his sailing had been in English vessels, in the East Indies. There was scarce a port in the Indies which he had not visited and of which he had not some story to tell. He loved to beguile his loneliness by yarning, when he could get auditors; and I spent many hours of my watch below sitting upon the edge of his berth listening to the experience of one who had started to sea with just such ideas as I still entertained, and who was now returning to probably a desolate home, a wreck, fit only to die, and hoping for nothing better than the privilege of dying among his kindred.

There was but one man in the forecastle whose yarns could rival sick George's. This was a growling Englishman,

who presumed on his white locks and wrinkled face to force upon us such unconscionable stories that he, in a very short time, became the butt of every one's jokes. George's yarns were listened to with interest and respect, because we could depend on what he said. There was the evidence of truth about him. But old Fred assumed such a braggadocio air with his interminable tales that no one would believe him.

We could not mention a strange place, but Fred would at once shout, "Yes, I know all about that; I was there," in such a ship, the Amelia, the Augusta, the Arabella, or whatever name happened to be uppermost in his mind. He pretended to know everything about wind, weather, and the world in general. He was, in short, a kind of self-constituted Solomon-in-ordinary to the crew; a fellow of whose advice you could not rid yourself, be you ever so uncommunicative.

By his undesired interference in everybody's stories, he broke up all yarning in the forecastle. Not one of us but was afraid to mention an adventure, or speak of a foreign place, knowing that master Fred would at once take the wind out of our sails, by some tougher yarn than any one else cared about spinning.

At last several of us fell upon a plan to silence him, which proved as effectual as we hoped. He was ever ready to yarn it. We therefore seated ourselves around him one Sunday afternoon, and commenced catechising him.

"Were you ever in Canton, Fred?"

"Oh, yes, I went there fifteen years ago in the Windsor Castle, a Company vessel."

"How long were you on the voyage?"

"We sailed from London to Canton, thence to Calcutta, and back to Gravesend, in eighteen months."

One of the conspirators, with a piece of chalk, slyly marked on the back of a chest, "London to Canton and Calcutta and back, eighteen months."

Another now said, "Where did you board when you were in Sydney, Fred?"

The old fellow went into a long dissertation on Colonial life, spoke of having been cattle-tending, having sailed out of Sydney for a number of years, and at last, when pressed to mention the exact number, said, after an effort at recollection, "about twelve years he had spent in the colony of New South Wales."

In like manner we successively drew him out concerning all the different parts of the world in which any of us had ever been, leading him to give us the time spent in each, or on each voyage thither and back.

Fred was in high spirits at such a chance to yarn it to us youngsters, while we had difficulty in keeping our faces straight enough to carry out the joke. Our examination was continued nearly three hours, when Fred having just been tempted into a most barefaced lie, one of his persecutors broke out on him: "Why, you old swindler, you outrageous old heathen, just look here," pointing to his running account on the chest, "if all you have told us were true, as you solemnly swear, you would be just one hundred and fifty-six years and ten months old. Now go on deck, and be ashamed of yourself."

The old fellow looked daggers at us, who were enjoying

the scene hugely, and left us, muttering something about "a parcel of saucy boys, who had no respect for gray hairs."

But from that time we were troubled no more with Fred's yarns.

We had a fine passage to Rio de Janeiro; although we passed the Cape of Good Hope in the dead of winter, we met with no very severe storm. This was the third time I had doubled the Cape, each time in the winter season, or during the period of short days.

We arrived in due time, and without any noteworthy occurrence, in the harbor of Rio. The tall sugar-loaf, the many curiously shaped peaks, towering on all sides toward the sky, and the two white forts at the harbor's mouth, seemed to me like old acquaintances. As we cast anchor in the midst of a dense crowd of merchant vessels, of all nations, I recollected how much, on my first visit to this place, I had envied the merchant sailors their comparative freedom. This time, I thought, I will take a cruise on shore, long enough to make up for my former deprivations.

But this time, too, I was destined to disappointment. It happened to be a season when the Brazilian navy was in urgent need of men, and press-gangs were on the watch either to entice away, or, in default of that, to carry off by main force, all sailors on whom they could lay their clutches. I had then a shipmate in that service, who had been carried off in such manner, and was not at all desirous of sharing his fate. I did not venture, therefore, any farther than the palace stairs, the usual landing-place for boats.

Neither had we much time to spend on shore. Already on the second day after our arrival in port, cargo began to come along side. As we had nothing to discharge, we began immediately to load the vessel, a service in which all the crew were engaged. After carrying heavy coffee bags all day, in a hot and confined hold, one does not feel much like wandering about on shore at night. The berth is the most tempting place after supper; a quiet night's rest is much more welcome than a ramble about a foreign place.

In a fortnight we had our cargo stowed, and were ready to sail for Boston.

One day, while we were yet taking in cargo, the entire harbor was thrown into excitement by the arrival of a British vessel of war, having in tow a prize, taken but a little way to the north, on the coast. She was a queer-looking craft to have been fitted out for a slaver. She looked for all the world like a genuine New Bedford whaler. Boats on her quarters, little topgallant cross-trees for the convenience of the lookouts, an oil streak in her starboard waist — everything proclaimed her a "spouter."

We understood that she had been fitted out in this way on purpose to deceive the cruisers. The story on shore was that she had made several successful voyages, no one suspecting a sleepy old blubber-hunter of carrying anything contraband of law. How suspicion was first aroused against her, we did not hear. Probably, however, by some one in the confidence of the owners betraying the secret.

But we saw a more remarkable specimen of a slaver

than even this whaler. This was a Brazilian-built craft, a polacca sloop, having only one huge mast, almost as large in circumference as a seventy-four's mainmast. She had been chased by a British cruiser for six days and nights before she was caught. She was now a mere wreck, no longer seaworthy.

Nothing that human ingenuity could invent to add to the vessel's speed had been spared during the long chase. The rigging was all eased up, giving the mast more play — every imaginable sail was crowded on — but all in vain. At last they resorted to the desperate expedient of sawing through the vessel's rail or bulwark, in three places on each side. This had the effect of making her hull as limber as an old basket, and the cruiser's men said it for a while increased her speed materially.

But the wind died away, and then the vessel of war sent her boats after her, and to these they were obliged to surrender. She lay now a hulk in the harbor, and was to be shortly broken up.

We arrived in Rio de Janeiro on the 15th of September, having been just sixty days in coming from the Isle of France. We lay eighteen days in the port of Rio, and took our departure thence for Boston on the 3d of October.

Sailing for a northern port so late in the season, we East Indiamen were considerably alarmed at the prospect of meeting with cold weather on the American coast. We industriously patched up old jackets and flannels, tarred our sea-boots, and darned up old stockings, endeavoring to make

as good provision as possible for that which we knew was in store for us.

To one who has been sailing for some years in a warm climate, a sudden approach to the cold of northern latitudes is as disagreeable an incident as can well happen. My warm clothes had lain so long, unused, in my chest, that half of them were no longer fit to wear, and I had enough to do at tailoring, all the passage, in order to fit myself out for cold weather, which we were now approaching.

We had a pleasant passage, until we began to draw near the American coast. When about abreast of the Island of Nantucket, but yet some distance from the land, the wind hauled to the north-east, and we ran into Boston Bay amid such a pelting storm of hail, sleet, rain, and wind, as none of us had experienced for some time. Happily, a north-easter is a fair wind for homeward-bounders, when they have got as far on their passage as had we, and we were not therefore exposed for a long time to the storm. We arrived in Boston harbor on the 18th of November. It was still storming wildly outside, and no one could have felt more strongly than ourselves the comfort of having brought our ship safely into a haven. We made haste to secure her to the wharf, then took out our effects, and departed for our different boarding-houses.

CHAPTER XX.

Hard times for sailors—Anxiety to escape the winter—Boston to Bangor—Sail for Demarara—A Down-East bark—Her captain and mate—A family arrangement—Arrival at Demarara—Discharge cargo—Sail for Buen Ayre.

I PROCEEDED to my former abiding-place, the Sailor's Home, where I enjoyed that night the sweetest sleep that had fallen to my experience for a long time. The following day we were paid off. I had a little over forty dollars due me. My first act was one which every sailor makes a primary consideration—namely, to fill up my old sea-chest with good warm clothes, in preparation for the inclement weather which was now to be encountered.

Common opinion ascribes to the sailor a careless, joyous disposition. So far as my experience extends, it seems to me there is nothing farther from the truth. The man-of-war's man, to be sure, is burdened with no cares, and he fills fully the idea formed of the genus by the shoresman. His jovial good nature borrows no trouble of the future. He is in a service where he can rely upon being properly taken care of. He has no occasion to take thought for the morrow. His labor is light, his pay sure and sufficient, and his responsibility as trifling as can be imagined.

Not so with the merchant seaman. His voyages are shorter, and he is therefore oftener under the necessity of looking out for a new berth. His toil is severe, and many parts of his duty throw wearying responsibilities upon him. His pay is barely sufficient to afford him necessary clothing and defray his expenses during his periodical loitering on land. And he is no sooner on shore than he feels harassed by the necessity of hunting up a new ship.

Withal, let him have as much foresight as ever falls to the share of a sailor, yet he cannot always choose such voyages as he would like most, or as would make his life easiest. In the majority of cases, he is forced to take up with the first chance that offers. And very often, all precautions to the contrary notwithstanding, he finds himself caught in winter weather upon a northern coast, and has before him a prospect of suffering which is enough to make the stoutest heart quail.

So it was with me at this time. When I returned to Boston from London, I determined never again to be caught upon the American coast in the winter. Yet here I was now, the last of November already at hand, just come ashore from an India voyage, and poorly prepared to face the storm which lay between me and a more genial sky.

I will not say that my heart failed me; but I felt much troubled at the thoughts of another winter passage.

"The times" in Boston were none too good. Although shipping was brisk, there were a great many seamen ashore, all anxious to ship themselves, and each looking out for a southern voyage.

I had several offers to go to the Mediterranean. But, with the prospect of returning to the United States in the dead of winter, I would not go there. Some offers there were, too, of voyages to the West Indies, but with a similar drawback, of being gone about three months, and returning to the coast in February or March.

I desired to escape the entire winter, and for this purpose it was necessary to go upon a voyage to last at least six months. But no vessel was just then fitting out upon such a trip; or if there was, her crew was engaged several months beforehand, and all chances in her long ago filled up.

I wandered about the shipping offices for more than a week, attempting to suit myself, but ineffectually. At last, on walking into an office one morning, a gentleman talking to the shipping-master, asked me if I would not go "Down East."

"How far?" asked I.

"To Bangor."

"Where is the vessel to go, from there?"

"A fine voyage; she goes to Demarara, thence to Buen Ayre, and returns to New Orleans with a cargo of salt."

"That will cheat the winter, my lad," remarked the shipper.

"She is the finest craft that ever sailed from Down East, and her captain and mate are gentlemen," added the one who had first spoken. "You will have fine times."

I did not much like the idea of going to Bangor, where winter had already set in in full force; but on considering that so fair-looking a chance might not offer again, I concluded to accept.

On signifying as much to the shipper, he produced the shipping papers, and I signed my name to the articles of the good bark Swain, whereof John Cutter was master, "or whoever shall go master thereof," to proceed on a voyage from Bangor to Georgetown, Demarara, thence to the island of Buen Ayre, and return to New Orleans.

"She's a chartered vessel, my lad, so you may rely upon her going the voyage," said the shipper, as I hesitated to write my name.

This additional security decided me fully, and I promised to be ready to go to Bangor by that evening's boat.

It not unfrequently happens that vessels going to a port or on a voyage not liked by seamen, ship crews under false pretences—that is, the articles declare the ship to be going to one place, when she is going to another. For instance, I shipped once to go to New Orleans, when the captain knew full well that he was about to proceed direct to Mobile. So it happens in innumerable cases. It is, therefore, counted a privilege when one can secure a berth in a vessel that is chartered for the voyage, as there is then a tolerable certainty that all the conditions of the shipping agreement will be fulfilled.

Before I left the shipping office, I obtained from the person who was so active in getting me to ship a full and particular account of the vessel in which I was to go, and of her captain.

The bark was said to be about three years old, in excellent order, alow and aloft, did not leak a drop, and had a splendid fit out.

As her outward cargo was to be lumber, I was particular to inquire as to her carrying a deck-load, but was assured that she would not.

"All her cargo is in the hold."

The captain was said to be a fine, good-natured Down-Easter, who would see that his crew were made comfortable.

Of all this, of course, I hoisted in only a very moderate portion, leaving the balance as something to be "told to the marines." Yet I was glad to revel, if in imagination only, in the prospect of a comfortable ship and a good voyage.

As our ship and voyage proved so decidedly the reverse of what was described to me, it may be well here to state, for the benefit of the uninitiated reader, that there *are* good vessels "Down East" — in Maine — and that some of the finest men that ever walked a quarter-deck hail from there.

I was the last man that shipped. The vessel was to carry six hands, three of whom, it was said, were already in Bangor, while the other three of us were going on by that evening's steamer. I was so fortunate as to recognize in the other two old shipmates, and we three whiled away the passage by reminiscences of past times and plans for the future.

Steaming all night, we awoke next morning in the Penobscot River, and by noon arrived at Frankfort, a place about fifteen miles below Bangor. Here our conductor—who, by the way, was the express agent to whom we had been consigned, I suppose, as so many parcels, "contents unknown"—was hailed by a raw-boned Down-Easter, who proved to be our new captain.

He had brought his vessel down from Bangor, to prevent her being frozen up. We therefore got on shore with our baggage, and proceeded, with our worthy captain, to take a look at the ship. He pointed out to us her masts, as she lay, the outside vessel in a tier, and hastily giving us directions how to get on board, left us, to hunt up the balance of his men, being anxious to start out immediately.

Leaving our baggage on the wharf, we proceeded on board to make a preliminary inspection of the craft. She proved to be a much older-looking vessel than she had been represented, and had on a deck-load at least ten feet high. So far, she was not at all satisfactory to us.

One of my shipmates proposed to refuse to go in her. To this I objected; I had signed the articles, had taken my month's advance, and laid out a portion of it, and I now felt that I ought to stick to my bargain at all hazards.

My determination overruled the other two and we brought on board our chests and hammocks.

Having procured from the second mate the key of the forecastle, we proceeded to install ourselves in the dark hole which was to be for some time our home. I went below to receive the luggage. Striking a light, that I might see where to place our chests, I found it would be first necessary to remove on deck a mass of running rigging, studd'nsail gear, etc., which had been thrown down there for safe-keeping.

After getting rid of this, I found the deck or floor covered with chips, sawdust, and ice, to the depth of several inches. I began, by this time, to wish that I had not come to Bangor.

But what was my astonishment when, on looking forward, toward what are called the breast-hooks, being the most forward portion of the bows, inside, I beheld there a solid mass of ice, which proved to be about three feet thick, and extended from the deck to the ceiling overhead, nearly five feet high.

"Send down your chests, boys," shouted I, in desperation, fearing that if either of the others discovered the ice before their baggage came down, they would utterly refuse to go in the vessel.

I placed the chests as best I could upon the dirt and ice, flung the bedding into the berths, as it was handed down, then replaced the forecastle ladder, and invited my two friends to walk down and inspect the premises. With curses both loud and deep, they beheld the dirty and miserable hole which was to be our abode.

In truth, I was myself somewhat staggered in my resolution of going in the vessel, as I examined more closely into the accommodations—or, it should be said, of lack of accommodations. But a little calm consideration convinced me that there was no other course open to me.

We had received sixteen dollars, advance, with the understanding that if we went to sea in the ship it would be due, but if we did not go, it would have to be refunded to the shipper by the people who had indorsed for us—the boarding-house keepers, namely. It would, therefore, have been a species of dishonesty in us now to back out, especially as we were not prepared to return the money.

Bill and Tom, my shipmates, spoke of immediately taking their effects out of the vessel. They would stand nothing of this kind.

I had nothing to urge against this course, and contented myself with saying that I should feel bound to go in her, if she was to sink the first night out. After endeavoring in vain to shake my resolution, they at last concluded also to remain, "as it would not do to leave an old shipmate in the lurch."

But we had not seen the worst even yet. I had simply thrown the bundles of bedding into the berths. When we began to spread out our beds, we found in the lower berths, instead of berth-boards, solid blocks of ice, two feet thick; and upon one of these I spread out my bedding, and here slept, or tried to sleep, until the warm weather began to melt my resting-place. By that time my mattress was just fit to throw overboard, and for the balance of the voyage I either slept upon deck, wrapped up in a blanket, or made use of another's bed.

All this ice had come into the vessel in this wise: As before mentioned, she was lumber-loaded. The cargo had been taken in through a bow-port, which opened into the forecastle, just on a level with the water's edge. Thus the boards and joists composing the loading were run out of the water alongside, through our miserable habitation, into the hold, dripping all the way. The water froze wherever it fell, and the lumber-men no doubt threw more down on top of it, to make themselves a convenient slide for the heavier pieces of wood. Thus the entire forecastle was full of ice.

The presence of such a mass of frozen water, with the

dampness arising from the wet lumber stowed in the hold, made staying below almost unbearable. Yet it was a little better than on deck, inasmuch as there was some shelter from the rough winds.

When the captain came on board we demanded a stove. He granted us one, but neglected to tell us, until we had got some distance down the river, that there was no pipe on board for it. The stove, therefore, was of no use. It was altogether out of the question to keep warm, or even moderately comfortable. Our only consolation was, that with a fair wind a few days would see us in warm weather.

Our crew was to have numbered six; but on looking for the remaining three, only one was forthcoming. The other two had changed their mind, and found it more comfortable to remain on shore.

"Never mind them, lads," said the captain; "I am going to come to at Thomaston, and there we can get two others without trouble."

I had myself refused to go to sea short-handed, which drew from him this remark.

Accordingly, we agreed to take the vessel to Thomaston, which lies at the mouth of the Penobscot. We came to anchor at some distance from the land, took the captain ashore, and returned on board. He was to come off next morning, and promised faithfully to bring off two additional men.

Next morning came, and so did our captain—but no men. He talked very fairly, however; said he could find no one that would consent to go with him—they knew his character

too well, probably, as this was his native town—that he was willing to help, and would see that the mates did their share; and that when we once got into warm weather we would get along finely.

Sailors are easily won over by fair words, and it did not require much persuasion to make us get underweigh and put out to sea. The mate promised to hunt up the missing stove-pipe when we got clear of the land; and with the hope of having a fire in our miserable forecastle, we worked cheerfully. For my part, I was careless of present suffering, while there was a prospect of running into warm weather, and was eager to be underweigh, decreasing the distance between ourselves and the West Indies.

We set sail with a stiff north-wester, before which the old craft rolled off to the southward at no slow rate. When watches were chosen, I was put with the second mate's, and found my watchmate to be the young man who had come on board at Frankfort—a fellow who was now making his first voyage to sea. He could not furl a royal, could not steer, did not even know how to pull on a rope properly.

Such a fellow was worse than useless on board an under-manned vessel like ours. Of course he was not to be trusted to steer the bark in a breeze such as now favored us. My first trick at the wheel lasted four hours. And for many succeeding days and nights I was forced to steer my entire watch on deck, while the ship was running before a stiff gale.

But it was as well to be at the wheel as at the pumps,

which was now the alternative. The wretched old craft had sprung a leak, the heavy deck-load straining her timbers. This leak was not very serious, but unfortunately both of our pumps were out of order, and the water threatened to stand five or six feet deep in the hold before we could get them to work. After trying in vain to make use of them, we hauled one pump on deck, and with a great deal of trouble and hard labor repaired it.

Happily this one remained in tolerable order. Had it not, we should have become water-logged in a short time, as the other pump, while being hauled up for the purpose of making repairs upon it, was thrown violently against the mainmast, by a heavy lurch of the ship, and so much injured as to make it entirely useless.

In stowing the deck-load, no regard had been paid to future convenience. The space about the pumps was so much crowded, that pumping was made doubly laborious. We would work there all night, and after breakfast next morning all hands would turn to, and by dint of the severest labor free her of water by perhaps ten o'clock, when the watch below were permitted to take their needed rest. The entire afternoon watch was in like manner spent at the pumps, and by sunset we were tired and worn out, and but ill prepared for another night's suffering, in wet and bitter cold.

The bark was so deeply laden that the seas broke even over her deck-load, and kept us continually wet. And worse yet, the usual shelter from wind and sea, afforded by a ship's bulwarks we were here entirely deprived of. Perched high in

mid-air, on top of the deck-load, the biting north-west wind blew through our wet clothes, and threatened to congeal the very marrow in our bones.

This state of things happily lasted only twelve days. These days seemed of an almost interminable length. There was no possibility of resting on deck, and a four hours' trick at the wheel wonderfully lengthens a watch, in the imagination of the poor victim, as any one who has experienced it will readily grant.

Below, I could not sleep. There was a chilling and damp air in the forecastle, caused by the great lumps of ice with which it was still incumbered, and by the wet lumber in the hold, which made the stay below, if possible, worse than the watch on deck. I still had my hammock and bedding spread upon the mass of ice which half filled the berth. Here I tumbled about during my watch below, vainly endeavoring to sleep, and annoying my watchmate by constant grumbling. For the first three nights out I was not conscious of having slept at all. After that, tired nature succumbed, and I was able to sleep, but in great misery.

Our living, meanwhile, was not of the best. Happily we had an excellent cook, who lost no opportunity to provide something good for us. But the captain and his brother, the mate, kept a sharp eye upon the provision locker, and took care that "the sailors should not live too well."

It was not until we got to sea that we became aware of the fact that the vessel was a "family concern." The captain and mate were brothers, and they had with them a

lad, another brother, who was now making his first voyage, preparatory to taking the berth of second mate, when he grew some years older and stouter. This lad was "in everybody's mess and nobody's watch." He lived in the cabin, of course, but spent most of his time in the cook's galley, finding that the most comfortable place on board during the cold weather.

The mate made several attempts to set "Bob" as a spy upon the men and the cook, but the youngster despised the meanness, and as he invariably told us of the mate's designs, his worthy brother was forced to do his own spying.

No ship is dreaded so much as one the officers of which are relatives. Jack knows that in such vessels the work is always harder and the treatment worse than in any other. Had I known that our chief officers were brothers, I should not have gone in the vessel under any considerations. It was a source of continual trouble and difficulty to us. With a captain who was a knave and a mate who was in everything his subservient tool, we could expect no peace. Happily, "Bob," the younger brother, was an impracticable, and for very mischief ranged himself on the side of "the men."

The vessel was a remarkably dull sailer, and, like all such, she steered badly. A fast-sailing ship almost invariably steers well, while a slow-going old tub can scarcely be kept within three points of her course.

From what I have said of our condition, on deck and below, it may be imagined that we wished for nothing so much as warmer weather. I had thought that three or four days of such a breeze as we were favored with would bring us into

a milder atmosphere. But it was full a fortnight before we could take off our jackets or before the lumps of ice in the forecastle showed, by their dripping, that we had reached a more temperate clime.

Words cannot describe how grateful to us felt the warm beams of the summer sun, how delightful looked the first dry spot upon the deck, and with what joy we viewed the steam arising from the wet planks, an evidence of the sun's power. One needs to suffer all the miseries which had fallen to our share since leaving Frankfort to appreciate the feelings with which relief from them is hailed.

As soon as the weather was sufficiently moderate to allow of such a thing, we took axes into the forecastle, and chopped to pieces the ice still remaining there, as the speediest means of ridding ourselves of it. My mattress was thrown overboard, as was that of another. The remainder of my bedding—that is, the blankets—had nearly followed, but a thorough washing and drying preserved them.

The sailor, of course, does not incumber himself with sheets and pillows. His couch is composed generally of a straw bed and two or three thick blankets. His pea-jacket serves him for a pillow, and if he desires to sleep with his head high, he places his sea-boots under the jacket. At sea he rolls into his berth, at the expiration of his watch on deck, without divesting himself of aught except his huge overcoat, and his knife, and belt, and shoes. Thus he is prepared to "turn out" at a moment's notice—a thing he has frequent occasion to do.

All the scrubbing we could give our miserable forecastle

COAST OF DEMERARA.

would not make it habitable. When we got into warm weather, the vapors arising from the lumber in the hold filled everything with mould. Our clothes were rotting with moisture, which penetrated our chests. Matches kept below could not be struck. On every fine day we were obliged to take our effects upon deck, to keep all from spoiling. Yet we had to sleep in this noisome hole, for on deck there was no place fit to rest; and besides, had we slept upon deck, there was a strong probability that we would be called to give a pull every time a brace or halyard was to be stirred.

Much ice had been taken in with the lumber, and when it now began to grow warm, this melted, and kept us steadily at the pumps for an entire week, to free her of the accumulation of water. By the time this was done, we were in settled weather, running down the north-east trades, and each day diminishing the distance between us and our first port.

When we were no longer busied at the pumps, we found sufficient to do about the rigging and sails. The bark was old, and was, besides, so meanly kept, that her top hamper and sails were a vast patch-work. Almost every day something was giving way, and then, make a splice, or patch it up in some way, was the word. Anything to prevent actual expenditure. By dint of continual labor, however, we had her in tolerable condition by the time we got to Demarara.

It was on the thirty-second day out that we made the land. We had been already for two days sailing over the immense flats which extend to a distance of more than a hundred miles seaward from this part of the South American coast.

On these flats the water is nowhere more than ten fathoms (sixty feet) deep, although the land is entirely out of sight, and one is as much at sea as anywhere among the West India Islands.

We had been steering half a dozen different courses during the day (it was a Sabbath), to oppose the various currents which set here along shore, and change their direction with the varying shapes of the land. The labor of bending cables, getting the anchors off the bows, and making ready for entering port, which in most ships would have been done on the preceding Saturday, had been carefully preserved for a Sabbath afternoon's work. We were yet busied about the anchor, when the captain, who was at the masthead with a spy-glass, raised the land.

The coast here is remarkably low and marshy, and visible at but little distance. We were only eight miles from the nearest point, when the captain first saw it. We immediately shaped our course for the river's mouth, and by dark were so fortunate as to receive on board a pilot, a black fellow, dressed in most approved white duck, but barefooted. Under his guidance the vessel was taken to the entrance of the river, and there anchored, just outside of the bar, which we could only pass at high water. At sunrise, when the tide permitted, we sailed up the river, abreast of the town, and by night were lying alongside of a convenient wharf or pier.

Georgetown, or Stabrok, which last is its Dutch name, is the capital and chief city of British Guiana. It lies at the mouth of the river Demarary, and on its east bank. It is

MADEIRA.

a regularly laid-out town. Lying upon a marshy piece of ground, most of the streets are intersected by canals, crossed by means of bridges. It was founded by the Dutch, to whom this peculiarity is owing. Many of the houses are finely built, and most of the private dwellings are surrounded by fine gardens.

The merchants who occupy the water-side have introduced here all the labor-saving improvements for which Englishmen are noted. Little railways run from nearly every warehouse, down the long piers to the vessels, to facilitate the movement of the huge hogsheads of sugar, rum, and molasses, which form the staple exports of the colony. These, with enormous cranes for hoisting and lowering, ease greatly the labors of the seamen in getting on board the cargoes. There is also a line of railway running into the heart of the sugar country, some one hundred and twenty-five miles, on which is transported that part of the produce which does not find its way down the river in lighters.

The principal inhabitants are English. The most numerous are the negroes, an idle and *doless* race as ever was seen, but who live in this mild climate a happy, if useless existence. Those of them who live in the towns wander about the wharves, taking occasionally a day's work when they need an article of clothing, but otherwise utterly idle, and lost in vice. Of course there are some worthy exceptions, but such is their general condition. Fruits of all kinds are cheap, and the climate and soil are so favorable that they can raise the little they need with the smallest possible amount of work. And as a class they seem to have but little ambition.

As the negroes will not work, the colonial government imports laborers. Some of these are Portuguese, brought from the Island of Madeira and the Canaries. But the greater portion are Hindoos. These wretched people are induced to apprentice themselves for a period of seven years. They are brought by shiploads, annually, from their native plains to this sickly country, and after suffering all the horrors of a one hundred days' passage, huddled together in a crowded hold, are on their arrival sent out to the plantations, where not a few of them die from the exposure and severe toil, to which they are but little used in their own country.

If their own tales may be believed, they are none too well treated. The lash and cowhide are not unknown, and they are driven about more like cattle than human beings. Certain it is that not a few of them, unable to support their misery, commit suicide, and many run away into the wild woods, where they probably perish of hunger and exposure.

From inquiries made among some of the most intelligent that I met with, I learned that they considered the chances of ever getting back to their homes as being very small. Their wages are from two to five dollars per month, and out of this they have to furnish themselves clothing. Thus comparatively few of them are ever able to get together a sufficient sum to carry them back — although they set out from home with glowing hopes of returning, at the expiration of their apprenticeship, in better circumstances.

But few of the Hindoos are found in the town. Here the Portuguese perform most of the manual labor. They are a

THE MIRITA PALM.

turbulent set, and hard to manage. They form a separate body, and have regulations among themselves, to which each one is forced to submit. They enjoy a much larger share of liberty than the poor Hindoos, being not apprentices, but emigrants. I was told by some of them, that they frequently amass a considerable sum of money — five or six hundred dollars being thought quite a fortune — and return to their native isles, where, on this amount, they can live in comfort the balance of their days.

On the whole, I should consider Demarara a very undesirable place for a permanent residence. Its marshy situation makes it very sickly. The yellow fever prevails all the year round, and in summer sometimes with great violence. Centipedes, scorpions, lizards, and snakes exist in tropical abundance; and mosquitoes darken the air with their swarms, and nearly hide the light of the sun. It is almost impossible for a European to exist without mosquito-bars, after nightfall.

On the next day after our arrival, we began to discharge the cargo. I here practically tested the efficacy of strict abstinence from ardent spirits, in working under a tropical sun. The heat was intense; in fact, I think I never felt a more powerful sun. In discharging the lumber, it was necessary for two men to work upon deck, while the second mate, with the other two, and a couple of negroes (when these could be gotten) shoved the planks up out of the hold.

I was offered a place in the hold, where there was complete protection from the sun; but as my shipmates were less used to the tropics than myself, I preferred to take my place

on deck. All the rest drank more or less of rum, the prevailing liquor here. I was warned that, unless I also imbibed to some extent, I should be taken sick. But I had always before, when placed in similar circumstances, adhered to fresh water, and determined, although the work bade fare to prove more exhausting than I had before experienced, to stick to temperance. And I found that, although I worked in the sun, while my companions had a constant shade, I held out much better than they, feeling fresh and lively when they complained bitterly of exhaustion.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Dragon's Mouth—Buen Ayre—Taking in salt—The salt pans—Beauty of the island and the climate—Misery of the laborers—Off for New Orleans—Captain attempts to starve the crew—Tedious passage—Arrival at New Orleans—A sailor's lawsuit—Sail for New York—Conclusion.

OUR stay in Georgetown was only two weeks long. The last plank was put ashore on a Monday, and next day we took in a little sand ballast, in addition to that we had already in, and set sail for the Island of Buen Ayre, where we were to procure our cargo of salt.

Our passage thither would have been, in any other vessel, a pleasure trip. We were six days underweigh, sailing along all the while with soft and light breezes, now on one quarter, now on the other, as we changed our course, in rounding the various islands which lay on our way.

On the second day out we sailed through a beautiful basin, called the Dragon's Mouth, which forms the passage between the British Island of Trinidad and the Peninsula of Paria, the last a portion of the mainland of South America. It is interspersed with numerous islets, which I suppose some poetical sailor has transformed into the dragon's teeth, in allusion to the dangers encountered by the mariner who threads his way among them.

Before we left Georgetown, we had spoken to the captain about laying in some necessary provisions, which he promised to do; but he neglected the matter — purposely or through drunkenness — and we were no sooner out of sight of land than the mate informed the cook that a very short allowance of beef, and no pork, with a sparing use of bread, was necessary to bring us safely to Buen Ayre. Hard work all day, with short allowance of victuals, soon wears men down, and we consequently grew careless at night, preferring sleep to the necessary lookout. Our captain had not yet gotten sufficiently over his late spree to keep a very correct reckoning. In consequence, on the third night out, all hands were called, in a hurry, to tack ship off shore. Coming on deck, we found the vessel in close proximity to land. Fifteen minutes longer on her prescribed course would have set her ashore. We were heartily sorry that the old tub had not struck, as it would have released us from our unpleasant situation. But, as the breeze was gentle, she was easily worked off shore. On the sixth day we reached Buen Ayre, without meeting with any farther noteworthy accident on our way.

Buen Ayre, or Bon Ayre as it is more generally called, at least by seamen, is a beautiful little islet lying off the coast of Venezuela, and a few hours' sail east of the more important Island of Curaçoa. It is about twenty miles in length, the average breadth not being more than four miles. It is intersected by a mountain range, of no great height, however. Lying in the track of the north-east trade winds, it has a most charming climate. The brilliant sky, pure and bracing air, and

NEGRESSES OF GUIANA.

the clear and beautiful waters of the sea which surrounds it, all combine to inspire one with new energies, and present a scene of natural beauty which is unsurpassed in my experience.

The principal article of export (at least to the United States) is salt. The island belongs to the crown of Holland. I understood that the salt pans, together with the slaves who work them, who are also the property of the crown, are farmed out for a term of years to the highest bidder, thus being, in fact, worked by private capital and enterprise.

The other most valuable product of the island is cochineal. There are plantations of considerable extent on the plains inland, where the bugs, which when properly roasted and pulverized form the valuable cochineal of commerce, are carefully tended by slaves. The little animals feed upon the leaves of small trees, and are shaken down at regular periods into sheets held below, then prepared and sent to Holland, where they finally come into the regular line of commerce.

The Dutch are proverbially hard masters. I could scarcely believe that human beings could so badly use their fellow-creatures, as the overseers of the salt-works here treat the poor slaves, who are "in the contract."

The tanks, or pans, occupy a portion of the flat beach, nearly a mile in extent. They are square shallow excavations in the ground, their bottom lying below the surface of the sea. Each large pan communicates with the water by a trough or pipe, which, being opened, it flows in until it finds its level. It is then shut off, and the evaporation begins. The salt forms in beautiful crystals, first along the sides, and, as the water gets

lower, along the bottom. When a pan is ready for working, the slaves are turned in, and gather the salt into sacks, which they transport on their backs to a convenient place near shore, where it is piled until quite a little mountain is built up. This glistens in the bright sunlight like an immense diamond.

We came to anchor at about a quarter of a mile from the beach, with the open sea behind us. There is no danger of a storm, and but little surf—this being the lee side—and consequently the anchorage is considered very good. The isle has but one small harbor, which is not used by ships coming hither for salt. Immediately ahead of us, on the shore, lay a salt hill, as high as our masthead, part of which was to be our cargo. The first thing to be done was to take out ballast. This lasted three days. It was dumped overboard alongside, we slacking out cable, once in awhile, in order that the boulders and sand should not fall all in one place, and make an inconvenient little shoal.

The ballast out and the hold swept clean, the salt came alongside. It was brought from shore in large surf-boats, by the slaves. When a boat came alongside, the bags were thrown upon a stage, from the stage to the deck, then a toss to the main-hatchway, where stood one with a jack-knife, to cut the string, empty the contents into the hold, and fling the sack back into the boat. In this way we speedily got in as much as the bark would carry. The worst of the labor was the trimming, in the hold, and the carrying sacks forward and aft to the hatches, there to be emptied. Working among salt is apt to produce sores upon the body. We had been warned

VILLAGE IN GUIANA.

that it was necessary to bathe at least once a day, and to put on clean clothing at the conclusion of the day's work. Those of us who acted up to these rules were not troubled with salt boils; but the second mate, who was an Englishman, and had all a British sailor's aversion to water in any shape, thought it too much trouble. He was punished for his heedlessness by the appearance of numerous painful swellings on different portions of his body.

The salt intended for our ship was measured into sacks, each holding a bushel. In these sacks it was carried on the shoulders of men and women, from the depository to the beach, where each in turn laid his or her load into the boat, brought up beyond the reach of the surf for that purpose. When a boat was laden, all hands took hold and ran her into the water, when her regular crew hauled her alongside. A white overseer superintended the operations of the shore gang. He carried a long and heavy rawhide whip, which he applied with no sparing or light hand to the naked backs of women and men, if they did not trot off fast enough with their heavy burdens.

The slaves work from six to six (which is here from daylight to dark), having an intermission of two hours, from twelve till two, wherein to eat the only meal they get during the day. The state of semi-starvation in which these poor creatures are kept is cruel in the extreme. The daily allowance of food to each working person is *one quart of unground corn*, and nothing besides. This allowance I saw measured out to them myself, ere I could believe that any one could be so

niggardly as to force working men and women to exist on such a mere pittance. When their day's work is finished they retire to their camp, where for full an hour they are engaged in pounding their corn in rude stone mortars, to reduce it to the consistence of very coarse meal. This is the work of the women. The men, meanwhile, gather a small quantity of wood, and when ready the meal is mixed with water, and boiled in a pot provided for the purpose, until it is a quite solid mass. This mess is the next day's allowance. Part of it is swallowed on rising in the morning, the balance at noon. Supper they dare not indulge in, as their portion would not hold out.

Of course, they know not what it is to have enough to eat. They are actually famished. Parties of them used to fight for the leavings of our cabin table, and fish-bones, potato-peelings, slop of all kinds, were voraciously devoured by them. Poor souls, they lost no occasion to steal victuals that happened to be unwatched, and some of them were always prowling about the galley, looking for a prize. We often connived at their thefts; but our stingy captain was ever upon the watch to catch them in the act. He saw a poor fellow making off with a small piece of beef one day, and catching him, called the overseer, who happened to be on board. The wretched slave was at once ordered to lie down on deck. A ragged shirt was first stripped off his back, and then, with a heavy rope's-end, he received fifty lashes. So pleased was our skipper at witnessing the flogging, of which he was the occasion, that in a fit of liberality, which I am sure he regretted the next moment, he made his victim a present of the beef.

The slaves are allowed by the king, their owner, two suits —shirts and trousers for the men, and gowns for the females— per annum, but no hat to keep off the sun, no shoes to protect the feet while carrying their loads over the sharp coral of the beach. When a woman has a child, she is allowed three months to nurse and take care of it. At the expiration of that time, the little one is consigned to the care of other, larger children, while the mother goes to work in the gang, and is expected to do as hard a day's work as any of the rest.

We left for New Orleans at the end of ten days, that space of time having sufficed to take on board our cargo of salt. The captain had neglected to take in a supply of fresh water at Demarara—where he would have had to pay for it. When we came here, we found the water so brackish that it made us sick to drink it. Yet we took on board two casks of it, which cost two dollars. One cask of good water lasted us ten days of the thirty occupied by our passage to New Orleans. Then we were reduced to drinking that last obtained.

No sooner had we left port than our miserable life recommenced. Once fairly clear of the land, the captain informed all hands that there was naught left of our supply of provisions except some rice, a moderate quantity of bread, and beef. On this, with a weekly meal of *duff*, we were expected to subsist to the end of the voyage. The vessel was a dull sailer under any circumstances; but deeply laden with salt, she positively did not seem to go ahead at all. Three or four knots per hour was her highest speed. Happily she did not leak sufficient to give us trouble with the pumps.

Our mate, who had never before been in a "square-rigger," had been told in Demarara, by some of his acquaintance, that, in such vessels, it was indispensable to the dignity of the officers to keep the men constantly at work.

"The worse you treat them, the smarter officer you will be."

This advice he now put in practice. There was but little necessary work to be done, as on the outward passage we had succeeded in patching the rigging and sails wherever they needed it. So the poor fellow was kept studying, night and day, what he should set "the men" at next. Before we were ten days out he was completely at the end of his limited stock of sailorship; and, as he had not sufficient Yankee ingenuity to make a spunyarn winch, all hands were kept up to braid sinnet.* To have kept the watch on deck busy at this would have been not unusual; but to keep up all hands for such work, and that, too, when we were short of provisions, was too bad. We remonstrated, but to no purpose. The captain merely asked if we refused to obey orders. By rashly doing so, we should have forfeited our wages, which would have pleased him but too well, and benefited us naught, as we should have had to work the vessel into port, at any rate. So we submitted. But by way of satisfaction for this outrage on our privileges, we used to throw overboard every night the product of our day's labor, and the mate would sapiently "wonder" what had become of all the sinnet.

* *Sinnet* is a small line, braided from rope-yarns, from the minute strands of which a rope is formed.

STREET IN NEW ORLEANS.

Shortly after we left Buen Ayre, our supply of coffee was consumed, and thenceforth we were compelled to drink an infusion of burnt beans. *Compelled* to drink this, because the water we obtained at the salt-works was so brackish that it was impossible to swallow it without it having been previously cooked. The stomach even of a sailor would not retain it; and several times, when we had grown thirsty at some hard work, and were tempted to lave our thirst from the water-cask, all hands were made sick, having to vomit up the miserable stuff.

Thus, with salt water, mouldy biscuits, a small portion of rice, and beef, we lingered out a long passage of thirty days. And before we reached port even this wretched food grew very scarce, and our allowance of bread was reduced. We could not do aught to extricate ourselves from our difficulties. To have forced the captain to run into a port by the way would have been rank mutiny. To refuse duty would not have bettered matters. We were, therefore, compelled to suffer. But we determined that if there was a law on our side, we would test it when we got to New Orleans.

Sailors dislike to go to law. They have a dread of "land-sharks," and will suffer almost anything rather than place themselves in their hands. But we thought it a duty to show this man, and others of his kind, that they could be held up to justice, and therefore determined to risk all the unknown dangers of a court-room, to teach him a lesson.

Arrived at New Orleans, we sought out a lawyer of some eminence in cases of this kind, who took the matter in hand

for us. His conditions were, the payment of a fee of ten dollars, in hand, from each man, and half the proceeds of the suit. We were detained in the city for six long weeks, by various pretexts of the captain's counsel. In this time the wages of our voyage were spent, and my shipmates were all in debt to the full amount of their advance-money, and all that they could hope to obtain from the suit. Finally this was decided The captain was found guilty of gross misconduct, and sentenced to pay fifty dollars to each of the crew, and the expenses of the suit. This, to so niggardly a man as he, was a severe blow, and in so far was satisfactory to us, who desired to see him punished. But we too were sufferers by the suit. We had been compelled to remain six weeks idle. In this time the best season for shipping in New Orleans had passed away; we had been forced to spend more than the proceeds of the voyage to keep us ashore, and had now some difficulty in getting a ship. All to satisfy justice. I will not set down here the many disrespectful remarks of my shipmates concerning the blind Dame. Suffice it to say, that we departed from the court-room fully determined never again to appeal to her, but rather to take the law into our own hands.

The day after the determination of the suit, I shipped on board a New York packet, and in a very quiet passage of twenty days reached New York. Here I took my chest and hammock to the Sailors' Home, sent to Boston for a little money I had still on deposit there, got myself a new fit out, and after staying ashore until tired of an inactive life, began my search for a voyage. This search, in which, having yet a

considerable sum of money in my purse, I was rather hard to please, ended in an engagement on board a New Bedford whaleship. At this period, therefore, legitimately closes my experience of a merchant seaman's life.